

Ridin' Down the Trail To Albequerque

R.W. Hampton

Ridin' down the trail to Albuquerque,
My saddlebags are filled with beans and jerky.
I have traveled up and down,
Now I aim to see the town,
To see the town of Albuquerque.

Gonna see the sights,
And all the pretty lights,
Gonna hear the traffic roar.
When I get my fill, gonna pay my bill,
And hit the trail once more.

Ridin' . . .

When I was 8 my mom and I were in a rented basement apartment in Boulder, CO, while Daddy was stationed with the Army Air Corps near there. In the apt. was an old crank-driven Victrola, with one thick old record, that was this song. I remember these lyrics, and I bet my mom was sick of it before we left there!

Lyrics Submitted by Judy

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