

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Eddy Howard

He always sings, raggedy music to the cattle
As he swings, back and forward in the saddle
On a horse, the pretty good horse, that syncopated, gaited
There's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater
How they run, when they hear this fellow's gun
Because the Western folks all know Why he's a high-faluting scooting
Shooting son of a gun from Arizona
Ragtime Cowboy, you're talking 'bout your cowboy
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