

Hank Snow

"Cowhand's Last Ride"

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(Rodgers)

He was just a Texas cowhand,

One that knew his stuff

His eyes were black,

His face was tan,

His hands were broad and rough.

(Yodel)

Tough as an old buzzsaw,

All the boys stayed shy

For they all knew his aim was true

He'd shoot at the wink of an eye.

One night with grass plains around us,

He met with a rustlers band

As the flames leaped high on his old camp fire,

He fell with a gun in his hand.

We rolled out of bed the next morning,

We dug a grave in the sand

When we found stretched out on the ground

This brave and lonely cowhand.

We buried him on the prairie,

Wrapped in an old cowhide

By the light of the moon we wrote on his tomb

"Another cowhand's last ride".

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