

## Desert Blues

Jimmie Rodgers

Way out on the windswept desert where nature favors no man  
The buffalo found his brother at rest on the sun-baked sand  
He said, my brother, what ails you? Has sickness got you this way?

But his brother never said, for his brother was dead  
Been dead since way last May

(yodel) Oh-de-lay-ee, ah-ee. oh-ay-ee

Here's to Chief Big Buffalo Nickel, a mighty man in his day  
Never once used a sickle to clear the bushes away  
He would go 'round from tent to tent, eat everything in sight

He loved a squaw, every one he saw  
He loved a new one every night

(yodel) Oh-de-lay-ee, ah-ee. oh-ay-ee

Last night on the windswept desert I heard a big Indian moan  
I left my tent, I knew what it meant, and I swore I'd never more roam  
It was dawn when I reached safety, my legs were certainly sore  
I must of lost fifty pounds on that hot desert ground  
And I'd lose that many more

(yodel) Oh-de-lay-ee, ah-ee, oh-ay-ee-ee-day-ee-ee