

Northern Cowboy

Dougie MacLean

Look here comes a northern cowboy
He just rode in from Aberdeen
He's got money in his pockets
And blisters like you've never ever seen
Don't let him fool you with the stories
Of all the money he has made
I've been looking along the north-east coastline
And those cowboys have already dug its grave

There was a time when we were happy
With the simple pleasures that we knew
And then one day it started raining
And a very ugly storm began to brew
It wasn't long before we noticed
That the people had a fever in their eyes
They were taking all the things they'd been preserving
And going out and throwing them up into the skies

Once the money started moving
The fever spread from door to door
And all the young girls started selling
Something they had never sold before
The people spun around in circles
Confusion cluttering their minds
Their lives were being drawn from them
By bastards of a hundred different kinds

So come all ye northern cowboys
Get back down here upon the farm
Leave the salt wind to the sailors
Leave the North Sea to the storm
And one day when it's all over
And you're hanging up your saddles and your guns
You'll look around this oil-stained country
And you'll wish to Christ it never had begun