

## **Marty Robbins**

# **"I've Got No Use For The Women"**

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I've got no use for the women  
A true one may seldom be found  
They'll use a man for his money  
When it's gone they'll turn him down  
They're all alike at the bottom  
Selfish and grasping for all  
They'll stay by a man when he's winning  
And laugh in his face when he falls

My pal was an honest young puncher  
Honest and upright and true  
Till he turned to a gun shooting gambler  
On account of a girl named Lou  
They fell in with evil companions  
The kind that are better off dead  
When a gambler insulted her picture  
He filled him full of lead

Off in the long night they trailed him  
Through misquete and thick chapperal  
I couldn't help think of that woman  
As I saw him pitch and fall  
If she'd been the pal that she should have  
He might have been rasing a son  
Instead of out there on the prairie  
To die by a Ranger's gun

Death's sharp sting did not trouble  
His chances for life were too slim  
Where they were putting his body  
Was all that worried him  
He lifted his head on his elbow  
The blood from his wound flowed red  
He gazed at his friends gathered round him  
He looked up at them and he said

Bury me out on the prairie  
Where the coyotes can howl o'er my grave  
Bury me out on the prairie  
But from them, my bones please save  
Wrap me up in a blanket  
Bury me deep in the ground

Cover me over with boulders  
Of granite, big and brown

We buried him out on the prairie  
Where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave  
His soul is now a-resting  
From the unkind cut she gave  
And many another young puncher  
As he rides past the pile of stones  
Recalls some similar woman  
And thinks of his moulderin' bones

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