

## New Mexico

Johnny Cash

It was in the town of Griffin, the year was eighty three  
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 through  
But if you should get homesick and back to Griffin go  
Then I'll furnish you no horses from the hills of Mexico

We left the town of Griffin in the merry month of May  
When all the world was lovely and everything was gay  
With saddles on our horses, marching over we did go  
Until we reached the logging out in New Mexico

It was there our pleasures ended and our troubles they began  
The first hail storm fell on us, those cattle how they ran  
Through all the thorns and thistles, us cowboys had to go  
While the Indians watched upon us, out in New Mexico

Well, when the drive was over, the riders would not pay  
To all you happy 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