

# Green Cowgirl

Laura Veirs

You're a horse of course  
And you're racing by  
I'm swinging these strings to get you  
But you're far to sly

This red mahogany  
Is the saddle that you've thrown off  
I'm alone in the dust  
You kicked up trying not to cough

'Cause I'm a green cowgirl  
Trying to lasso you in  
With these six strings  
I'm all caught up in

I scream words to beckon you  
But no words can capture you  
I'm choking on nothing  
My words are too thin and too few

All this crying and still  
No song inside can capture the white  
I can't see through the blue of me  
Under this lone desert sky

'Cause I'm a green cowgirl  
Trying to lasso you in  
With these six strings  
I'm all caught up in

Maybe I should try to tie up something new  
You're to wild  
But I know you're the host  
With the most crazy brain child