

# Cowboy Boots

## Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

And we drink and get older  
And some of us even try to get sober  
Now here's to the assholes and the last calls  
Well, city kids, you get what you ask for  
And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they'll remember me  
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories  
I'm sure there's a way to express what you meant to me  
Sit around the table use those years as the centerpiece  
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill  
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real  
Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar  
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR  
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill  
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real  
Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar  
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR  
Hold on to what you were, forget what you're not  
The streets were ours that summer - at least those two blocks  
Reminisce on those days, I guess that's ok, you wonder why  
Some grow up, move on, close the chapter, live separate lives  
The twenty-something confusion before the suit and tie  
Strangers become mistakes but those mistakes made you feel alive  
Hindsight is vibrant, reality - rarely lit  
Memories a collage pasted with glue that barely sticks  
Good Lord, they broke all my shields  
Locks, bathroom doors, graffiti and high heels  
Until you felt the altitude, you don't know how high feels  
Party Mountain, some don't ever come down from around here  
Ey, to be young again, I guess it's relative  
Camera lights, the whiskey rise, sink into the skin  
I fantasize about a second wind  
Grow my 'stache, pick up another bad habit and let the games begin  
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill  
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real  
Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar  
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So here's to nights dancing with the band  
Strangers into girlfriends from a one-night-stand  
Brought a little liquor and turn up the Johnny Cash  
You can bring a receipt to heaven but you cannot take it back  
And this is life, this is real, even when it feels like it isn't  
I'd be a goddamn liar to say at times I didn't miss it

So deuces, I turn my back as I walk into the distance  
Dip my feet in every once in a while just to say I visit  
Let me hold on to these nights  
Trying to find our way home by the street light  
Over time we figure out this is me, right  
Learn a lot about your friends at around 2 a.m  
And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they'll remember me  
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories  
I'm sure there's a way to express what you meant to me  
Sit around the table use those years as the centerpiece  
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill  
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real  
Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>