

# Ledoux Chris, Johnson County War

Headed for Wyoming, in 1882..A woman, a team, and a wagon.  
Gonna make our dreams come true.  
Settled in the foothills of the big horn mountain slope.  
Life is sweet we lived on the meat, of the deer and the antelope.  
We cut house logs on the moutain, with the team we hauled 'em down.  
Peeled 'em and we stacked 'em up, for a house and bought some ground.  
Traded for some cattle, and turned 'em out on the range.  
The skies were blue and we never knew...How things were gonna change.  
Ole powder river, you're muddy and wide, how many men have died...upon  
your shores.  
When you brand a man a rustler, he's gotta take a side.  
There's no middle ground in this Johnson Country War.  
Well, the neighbors stopped by yesterday, while I was outside choppin'  
some wood.  
And they filled me in on the local news, ain't none of it sounded good,  
Said, they'd been some cattle stealin', by some no count outlaw bands.  
We'd all been branded rustler's by the big ranchers of this land.  
Well it was us against the cattlemen, and the years just made it worse.  
First the drought, then the tough winter, Johnson County had been dealt  
a curse,  
Then their came the story about the two dry golgia tax.  
Ranger Jones and John Tisdale both been shot in the back...  
Oh, Powder River, you're muddy and you're wide,  
How many men have died upon your shores.  
When you brand a man a rustler, he's gotta take a side.  
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Then last night at supper time, riders stopped by chance.  
They said cattelman and hired guns, just burned the Kaycee Ranch,  
Two men had died this mornin', shot down in the snow.  
Now the vigilante army was marchin' for Buffalo.  
Well the county was in an uproar, an every man saddled up to ride.  
Caught the cattlemen at the TA Ranch, and surrounded all four sides.  
We hailed the house with bullets and swore we'd make 'em pay.  
But the calvery came across the plains, and once again saved the day.  
Well, they marched 'em off to Cheyenne, and no one went to jail.  
The cattlemen we're all turned loose, and the hired guns hit the trail.  
And I guess the only justice, wasn't much to say the least.  
Last winter me and mine ate mighty fine on the cattle baron's beef.  
Oh Powder River, you're muddy and you're wide.  
How many men have died upon your shores.  
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