

## Little Joe the Wrangler

Marlene Dietrich

Little Joe the Wrangler will wrangle nevermore  
His days with the roundup they are o'er  
Was a year ago last April when he rode into our camp  
Just a little Texas stray and nothing more

Little Joe, Little Joe  
Oh, whatever become of him  
I don't know  
Oh, he sure did like his liquor  
And it would have got his ticker  
But the sheriff got him quicker  
Yeeha!

Little Joe, Little Joe  
Oh, wherever his body lies  
I don't know  
When the yellow moon was beamin'  
He could wrangle like a demon  
And you'd always hear him screamin'  
Yeeha!

Little Joe, Little Joe  
Oh, whatever he's doing now  
I don't know  
He had women by the dozen  
And he swore they woz his cousins  
Till he met up with their husbands  
Yeeha!