

Joan Baez

"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 dressed up in white linen
Dressed up in white linen as cold as the clay

He was a young cowboy in search of a homeland
He rode 'cross the ranges in search of a bride
His strength was his glory, so brave and so handsome
His weakness was gambling, his downfall was pride

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
[Streets Of Laredo lyrics on]

He's gone to his maker this fair windy day
Sing the hymns sweetly
And place the flowers softly
For the young cowboy that lies here today

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