

# Ride, Cowboy Ride

Marty Robbins

Ride, cowboy, ride  
Don't ride too slow  
Tucson's a mighty long way yet to go

He started his long ride in Prescott  
The sun was a hundred or more  
On down he rode at full gallop  
Into the flat desert floor

Driving the big herd to Flagstaff  
In Prescott the letter was there  
Happiness soon would be sorrow  
Sad news the letter did bear

Ride, cowboy, ride  
Don't go too slow  
Ride, cowboy, ride  
You've a long way to go

Your darlin' now lies on her deathbed  
Racked by fever and pain  
Reaching for you at her bedside  
At each breath she's callin' your name

Forward he leaned in the saddle  
Pushing through mesquite and sage  
His head never raised for a greeting  
As he passed the Wickenburg stage

Ride, cowboy, ride  
Don't ride too slow  
Tucson's a mighty long way to go

In Phoenix he traded horses  
Now on the back of this roan  
He could see visions of Tucson  
His darlin' and their lovely home

Ride, cowboy, ride  
Don't ride too slow  
There's still a hundred and twenty to go

In through the ranch gate he galloped  
And without breaking his stride  
He bounded out of the saddle  
And rushed to his sweet darlin's side

Then as the dyin' girl saw him  
A smile came over her face  
Holding her hand as it tightened  
Barely had he won the race

Ride, cowboy, ride  
On through the blue  
Ride, cowboy, ride  
She'll be waiting for you  
Ride, cowboy, ride

On through the blue  
Ride, cowboy, ride  
She'll be waiting for you