

God Loves Cowboys

The BossHoss

God loves cowboys, believe it or not,
so if you mess with BossHoss, you mess with God.

Hey, people, y'all gather round, oh yes we are talking to you,
We wanna tell you a little story, 'bout the mother of all bands and the music you're listening to.
We had hard times, no money, no luck but we kept on playing it cool.

And we finally made it up to the top - we're high achievers, high believers.
Hey, dear friends, you charmed our luck, thank you - so much!
We wanna go on, keeping our fingers crossed now let me tell you something:
We're the real BossHoss.

We got our fans in the front and there ain't no doubt, they really rock the flock and they can be real loud!
Hey, so cool! And if you don't mind, here's the golden rule:

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We are, we are, we are
We're the glorious 7, wouldn't you agree?
Hit you like pure electricity
We are, we are, we are
Victorious, notorious, proud and loud, so hear this out:

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Time flies by while we pull the plow,
So in the last 9 years, we pulled a lot of big crowd.
Since Rodeo Radio blew you away in them good old days,
We said quite a lot, still got a lot to say.
So to those out there who thought we'd be already off, before we even walk out of a small-town country club.
Hey sucker - we still got class, nearly 10 years at the top, kiss our ass!

So-called managers: you little sharks in the pond - F-off, we don't need you no more.
We're still movin' and groovin' and yet we've never lost, tell us what time it is: BossHoss o'clock!

We got our Troopers in the team and there ain't no doubt, they know a thing about being loud -
So come on now: shout!
Hey, you've been to school -
Let's put it down now, here's the golden rule:

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