

COWBOY MID-LIFE CRISIS BLUES By Allan "Dr Eclectic" Markin © February 26, 2013

Woke up Sunday morning feeling bad
So ashamed about the night I had
I knew staying home was just no use
Even cowboys get the mid-life crisis blues

So I left my life back in Texas
She was crying as I walked away
'Turned my face unto the east
Where I was going I couldn't say

Chorus: Now hot wind's blowin' in my face
What's the name of this God-forsaken place?
Who am I, you don't need to know
I guess you'd better just call me Joe

Picked up a woman in Tupteo
She was the queen of the rodeo
She kept me warm, when she held me tight
Then she kicked me out, we had a hell of a night

Call me an outlaw, call me a bum
Call me a loser, Call me scum
Just remember that I am free
Living life large, and just for me

Chorus: So hot wind's blowin' in my face
All the grit of the human race
Guess I'll just stay here for a while
Maybe someone will share a smile

Chorus: Yes, hot wind's blowin' in my face
Don't know the name of this God-forsaken place?
Here's a bench, I'll take a snooze
Even cowboys get the mid-life crisis blues
Here's a bench, I'll take a snooze
Even cowboys get the mid-life crisis blues
Yes they do!