

Neighborhood Cowboy

by Hans Mayer & Frank Gosar

He rides out in the morning, to the dry sagebrush flats
With his six-gun, his spurs, and his ten-gallon hat
On Old Flint, his trusty three-wheeler he rides
With a coiled clothesline lariat hung by his side

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo, get along little doggies
He's ropin' the strays and he's twisting' their tails
He whistles a song as he pedals along
The neighborhood cowboy is back on the trail

The cowboy's no tenderfoot, that's plainly seen
There's strawberry Kool-Aid inside his canteen
He's tall in the saddle on his tricycle seat
But his ranch stops at the corner, he can't cross the street

Whoppee-ti-yi-yo...

He waters his herd and he takes them to feed
He sings to them softly, so they don't stampede
His six-gun is cocked and he's setting his sights
On bad men, and mailmen, and coyotes at night

Whoppee-ti-yi-yo...

He's rough and he's tough, and he's brave and he's fearless
He rescues the ladies when they are in distress
But he rides off in the sunset, where the heroes have gone
When he hears his mom calling that supper is on

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo...

Copyright 1985 Myther Music