

# Arlo Guthrie, The Gal I Left Behind

I struck the trail in seventy-nine  
The herd strung out behind me  
As I jogged along my mind went back  
To the gal I left behind  
If I ever get off the trail, boys  
And the Indians don't find me  
I'll make my way straight back again  
To the gal I left behind me  
That sweet little gal, that true little gal  
The gal I left behind me  
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal  
The gal I left behind me  
The wind did blow and the rain did flow  
The hail did fall and blind me  
And I thought of that gal, that sweet little gal  
That gal I'd left behind me  
She wrote ahead to a place I said  
And I was glad to find it  
She says "I'm true, when you get through  
Ride back and you will find me"  
That sweet little gal, that true little gal  
The gal I left behind me  
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal  
The gal I left behind me  
When we sold out I took the train  
I knew that I would find her  
When I got back, we had a smack  
And that's no gol-darned liar  
That sweet little gal, that true little gal  
The gal I left behind me  
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal  
The gal I left behind me