

Streets Of Laredo

Mercury Rev

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.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Sing the death march as you carry me along;
Take me in the valley and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"I see by your outfit, that you are a cowboy."
These words he did say as I boldly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,

I'm shot in the breast, and I know I must die."

Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water
Cool my parched lips", then the poor cowboy said.
But before I returned, his spirit had left him,
Gone to his maker - the cowboy was dead.

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Sing the death march as you carry me along;
Take me in the valley and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."