

Marty Robbins, I've 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 its 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 gunshooting gambler on account of a girl named Lou
They fell in with evil companions the kind they are better off dead
When a gambler insulted her picture he filled him full of lead
All through the long night they trailed him through mesquite and thick chaparral
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 rising a son
Instead of out there in 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 the boulders of granite big and round
We buried him on the prairie where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave
His soul is now aresting from the unkind cut she gave
And many another young puncher as he rides past the pile of stones
Recalls some similar woman and think of his moldering bones