

Streets of Laredo

^C As I walked out in the ^F streets of ^C Laredo, ^G
^C As I walked out in ^G Laredo one ^C day, ^G
^C I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white ^F linen, ^C ^G
^C All wrapped in white ^F linen as cold as the ^C clay. ^G ^C

^C “I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,” ^G
^C These words he did say as I boldly stepped ^G by; ^C ^G
^C “Come sit down beside me and hear my sad ^F story, ^C ^G
^C I’m shot in the breast and I’m going to die.” ^G ^C

“Now once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Yes, once in the saddle I used to be gay,
I’d dress myself up and go down to the card-house,
I got myself shot and I’m dying today.”

“Get six husky cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get ten lovely maidens to sing me a song,
And beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
For I’m a young cowboy who knows he was wrong.”

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And wept in our grief as we bore him along,
For we loved the cowboy, so brave and so handsome,
We loved that young cowboy although he’d done wrong.