

Streets of Laredo

Don Edwards

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I saw a young cowboy, all dressed in white linen
Dressed in white linen, as cold as the clay

So, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Play the Death March as you carry me along
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle I used to go gay
First to the cardhouse and then down to Rosy's
But I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today

Bring sixteen tall cowboys to carry my casket,
Ten pretty women to sing me a song
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

Please, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Play the Death March as you carry me along
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

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written by EDDY, DUANE

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