

Flying Cowboys

Rickie Lee Jones

Down there by the river is a man
Whose horn is twisted into shapes
Unknown to the wicked and the wise

And he bears the look of an animal
Who's seen things no animal
Should ever see

He has been driven beyond all towns
And all systems
Until now though it is long past too far
He keeps going

Because it's a desert
Because it's a desert

We come to the river
We'll walk away from all this now
We come to the water
We'll walk away from all this now

She first saw him he was standing in the doorway
Illuminated from behind by a light
Though imaginary posses
Chased them to these distant adobes

Standing on the cliffs today
I thought I saw you below
Walking by the river
My shadow growing smaller

It's a desert because
Because it's a desert
They'll be asking us about it forever
I guess

We come to the river
We'll walk away from all this now
Come to the water
We'll walk away from all this now

Long coats on the prairie
Lying in the dust
Who can I turn to?
Who can I trust?

Were you walking on the water?
Playing in the sun?
But the world is turning faster
Than it did when I was young

When I was young
Oh, when I was young

I was a wild, wild one
When I was young
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