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**The Trail to Mexico**

The Trail to Mexico

I made up my mind to change my way  
To leave the crowd that was too gay,  
And leave my native home awhile  
And travel west for many a mile.

It was in the merry month of May  
When I started for Texas far away,  
I left my darling girl behind  
She said her heart was only mine.

When I embraced her in my arms  
I thought she had ten thousand charms  
Her caresses soft, her kisses sweet  
Saying, "We'll get married next time we meet."

It was in the year of '83  
That A.J. Stinson hired me  
He said, "Young man, I want you to go  
And follow my herd into Mexico."

Well, it was early in the year  
When I volunteered to drive the steers  
I can tell you boys, it was a lonesome go  
As the herd rolled on toward Mexico.

When I arrived in Mexico  
I longed for my girl, but I could not go  
So I wrote a letter to my dear  
But not a word did I ever hear.

I started back to my once-loved home  
Inquired for the girl I called my own,  
They said she'd married a richer life  
"Therefore, cowboy, seek another wife."

"O, curse your gold and your silver, too,  
O, curse the girls that don't prove true.  
I'll go right back to the Rio Grande  
And get me a job with a cowboy band."

She said, "Oh, buddy, stay at home

Don't be forever on the roam.  
There's many a girl more true than I  
So please don't go where the bullets fly."

"Yes, I know girls more true than you  
And I know girls who would prove true;  
But I'll go back where the bullets fly  
And follow the cow trail 'til I die."

Note: Recorded by Carl T. Sprague in 1925. The anti-heroine is  
more frank than usual. RG

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