

Cowboy Boots in Concrete Canyons

Your heart is in the suitcase that you left in San Antone
You moved to the promised city for a fortune of your own.
Hitchhiked and took the Greyhound, left behind friends and all.
Left behind the dancehalls and that slow Southern drawl. Now you hear –

**Cowboy boots in concrete canyons echo in dark avenues.
They drum the rhythm of your New York City blues.
Cowboy boots in concrete canyons dream of faces left behind.
They bring open spaces to your mind.**

Westside street: the sounds of sirens. Someone screams—starts a fight.
You step on garbage on the sidewalk. There's no quiet place in sight.
Your hotel does hourly rentals. You finds roaches in your room,
While searching for the station that does Country tunes. And you hear

**Cowboy boots in concrete canyons echo in dark avenues.
They drum the rhythm of your New York City blues.
Cowboy boots in concrete canyons dream of faces left behind.
They bring open spaces to your mind.**

*You stand in line, you pay ten bucks to get into a noisy bar
Where Brooklyn boys in sneakers do Country songs with rock guitars.*
New York may be hard to crack, but everybody loves to dance, and
Dancing makes you friends in New York –gives you a chance to talk of –

**Cowboy boots in cayons far away from Second Avenue.
Cowboy boots in places that are home to you.
Concrete canyons do not feel like the ones you've left behind,
But they bring those spaces to your mind. But now it's –**

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