

Out in New Mexico

Johnny Horton

OUT IN NEW MEXICO WRITER JOHNNY HORTON
It was in the town of Griffin
In the year of '83 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's thru But if you grow homesick
And back to Griffin go I'll furnish you no horses
From the hills of Mexico. Well, we left the town of Griffin
In the merry month of May
When ev'rything seemed lovely And ev'rything seemed
gay With saddles on our horses
Marching onward, we did go Until
we reached Old Boggy Out in New Mexico. It was there
our pleasures ended And our troubles, they began
Oh! the first hailstorm came on us
Oh! how those cattle ran Thru all kinds of thorns
and thistles The cowboys had to go
While the Indians watched upon us
Out in New Mexico. And when the drive was over
The rider would not pay
To all you good-lookin' 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.