

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Charlotte the Harlot

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Way down on the prairie where cow plop is thick,
Where women are women and cowpokes cum quick;
There lived pretty Charlotte, the girl we adore,
The pride of the prairie, the cowpunchers' whore.

Cho: It's Charlotte the harlot,
The girl we adore,
The pride of the prairie,
The cowpunchers' whore.

She's dirty, she's vulgar, she spits in the street,
Why whenever you see her, she's always in heat.
She'll lay fur a dollar, take less or take more,
The pride of the prairie, the cowpunchers' whore.

One day in the canyon, no pants on her quim,
A rattlesnake saw her and flung himself in,
Charlotte the harlot gave cowboys the frights,
The only vagina that rattles and bites.

One day on the prairie, while riding along,
My seat in the saddle, the reins on my dong,
Who should I meet but the girl I adore
The pride of the prairie, the cowpunchers' whore.

I got off my pony, I reached for her crack,
The damn thing was rattling and biting me back
I took out my pistol; I aimed for its head
I missed the damned rattler and shot her instead.

Her funeral procession was forty miles long,
With a chorus of cowpunchers singing this song:
"Here lies a young maiden who never kept score
The pride of the prairie, the cowpunchers' whore."

From The Whorehouse Bells were Ringing, Logsdon