

Brenn Hill

"Powder River Queen"

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We crossed the Powder River in the fall of '81
Pulled heavy on the wagon for we knew that we were
done
Thre thousand miles from Mexico where we had first
begun
We started cuttin' timber by the ton

I was just a young man lookin' for my pot of gold
No irons in my fire nothin' bought nor nothin' sold
Still I longed for a lady with a tender heart to hold
And someone to keep me from the cold

And the Powder River Queen was any cowboy's dream
Sweet as the water runnin' through those mountain
streams
So young and wild, soft like a child
Was my one and only Powder River Queen

When we rode off to Denver in the spring of '82
Well I swore it was the last time I'd ever buckaroo
And I promised her I'd marry her when all the work was
through
And I left her with a kiss and "I love you"

But in a bar outside of Cheyenne I shot a gambler down
And left him slowly dyin' lyin' face down on the ground
Now I'm stuck here in a jail cell waitin' on my last
sundown
When they hang me in the center of the town

And the Powder River Queen will wonder where I've
been
When I will send my love to her no more
As all the plans we've made begin to slowly fade
I see my Powder Queen outside the door

And she begins to cry as I touch her through the bars
She says, "For weeks I've wondered where and how on
earth you are
Wishing you'd return on every fallin' star
Now you won't cross that river anymore."

And the Powder River Queen is the last face I have seen
As the sound of the gallows ring outside
And by the light I know that soon this day will end at
noon
And I'll never make my Powder Queen my bride
No I'll never make my Powder Queen my bride

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