

Lyle Lovett

"Texas Trilogy: Bosque County Romance"

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Mary Martin was a schoolgirl,
Just seventeen or so,
When she married Billy Archer
About fourteen years ago;
Not even out of high school,
Folks said it wouldn't last;
But when you grow up in the country,
You grow up mighty fast.
They married in a hurry,
In March before school was out,
Folks said that she was pregnant,
"Just wait and you'll find out."
It came about that winter,
One gray November morn,
The first of many more to come,
A baby boy was born.
And cattle is their game,
And Archer is the name
they give to the acres that they own;
If the Brazos don't run dry,
And the newborn calves don't die,
Another year from Mary will have flown,
Another year from Mary will have flown.
Now Billy kept what cattle
His daddy could afford,
Bouncing across the cactus
in a 1950 Ford;
The cows were sick and skinny,

And the weeds was all that grew,
But Billy kept the place alive,
The only thing he knew.
And Mary cooked the supper,
And Mary scrubbed the clothes,
And Mary busted horses,
And blew the baby's nose,
And Mary and a shotgun
Kept the rattlesnakes away;
How she kept on smiling,
No one could ever say.
Now the drought of '57
Was a curse upon the land,

No one on Bosque County
Could give Bill a helping hand;
The ground was cracked and broken,
And the truck was out of gas,
And cows can't feed on prickly pear
instead of growing grass.
Well the weather got the water,
And a snake bite took a child,
And a fire in the old barn
took the hay that Bill had piled;
The mortgage got the money,
And the screwworm got the cows,
The years have come for Mary,
She's waiting for them now.

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