

Streets of Laredo

Javelin

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo

As I walked out in Laredo one day

I saw a young cowboy, all dressed in white linen

Dressed in white linen, as cold as the clay

So, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly

Play the Death March as you carry me along

Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me

For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing

Once in the saddle I used to go gay

First to the cardhouse and then down to Rosy's

But I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today

Bring sixteen tall cowboys to carry my casket,

Ten pretty women to sing me a song

Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me

For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

Please, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly

Play the Death March as you carry me along

Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me

For I'm a young cowboy and I known I've done wrong

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