

I Want a Cowboy

Reba McEntire

Everybody told me he was a dream
Picture perfect like he stepped right off the silver screen
Said that he would sweep me off my feet
But I'm still standing, no, he didn't do it for me

'Cause I don't go for all that wine and dine
With the Ray-Ban, fake tan never mind

I want a down home up with the sunrise man
A pick-up truck driving, bull riding strong steady hand
I want the Wranglers Stetson and all that stuff
I want the real McCoy, I want a cowboy

I'm tired of talking 'bout it wasting my time
On all the cheap talkers needing me, feeding me lines
Give me somebody who's tender but tough
Simple and honest knows a thing or two about love

I've seen enough to know I know what I like
It's the hard working head turning rugged type

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I want the Wranglers, Stetson and all that stuff
I want the real McCoy, I want a cowboy

I've seen enough to know, you know what I mean
Ride me off into the sunset that's my thing

I want a down home up with the sunrise man
A pick-up truck driving, bull riding strong steady hand
I want the Wranglers, Stetson and all that stuff
I want the real McCoy, I want the real McCoy
I want a, a cowboy, cowboy