

Out In New Mexico

Johnny Horton

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WRITER JOHNNY HORTON It 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.

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