

Jerry Jeff Walker, Man With The Big Hat

Stephen Fromholz

Narrator:

In a bar in Arizona

On a sultry summer day

A cowboy came in off the road just to pass the time away

He pulled a stool up to the bar and pushed his hat back on his head

I listened to the stories told to the words that cowboy said. He said...

Cowboy:

I could tell you stories 'bout the Indians on the plain

Talk about Wells Fargo and the comin' of the trains

Talk of the slaughter of the buffalo that roamed

Sing a song of settlers, come out looking for a home

CHORUS (both)

Now the man with the big hat is buying

Drink up while the drinking is free

Drink up to the cowboys a dead or a dying

Drink to my compadres and me

Drink to my compadres and me

Narrator:

Well his shirt was brown and faded

And his hat was wide and black

And the pants that once were blue were grey and had a pocket gone in back

He had a finger missin' from the hand that rolled the smoke

He laughed and talked of cowboy life but you knew it weren't no joke, he said....

Cowboy:

I seen the day so hot your pony could not stand

And if your water bag was dry, don't count upon the land

And winters, I've seen winters when your boots froze in the snow

And your only thought was leavin', but you had nowhere to go

CHORUS

Narrator:

Well he rested easy at the bar, his foot upon the rail

And laughed and talked of times he'd had out living on the trail

The silence was never broken as the words poured from his lips

Quiet as the forty five he carried on his hip, he said ...

Cowboy:

I rode the cattle drive from here to San Antone

Ten days in the saddle you know, and weary to the bone

I rode from here to Wichita without a womans' smile

The camp fire where I cooked my beans was the only light for miles

CHORUS

Narrator:

Well he rolled another ciggarett, as he turned toward the door

I heard his spurs a jingling as his boot heels hit the floor

He loosened up his belt a notch, pulled his hat down on his head

As he turned to say goodbye to me this is what he said....

Cowboy:

Now the high-lines chase the highways, and the fences close the range

And to see a working cowboy, that's a sight that's mighty strange

But a cowboy's life was lonley, and his lot was not the best

But if it hadn't been for men like me, there wouldn't be no west.

Repeat Chorus