

Galleywinter

Pat Green

When I was a kid I had a rockin' horse named Ranger
Out on the front porch we would ride, we would ride
Little red cowboy boots, little red cowboy hat
And a pistol that shoots straight as an eagle flys

Mama would come out, sayin', "It's time to come in"
I said, "I ain't going nowhere mama, don't ask me again"
I was just an outlaw riding on the trail
Knocking over stage coaches riding on the rails

I'm going to Galleywinter, a place where all the cowboys ride
The place where all the outlaws hide
Away from the men who want to kill them for what they've done
I'm going to Galleywinter, I'm going to Galleywinter, go

My sister'd come out and say, "Where are you going anyway?"
I'm going to Galleywinter and there ain't no girls allowed
I guess things are different now, times have changed
A girl is nice to have with you when you're riding on the range

She can make you breakfast, talk to you at night
You can argue about things you never thought you'd argue
About in your whole life
Twenty-five years older Ranger ain't here no more
Been replaced by a 1958 model T-bird Ford
Baby say where you want to go? I said, "I don't know maybe Mexi
co
Anywhere where tequila flows is all right with me, yeah"

I'm going to Galleywinter, a place where all the outlaws hide
A place where all the cowgirls ride
You know that it's all right with me
I'm going to Galleywinter, I'm going to Galleywinter, go