

Cowboy Coffee

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

To put up with the output
I don't think about it,
Hold on and hold out
Or I'd be left out without it
Things better get better
I gotta get
Things should get good
But they haven't yet
While these things keep bringing
And bringing me grief
I've got that one something
That still brings relief
Cowboy coffee and chemical cream
Ride, ride, ride on my stallion of green
Midnight flower, sleep in the flowers
And dream, hurricane, breakneck speed, rapid fire, dreams
It's not that it's boggin' or cloggin' my head
It's not that I'm swamped
Buried under near dead
It's just the daily grind
To bring the daily bread
I wasn't born rich
I'm good looking instead
While these dailys "dille-dallie"
And I'm daily employed
I've got that daily something
That's daily enjoyed
Cowboy coffee and chemical cream
Ride, ride, ride on my stallion of green
Midnight flower, sleep in the flowers
And dream, hurricane, breakneck speed, rapid fire, dreams