

SPACE COWBOY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEVE MILLER AND BEN SIDRAN.

Moderate Rock beat


Guitar (capo 1st fret)

Piano

I told you 'bout liv - ing in the
horn on this rock and I've been
show-down, slow downs,


U. S. of A.,— don't you know— I'm a gang-ster of love?— Let
trav-'ling through space— since the mo - ment I first re - al - ized — what all you fast
lost and found, turn__ a-rounds, the boys in some mil - i - tar - y shirts. I keep some eyes

— me tell you peo - ple that I found a new way,— and I'm tired— of all talk a - bout—
talk - ing cats would do if you could;— you know I'm read - y for the fi - nal sur -
— on thighs on the low and fall - ing sky's and I don't— let my friends— get




love, _____ and the same_ old sto - ry with a set of new words_ a - bout the
 prise. _____ Ain't no_ way a - round it, ain't noth - ing to say_ that's gon - na
 hurt. _____ All you back - room schem - ers, small trip dream - ers, bet - ter





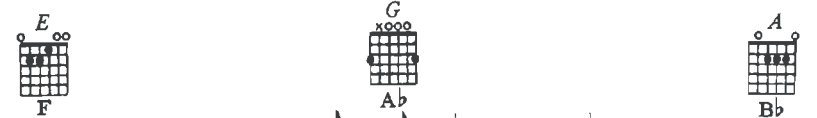
good and the bad_ and the poor, _____ and the times_ keep on chang - ing, so I'm
 sat - is - fy my soul deep in - side. _____ All the players_ and sur - veyors_ keep the
 find some - thing new _____ to say, _____ 'cause you're the same old sto - ry, it's the





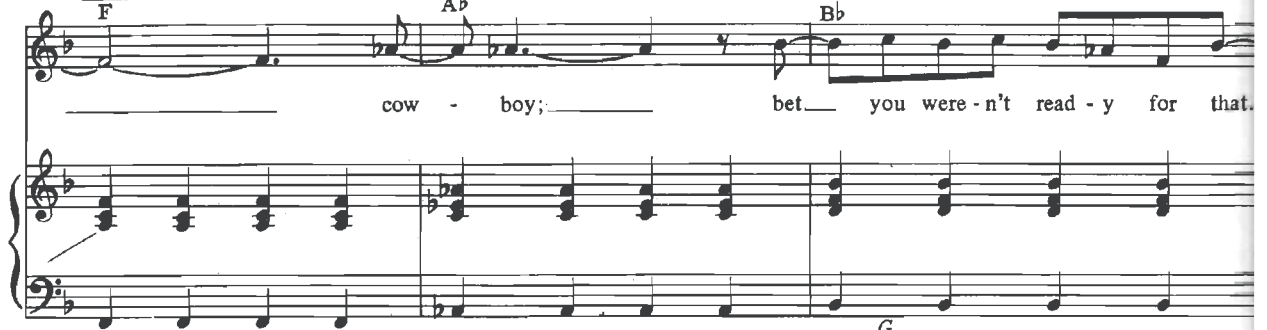
keep - ing on top_ of ev - 'ry fat cat who walks through my door. _____ } I'm a space_
 whole place up tight_ while it keeps on get - ting dark - er out - side. _____ }
 same old crime, and you got heav - y dues_ to pay. _____ }

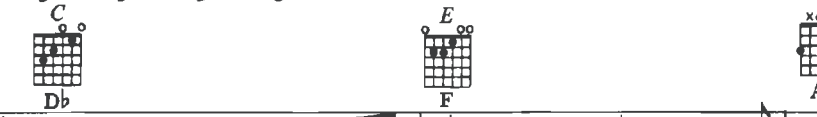




 E F G A♭ A B♭

cow - boy; bet you were - n't read - y for that.






 C E G

D♭ F A♭

I'm a space cow - boy; I'm



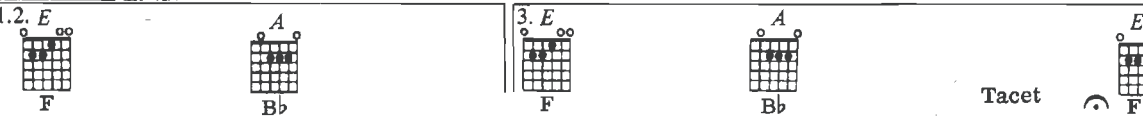


 A C E A

B♭ D♭ F B♭

sure you know where it's at, yeah, yeah, yeah.





 1. 2. E A 3. E A Tacet

F B♭ F B♭ F7

{ I was
 { I see the

