

Marty Robbins, Prairie Fire - 1960

While drivin' a herd of cattle out in old Nebraska way
Headin' east at Broken Bow one hot September day
Tryin' to get to Omaha we hoped to find a buyer
We never counted in the odds of a western prairie fire

A hot south wind was blowin' and the air was gettin' dry
Somethin' far away was spellin' trouble in the sky
Comin' closer was a sound that topped the devil's choir
Then we knew we had to race a raging prairie fire

When all at once a flame is seen a lickin' at the sky
And every heart is quicker and there's fear in every eye
We'd just one chance to get away for there's no place to hide
Gotta reach the river Platte one inch deep and one mile wide

The herd is gettin' tired but we've got no time to rest
I try to clear the red dust that is gatherin' in my chest
From ridin' tail on a thousand head with the weather gettin' dry
The black cloud in the west is warning ride ride ride

The roarin' heat is closer ashes fallin' by our side
And every breeze is burnin' singin' with its warnin' cry
We've got to reach the river but it's still ten miles or more
And close behind us we can hear that wind infernal roar

But fate had other plans for we lost that fatal race
We lost for neither man nor beast could long keep up the pace
The mighty Platte subdued its rage but none were there to rest
We did our best to get away but only I am left

Now on the blackened prairie far as the eye can see
The grim remains are there to show that God rules you and me
Just one he left to tell the tale just one was his desire
We lost our herd and thirty men to a raging prairie fire