

Streets of Laredo

Jane Siberry

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy dressed up in white linen
Dressed up in white linen as cold as the clay
He was a young cowboy in search of a homeland
He rode 'cross the ranges in search of a bride
His strength was his glory, so brave and so handsome
His weakness was gambling, his downfall was pride
O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
He's gone to his maker this fair windy day
Sing the hymns sweetly and place the flowers softly
For the young cowboy that lies here today
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy dressed up in white linen
Dressed up in white linen as cold as the clay

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