

The blood on my sheets has soaked through the bandage
that they wrapped around the stitches in my side
These old country doctors have come to expect it
from the cowboys that come here once a year to ride
Now starin' at the ceiling I'm trying to get my senses
but I can't recall too much of yesterday
except for some cussin' at that bull we call chisum
as they turned us out of chute number 3

Chisum, Chisum you're a big bad son of a gun
Your hide is tough and it's been scarred
Where spurs have dug in deep but never hung
Chisum you're the only reason that I keep on riding
And I'll ride you before my ridin's done

Someone's brought in the paper and I'm starin' unbelievin'
At the story that's laid out before my eyes
It talks about you chisum how they brought you up from Texas
And the cowboy that made a valiant 7 second ride
It mentions how you broke your leg when we went down together

And it talks about your horn in my side
But it's goin' on to say how they had to put you away
But it don't tell about these tears in my eyes

Chisum Chisum I love you you son of a gun
Your hide was tough and it was scarred
Where my spurs had dug in deep but never hung
Chisum I tell you my ridin' days are done
cause after you theres nothing left to ride