

The Gal I Left Behind

Arlo Guthrie

I struck the trail in seventy-nine
The herd strung out behind me
As I jogged along my mind went back
To the gal I left behind

If I ever get off the trail, boys
And the Indians don't find me
I'll make my way straight back again
To the gal I left behind me

That sweet little gal, that true little gal
The gal I left behind me
That sweet little gal, that pretty little gal
The gal I left behind me

The wind did blow and the rain did flow
The hail did fall and blind me
And I thought of that gal, that sweet little gal
That gal I'd left behind me

She wrote ahead to a place I said
And I was glad to find it
She says "I'm true, when you get through
Ride back and you will find me"

When we sold out I took the train
I knew that I would find her
When I got back, we had a smack
And that's no gol-darned liar

[CHORUS]