

Hank Snow, The Prisoned Cowboy

Kind friends you have heard the story,
And the song called Twenty One Years,
All of how two lovers parted,
Of their sorrow, pain and tears.

I am another who's heartbroken,
And I'm in this lonesome jail;
I was the honest ranger,
Tried for fame but soon I failed.

I was a cowboy singer,
And I played the old guitar,
But my mind was set on roaming,
I started out for lands a-far.

Soon fell with bad companions,
And we robbed the Western mail;
Shot and killed some helpless lady,
as i think my face grows pale.

I had a pretty sweet heart,
and she though the world of me,
But we parted at the station,
Down in sunny Tennessee.

Last night from her I got a letter,
Saying, I can never be your bride;
As the moon shone though my window,
I bowed my head and cried.

Never more we'll stroll together;
Down in dear old Lover's Lane,
I must spend my life in prison,
I pray on high we'll meet again.