

Woody Guthrie, Buffalo Skinners

Come all you old time cowboys,
And listen to my song,
Please do not grow weary,
I'll not detain you long.
Concerning some wild cowboys,
Who did agree to go,
Spend the summer pleasant,
On the trail of the Buffalo.
I found myself in Griffin,
In the spring of '83,
When a well known famous drover,
Came walking up to me.
Said, "How do you do, young fellow,
Well how would you like to go,
And spend the summer pleasant,
On the trail of the Buffalo?"
Well I being out of work right then,
To the drover I did say,
"Going out on the Buffalo Road,
Depends on the pay.
If you will pay good wages,
And transportation to and fro,
I think I might go with you,
On the hunt of the Buffalo."
"Of course I'll pay good wages,
And transportation too,
If you will agree to work for me,
Until the season's through."
But if you do get homesick,
And try to run away,
You will starve to death,
Out on the trail and also lose your pay."
Well with all his flattering talking,
He signed up quite a train,
Some 10 or 12 in number,
Some able bodied men.
The trip it was a pleasant one,
As we hit the westward road,
Until we crossed old Boggy Creek,
In old New Mexico.
There our pleasures ended,
And our troubles began.
A lightening storm hit us,
And made the cattle run.
Got all full of stickers,
From the cactus that did not grow,
And the outlaws watching,
To pick us off in the hills of Mexico.
Well our working season ended,
And the drover would not pay,
If you had not drunk too much,
You are all in debt to me.
But the cowboys never had heard,
Such a thing as a bankrupt law,
So we left that drover's bones to bleach,
On the Plains of the Buffalo.