

Hank Snow "Prisoned Cowboy"

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Kind friends you have heard the story
And the song called Twenty One Years
All of how two lovers parted
Of their sorrow, pain and tears.

I am another who's heartbroken
And I'm in this lonesome jail
I was the honest ranger
Tried for fame but soon I failed.

I was a cowboy singer
And I played the old guitar
But my mind was set on roaming
I started out for lands a-far.

Soon fell with bad companions
And we robbed the Western mail
Shot and killed some helpless lady
As I think my face grows pale.

I had a pretty sweet heart
And she thought the world of me
But we parted at the station
Down in sunny Tennessee.

Last night from her I got a letter
Saying, "I can never be your bride."
As the moon shone through my window
I bowed my head and cried.

Never more we'll stroll together
Down in dear old Lover's Lane
I must spend my life in prison
I pray on high we'll meet again...

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