

The Killers

"The Cowboy's Christmas Ball"

Visit "[The Cowboy's Christmas Ball](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Way out in Old Nevada, where the Truckee's waters
flow,
Where the cattle are "a-browzin'" an' the Spanish
ponies grow;
Where the Northers "come a-whistlin'" from beyond the
Neutral Strip;
And the prairie dogs are sneezin', as if they had "The
Grip";
Where the coyotes come a-howlin' 'round the ranches
after dark,
And the bluebirds are a-singin' to the lovely "meadow
lark";
Where the bighorns are a-grazin' and the lonely
plovers call "â€”"
It was there that I attended "The Cowboys' Christmas
Ball."
(whoo!)

The boys had left the ranches and come to town in
piles;
The ladies "kinda scatterin'" had gathered in
for miles..
The room was togged out gorgeous - with mistletoe
and shawls,
And candles flickered frescoes, around the airy walls.
The women folk looked lovely - the boys looked kinda
treed,
Till the leader got to yellin': "Hey, fellers, let's
stampede!"
And the music started sighin', an' awailin' through the
hall
As a kind of introduction to "The Cowboys' Christmas
Ball."

Their leader was a feller that came from Swenson's
ranch,
They called him "Windy Billy," from "little Deadman's
Branch."
His rig was "kinda careless," big spurs and high-
heeled boots;
He had the reputation that come when "a fellers
shoots."

