

Buffalo Skinners

Moriarty

Come all you old time cowboys
And listen to my song
Please do not grow weary
I'll not detain you long

Concerning some wild cowboys
Who did agree to go
And spend the summer pleasant
On the range of the buffalo

Well I found myself in griffin
In eighteen eighty three
When a man by the name of Crego
Came walking up to me

He said, "How do you do, young fellow
And how'd you like to go
And spend the summer pleasant
On the range of the buffalo

Well of course I pay good wages
I pay transportation too
If you will agree to work for me
Until the season's through

But if you do get homesick
And you try to run away
You'll starve to death
Out on the trail and also lose your pay

All his flattering talking
We signed up quite a train
Of ten or twelve in number
Of able bodied men

And the trip it was a pleasant one
Through all New Mexico
Until we crossed Pease River
On the range of the Buffalo

It was there our pleasures ended
And our troubles all began
A lightening storm came on us
And made the cattle run

We got full of the stickers
On the cactus that did grow
And the outlaws came to pick us off
In the hills of Mexico
Yeah the hills of Mexico

Well, our working season ended
And the drover would not pay
He said you lost your money boy
You're all in debt to me

But the cowboys never put much stock

On a thing like bankrupt law
So we left the bastard's bones to bleach
On the range of the Buffalo