

## **Marty Robbins**

### **"Prairie Fire"**

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While drivin' a herd of cattle out in old Nebraska way  
Headin' east at Broken Bow one hot September day  
Tryin' to get to Omaha we hoped to find a buyer  
We never counted in the odds of a western prairie fire

A hot south wind was blowin' and the air was gettin' dry  
Somethin' far away was spellin' trouble in the sky  
Comin' closer was a sound that topped the devil's choir  
Then we knew we had to race a raging prairie fire

When all at once a flame is seen a lickin' at the sky  
And every heart is quicker and there's fear in every eye  
We'd just one chance to get away for there's no place  
to hide  
Gotta reach the river Platte one inch deep and one mile  
wide

The herd is gettin' tired but we've got no time to rest  
I try to clear the red dust that is gatherin' in my chest  
From ridin' tail on a thousand head with the weather  
gettin' dry  
The black cloud in the west is warning ride ride ride

The roarin' heat is closer ashes fallin' by our side  
And every breeze is burnin' singin' with its warnin' cry

We've got to reach the river but it's still ten miles or  
more  
And close behind us we can hear that wind infernal  
roar

But fate had other plans for we lost that fatal race  
We lost for neither man nor beast could long keep up  
the pace  
The mighty Platte subdued its rage but none were there  
to rest  
We did our best to get away but only I am left

Now on the blackened prairie far as the eye can see  
The grim remains are there to show that God rules you  
and me  
Just one he left to tell the tale just one was his desire

We lost our herd and thirty men to a raging prairie fire

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