

Webb Wilder, Streets Of Laredo (The Cowboy's Lament)

"Streets of Laredo (The Cowboy's Lament)"

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I saw a young cowboy dressed up in white linen
Dressed in white linen and as cold as the clay

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by
"Come sit down beside me, hear my sad story
Shot in the breast and I know I must die

Play the drum slowly, play the fife lowly
Sound the Dead March as you bear me along
Take me to the green valley, lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashin'
Once in the saddle I used to go gay
Off to the dram house, off to the card house
Shot in the breast and I'm dying today

Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly
Sound the Dead March as you bear me along
Take me to the green valley, lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

Get six strong cowboys to carry my coffin
Six pretty whore gals to sing me a song
Place bunches of roses on top of my coffin
So they can't smell me as they bear me along"

We played the drum slowly, played the fife lowly
Played the Dead March as we bore him along
Took him to the green valley and laid the sod o'er him
All of thy comrades and we know he'd done wrong

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As I walked out in Laredo one day