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Buck Owens "The Streets Of Laredo"

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As I, walked out in the streets of Laredo.
As I, walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

So, beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly Play the death march as they carry me on Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er, I'm shot in the chest and I'm dying today

Let sixteen gamblers carry my coffin Let sixteen cowbows sing me a song Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er, For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

So, beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly Play the death march as they carry me on Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er, I'm shot in the chest and I'm dying today...

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