

Hank Williams Jr., Cowpoke

Cowpoke

From Cheyenne to Douglas. all the ranges I know
I drift with the wind, no one cares where I go

I'm lonesome but happy' rich but I'm broke
And the good Lord knows the reason I'm just a cowpoke

Well I ain't got a dime in these old worn out jeans
So I'll quit eatin' steak and go back to beans

I'll pick up a ten spot in Prescott I know (not press God)
From ridin' the broncs in the big rodeo

Maybe this winter, a filly I'll find,
And I'll spend the whole summer with her on my mind,

But I'll never be saddled, I'll never be broke,
I'm a ramblin', gamblin', driftin' cowpoke
Uh huh huh ooo ooo ooo

Been down in the prairie my pony and I
hear the wail of the coyote hear his cry
Uh huh huh ooo ooo ooo

Thanks for helping me remember the words to this old-timer. I learned it from my dad when I was a
Anyway,
Thanks-George Bentley