

The Last Round-Up

Burl Ives

I'm heading for the last roundup
Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time and ride
So long, old pal, it's time your tears were dried
I'm heading for the last roundup

Git along little doggie, git along, git along
Git along little doggie, git along
Git along little doggie, git along, git along
Git along little doggie, git along

I'm heading for the last roundup
To the far away ranch of the Boss in the sky
Where the strays are counted and branded there go I
I'm heading for the last roundup

I'm heading for the last roundup
There'll be Buffalo Bill with his long snow-white hair
There'll be old Kit Carson and Custer waiting there
A-riding in the last roundup

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