

Johnny Hates Jazz

"Out In New Mexico"

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OUT IN NEW MEXICO
WRITER JOHNNY HORTON

It was in the town of Griffin In the year of '83 It was
there an old cow-puncher Stepped up and said to me
How do you do, young fellow And how would you like to
go And spend a pleasant summer Out in New Mexico?
I'll furnish you good wages Your transportation, too If
you will but go with me One summer season's thru But
if you grow homesick And back to Griffin go I'll furnish
you no horses From the hills of Mexico. Well, we left the
town of Griffin In the merry month of May When
ev'rything seemed lovely And ev'rything seemed gay
With saddles on our horses Marching onward, we did
go Until we reached Old Boggy Out in New Mexico. It
was there our pleasures ended And our troubles, they
began Oh! the first hailstorm came on us Oh! how
those cattle ran Thru all kinds of thorns and thistles
The cowboys had to go While the Indians watched upon
us Out in New Mexico. And when the drive was over The
rider would not pay To all you good-lookin' people This
much I have to say Go back to your friends and loved
ones Tell others not to go To the God-forsaken country
They call New Mexico.

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