

Shootin' The Bull (In An Old Cowntown)

Sammy Kershaw

Me and Junior, Sunny and Steve hangin' at the fillin' station
And drinkin' cokes out by the grease rack a week before graduation
Telling lies 'bout the girls we knew perpetuating backseat legends
Four years worth of near misses, too numerous for me to mention

Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
Cruising Fridays nights at the Dairy Queen
Driving 'round and 'round
Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown

I got tired of sitting around chewing on the same old stories
And I decided the girl next door wasn't enough to hold me
I left town on the 4th of July and caught a glimpse in my rearview mirror
Of Junior, Steve, and Sunny at the gas station
Lookin' like a permanent fixture

Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
Better be careful were you take a step
Keep one eye on the ground
Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown

Well I took a long gander at the high rise world
And life on the big city streets
It's folks talking on the corner and gabbing on your steps
When I think about it all well I'd much rather be

Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
While life goes by at a much slower pace
Than the speed of sound
Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown
Shootin' the bull in an old cowntown