

# Man With The Big Hat

Jerry Jeff Walker

In a bar in Arizona  
On a sultry summer day  
A cowboy came in off the road just to pass the time away  
He pulled a stool up to the bar and pushed his hat back on his head  
I listened to the stories told to the words that cowboy said. He said...

I could tell you stories 'bout the Indians on the plain  
Talk about Wells Fargo and the comin' of the trains  
Talk of the slaughter of the buffalo that roamed  
Sing a song of settlers, come out looking for a home

Now the man with the big hat is buying  
Drink up while the drinking is free  
Drink up to the cowboys a dead or a dying  
Drink to my compadres and me  
Drink to my compadres and me

Well his shirt was brown and faded  
And his hat was wide and black  
And the pants that once were blue were grey and had a pocket gone in back  
He had a finger missin' from the hand that rolled the smoke  
He laughed and talked of cowboy life but you knew it weren't no joke, he said....

I seen the day so hot your pony could not stand  
And if your water bag was dry, don't count upon the land  
And winters, I've seen winters when your boots froze in the snow  
And your only thought was leavin', but you had nowhere to go

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Well he rested easy at the bar, his foot upon the rail  
And laughed and talked of times he'd had out living on the trail  
The silence was never broken as the words poured from his lips  
Quiet as the forty five he carried on his hip, he said ...

I rode the cattle drive from here to San Antone  
Ten days in the saddle you know, and weary to the bone  
I rode from here to Wichita without a womans' smile  
The camp fire where I cooked my beans was the only light for miles

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Well he rolled another ciggarette, as he turned toward the door  
I heard his spurs a jingling as his boot heels hit the floor  
He loosened up his belt a notch, pulled his hat down on his head  
As he turned to say goodby to me this is what he said....

Now the high-lines chase the highways, and the fences close the range

And to see a working cowboy, that's a sight that's mighty strange  
But a cowboy's life was lonely, and his lot was not the best  
But if it hadn't been for men like me, there wouldn't be no west.

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