

The Streets of Laredo

Marty Robbins

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy, all wrapped in white linen
Wrapped in white linen, as cold as the clay

So, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly
Sing the Death March as you carry me along
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy
These words he did speak as I slowly walked by
Come sit here beside me and hear my sad story
For I'm a young cowboy and know I must die

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle I used to go gay
First to the cardhouse and then down to Rosy's
But I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today

Bring six tall young cowboys to carry my casket,
Six pretty maids for to sing me a song
Take me to green valleys, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

Fetch me some water, a cool cup of water
To cool my parched lips, then the poor cowboy said
Before I returned, his spirit had left him
Had gone to his Maker, the cowboy was dead.

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Play the Death March as you carry me along
Take me to green valleys, there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I known I've done wrong