Sons Of The Pioneers "Stampede"

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Sons of the Pioneers & Roy Rogers

Stampede!

Lightning a flashin' everywhere Thunder a rollin' through the air Wind and rain, cattle look insane This herd might stampede tonight.

Clouds are drivin' cross the moonless sky Cattle a rollin' frightened eyes.

Keep 'em close and tight, Cowboy pray with all you might That this herd won't stampede tonight.

There's lightning, there's thunder There's wind and rain, stampede!

Ten thousand cattle on the run Pray for an early morning sun Lightning stabs the skies Cattle drop and never rise, stampede!

Ten thousand cattle in flight
The devil's ridin' herd tonight
The thunder of the hooves and the fury from the skies
Don't get out in front or every man dies.

Cold black clouds like funeral shrouds Roll down their icy threat And we face to fight this raging night With odds on the side death.

For a stampeding herd
When it's panic is stirred
Is a thing for a cowboy to shun
For no mortal man ever holds command
When the cattle are on the run
Stampede!

The rising of the wind sends out its wail Drivin' cattle down an endless trail Rollin' thunder booms sending cattle to their doom Stampede!

Stampede!

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