

Streets of Laredo

Buck Owens

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, play the fife lowly
Play the death march as they carry me on
Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er,
I'm shot in the chest and I'm dying today

Let sixteen gamblers carry my coffin
Let sixteen cowboys sing me a song
Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong

So, beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly
Play the death march as they carry me on
Take me to green valley, lay the sod o'er,
I'm shot in the chest and I'm dying today...