

# Powder River Queen

## Brenn Hill

We crossed the Powder River in the fall of '81  
Pulled heavy on the wagon for we knew that we were done  
Thre thousand miles from Mexico where we had first begun  
We started cuttin' timber by the ton I was just a young man lookin' for my pot of gold  
No irons in my fire nothin' bought nor nothin' sold  
Still I longed for a lady with a tender heart to hold  
And someone to keep me from the cold And the Powder River Queen was any cowboy's dream  
Sweet as the water runnin' through those mountain streams  
So young and wild, soft like a child  
Was my one and only Powder River Queen When we rode off to Denver in the spring of '82  
Well I swore it was the last time I'd ever buckaroo  
And I promised her I'd marry her when all the work was through  
And I left her with a kiss and "I love you" But in a bar outside of Cheyenne I shot a gambler down  
And left him slowly dyin' lyin' face down on the ground  
Now I'm stuck here in a jail cell waitin' on my last sundown  
When they hang me in the center of the town And the Powder River Queen will wonder where I've been  
When I will send my love to her no more  
As all the plans we've made begin to slowly fade  
I see my Powder Queen outside the door And she begins to cry as I touch her through the bars  
She says, "For weeks I've wondered where and how on earth you are  
Wishing you'd return on every fallin' star  
Now you won't cross that river anymore." And the Powder River Queen is the last face I have seen  
As the sound of the gallows ring outside  
And by the light I know that soon this day will end at noon  
And I'll never make my Powder Queen my bride  
No I'll never make my Powder Queen my bride

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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