

# Prairie Fire

[Marty Robbins](#)

While drivin' a herd of cattle out in old Nebraska way  
Headin' east at Broken Bow one hot September day  
Tryin' to get to Omaha, we hoped to find a buyer  
We never counted in the odds of a western prairie fire  
A hot south wind was blowin' and the air was gettin' dry  
Somethin' far away was spellin' trouble in the sky  
Comin' closer was a sound that topped the devil's choir  
Then we knew we had to race a raging prairie fire  
When all at once a flame is seen a-lickin' at the sky  
And every heart is quicker and there's fear in every eye  
We'd just one chance to get away for there's no place to hide  
Gotta reach the river Platte, one inch deep and one mile wide  
The herd is gettin' tired but we've got no time to rest  
I try to clear the red dust that is gatherin' in my chest  
From ridin' tail on a thousand head with the weather gettin' dry  
The black cloud in the west is warning ride, ride, ride  
The roarin' heat is closer ashes fallin' by our side  
And every breeze is burnin' singin' with its warnin' cry  
We've got to reach the river but it's still ten miles or more  
And close behind us we can hear that wind infernal roar  
But fate had other plans for we lost that fatal race  
We lost for neither man nor beast could long keep up the pace  
The mighty Platte subdued its rage but none were there to rest  
We did our best to get away but only I am left  
Now, on the blackened prairie far as the eye can see  
The grim remains are there to show that God rules you and me  
Just one he left to tell the tale just one was his desire  
We lost our herd and thirty men to a raging prairie fire

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