

New Mexico

Johnny Cash

It was in the town of Griffin, the year was eighty three
It was there an old cow puncher, stepped up and said to me
How do you do young fellow and how would you like to go
And spend a pleasant summer, out in New Mexico

I'll furnish you good wages, your transportation too
If you will but go with me, one summer season through
But if you should get homesick and back to Griffin go
Then I'll furnish you no horses from the hills of Mexico

We left the town of Griffin in the merry month of May
When all the world was lovely and everything was gay
With saddles on our horses, marching over we did go
Until we reached the logging out in New Mexico

It was there our pleasures ended and our troubles they began
The first hail storm fell on us, those cattle how they ran
Through all the thorns and thistles, us cowboys had to go
While the Indians watched upon us, out in New Mexico

Well, when the drive was over, the riders would not pay
To all you happy people, this much I have to say
Go back to your friends and loved ones, tell others not to go
To the God forsaken country, they call New Mexico