

# Streets of Laredo

**Marty Robbins**

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo  
As I walked out in Laredo one day  
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen  
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly  
Sing the dead march as you carry me along  
Take me to the valley then lay the sod o'er me  
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy  
These words he did say as I boldly walked by  
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story  
Got shot in the breast and know I must die Go fetch me some water a cool cup of water  
To cool my parched lips then the poor cowboy said  
Before I returned his spirit had left him  
Had gone to his maker the cowboy was dead Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly  
Sing the dead march as you carry me along  
Take me to the valley then lay the sod o'er me  
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

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