

# Webb Wilder, Carryin' The News To Mary

"Carryin' the News to Mary"

The night hawk said  
He seen the damnedest thing  
It was the little blue roan  
Outta Billy's string  
With his center fire rig and McCarthy reins  
Carryin' the news to Mary

Thunder on the bed ground  
Cavvy got spooked  
Bull calf moaned  
That's when the lid blew  
By morning I could tell ya  
There were more then a few  
Carryin' the news to Mary

A prairie dog hole snags a pony's leg  
Buckaroo takes a fall and it claims his fate  
The wild bovine grind his bones to dust  
His six shooter lays on the prairie to rust  
Got to play your hand win, lose, or draw  
Got to take a look-see to know what you saw

A riderless horse against a half-lit sky  
Is a sobering sight when the wind is high

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Widow woman weepin', askin' everyone "why?"  
Punchers at loss for words, tears in their eyes  
O' blue standin' there pawin' at the ground  
Windmill groanin' is the only other sound  
When a man saddles up and starts makin' tracks  
Ain't no way of knowin' if he's comin' back

Well, the night hawk said  
He seen the damnedest thing  
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Outta Billy's string  
With his center fire rig and McCarthy reins  
Carryin' the news to Mary  
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