

Gadjits, Cowboys Always Win

Under Islamic law
You'd have your head and hands cut off
You'd better be turning tail
Cause I can see right through your veil
Your tangled web is just one thread
Illusion of distance by not being true
But if I can get past my limitations as a fly
I could trace it back to you

I heard cowboys always win
I didn't think I'd be the loser
If I always played the Indian

You waited 'til you had three queens
I trusted you when you said it was just a game
playing out perverse fantasies
It was morbid enough and then you kicked away the ladder
I'm two feet tall and you're having fun
Continued driving nails with the wreaths already hung

Unfortunately for me I remember everything
And it's hard to forget long enough to enjoy abusing anything