Out In New Mexico

Johnny Horton

OUT IN NEW MEXICO
WRITER JOHNNY HORTONIt was in the town of Griffin In the year of '83 It was there an old cow-puncher Stepped up and said to me How do you do, young fellow And how would you like to go And spend a pleasant summer Out in New Mexico? I'll furnish you good wages Your transportation, too If you will but go with me One summer season's thru But if you grow homesick And back to Griffin go I'll furnish you no horses From the hills of Mexico. Well, we left the town of Griffin In the merry month of May When ev'rything seemed lovely And ev'rything seemed gay With saddles on our horses Marching onward, we did go Until we reached Old Boggy Out in New Mexico. It was there our pleasures ended And our troubles, they began Oh! the first hailstorm came on us Oh! how those cattle ran Thru all kinds of thorns and thistles The cowboys had to go While the Indians watched upon us Out in New Mexico. And when the drive was over The rider would not pay To all you good-lookin' people This much I have to say Go back to your friends and loved ones Tell others not to go To the God-forsaken country They call New Mexico.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/