

## Pat Green "Galleywinter"

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When I was a kid I had a rockin' horse named Ranger  
Out on the front porch we would ride we would ride  
Little red cowboy boots, little red cowboy hat  
And a pistol that shoots straight as an eagle flys  
Mama would come out and say it's time to come in  
I said I ain't going nowhere mama, don't ask me again  
I was just an outlaw riding on the trail  
Knocking over stage coaches riding on the rails  
I'm going to Galleywinter  
A place where all the cowboys ride  
A place where all the outlaws hide  
Away from the men who want to kill them for what they  
done  
I'm going to Galleywinter  
I'm going to Galleywinter  
My sister'd come out and say  
Where are you going anyway?  
I'm going to Galleywinter and there ain't no girls  
allowed  
I guess things are different now  
Times have changed  
A girl is nice to have with you when you're riding on the  
range  
She can make you breakfast, talk to you at night  
You can argue about things  
You never thought you'd argue about in your whole life  
Twenty-five years older  
Ranger ain't here no more  
Been replaced by a 1958 model T-bird Ford  
Baby say where you want to go  
I said I don't know maybe Mexico  
Anywhere where tequila flows is all right with me  
I'm going to Galleywinter  
A place where all the outlaws hide  
A place where all the cowgirls ride  
You know that it's all right with me  
I'm going to Galleywinter  
I'm going to Galleywinter

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