

Doggone Cowboy

Marty Robbins

I'm kin to the rovin' wind that brings the norther in
Along that dusty trail I'll take my stand
The steers are big and bold and the nights are often cold
But I'll get by so long as I can

Throw that rope and brand that calf dream of a girl in a photograph
I got no home I got no wife but I'll be a doggone cowboy all of my life

I'm up at the crack of dawn and I throw the bacon on
Seems somehow my work is never through
When I get done at night all the stars are big and bright
But then that's sorta what you're used to when you

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The hot dry wind may blow and you'll see me in the rain and snow
With just an old campfire to keep me warm
I'll move the herd along and I'll greet them with a song
So I guess that I was born

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