

WHEN I WAS A COWBOY
Ralph McTell

I was a cowboy, back in the alley.
Me and my six-gun kept law on the prairie.
I remember my first horse well, he was lean but a fast one
We travelled miles together, until he got stolen.

And the sheriff said get early to bed
And always keep your hat screwed on real tight
Case you get in a fight.
Well that's one of the tricks that you must employ
If you wanna be a cowboy.

I travelled far from home, even jumped freight trains
Threw stones in the ocean, slept out in the cold rain.
It was down in some southern town, and the music was playing
And the people were talking so loud, they heard no words I was saying.

Chorus

I dreamed of a mountain, with one lonesome rider
He was ragged and tattered, but he carried a sabre.
And all through the canyon you could hear his bones rattle.
He was dead on a dying horse and he was tied to the saddle.

Chorus

I was a cowboy, out on the prairie.
Life sure is easier, back home in the alley.

Chorus