

Pat Green, Gallywinter

by Pat Green

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When I was a kid I had a rockin' horse named Ranger out on the front porch we would ride, we would ride, little red cowboy boots, Little red cowboy hat and a pistol that shoots straight as an eagle flies, mamma would come out say it's time to come in, I ain't going nowhere mamma and don't ask me again, I was just an outlaw riding on the trail knocking over stagecoaches and riding on the rails.

CHORUS

I'm gone to Gallywinter
place where all the cowboys ride
place where all the outlaws ride
away from the men who want to kill them for what they've done
i'm gone to gallywinter.

I'm gone to Gallywinter sister would come out and say "Where you going anyway?"
I'm going to Gallywinter and there ain't no girls allowed, I guess things are different now, times have changed. A girl is nice to have with you while you're riding on the range, She can make you breakfast and talk to you at night you can argue about things you never thought you'd argue about in your whole life, twenty five years older and Ranger ain't here no more, been replaced by a 1958 model T-bird Ford. Baby said where you want to go, I said I don't know, maybe Mexico anywhere where tequila flows is alright with me.

CHORUS