

Marty Robbins, I Got No Use For The Women

I've got no use for the women
A true one may seldom be found
They'll use a man for his money
When it's gone they'll turn him down
They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all
They'll stay by a man when he's winning
And laugh in his face when he falls

My pal was an honest young puncher
Honest and upright and true
Till he turned to a gun shooting gambler
On account of a girl named Lou
They fell in with evil companions
The kind that are better off dead
When a gambler insulted her picture
He filled him full of lead

Off in the long night they trailed him
Through misquete and thick chapperal
I couldn't help think of that woman
As I saw him pitch and fall
If she'd been the pal that she should have
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out there on the prairie
To die by a Ranger's gun

Death's sharp sting did not trouble
His chances for life were too slim
Where they were putting his body
Was all that worried him
He lifted his head on his elbow
The blood from his wound flowed red
He gazed at his friends gathered round him
He looked up at them and he said

Bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes can howl o'er my grave
Bury me out on the prairie
But from them, my bones please save
Wrap me up in a blanket
Bury me deep in the ground
Cover me over with boulders
Of granite, big and brown

We buried him out on the prairie
Where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave
His soul is now a-resting
From the unkind cut she gave
And many another young puncher
As he rides past the pile of stones
Recalls some similar woman
And thinks of his moulderin' bones