

# Eddy Arnold, Streets Of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo  
As I walked out in Laredo one day  
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen  
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by  
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly  
Play the dead march as you carry me along  
Take me to the green valley there lay the sod o'er me  
For I'm a young cowboy I know I've done wrong

Oh fetch me a cup a cup of cold water  
To cool my hot lips the poor cowboy said  
Before I returned the spirit had left him  
And gone to its Maker the cowboy was dead

We beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along  
For we all loved our comrade so brave young and handsome  
Well all loved our comrade although he done wrong