

# Bowie Knife

Frankie Laine

Rollin', rollin', rollin'.  
Rollin', rollin', rollin'.  
Rollin', rollin', rollin'.  
Rollin', rollin', rollin'.  
Rawhide!  
Hah! Hah!

Keep rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Though the streams are swollen,  
Keep them dogies rollin', rawhide.  
Through rain and wind and weather,  
Hell bent for leather,  
Wishin' my gal was by my side.  
All the things I'm missin',  
Good vittles, love, and kissin',  
Are waiting at the end of my ride.

Move 'em out, head 'em up,  
Head 'em up, move 'em on.  
Move 'em out, head 'em up:  
Rawhide.  
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in,  
Ride 'em in, cut 'em out,  
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in:  
Rawhide!  
Hah! Hah!

Movin', movin', movin',  
Though they're disapprovin',  
Keep them dogies movin', rawhide.  
Don't try to understand 'em,  
Just rope an' throw an' brand 'em.  
Soon we'll be living high and wide.  
My heart's calculatin',  
My true love will be waitin':  
Waitin' at the end of my ride.

Move 'em out, head 'em up,  
Head 'em up, move 'em on.  
Move 'em out, head 'em up:  
Rawhide.  
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in,  
Ride 'em in, cut 'em out,  
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in:  
Rawhide!

(Rollin', rollin', rollin'.)  
(Rollin', rollin', rollin'.)  
Hah!  
(Rollin', rollin', rollin'.)  
Hah!  
(Rollin', rollin', rollin'.)  
Rawhide.  
Hah!  
Rawhide!