

Old Timer

Verse 1:

D **A**

I grew up in Wyoming

D

In and around Jackson's hole

A

In the shadows of the Tetons

Where summers are hot

D

And winters unbearably cold

G

But the Spring and the Fall

D

Are always as good as it gets

A

For over 70 years now

D

I'd watch the sun rise and set

Verse 2:

A

I've been a cowboy

D

Working the round-ups in spring

A

I've lived in the mountains

Hunted the grizzly

D

Trapping the rivers and streams

G

Always the loner

D

I've treasured my freedom the most

A

And though i never married

D

As a young man i might have come close

Verse 3:

G

From somewhere back east

She came to the valley

D

With a man who did her no good

G

He was fast with the ladies

A tin horn gambler

D

And a cheat whenever he could

G

She had no friends or family

D

Most of the time he was gone

A

He died in a card game

D

And she found herself all alone

Verse 4:

G

Alone and afraid and left unprotected

D

'Cause he was all that she had

G

Maybe i should have

But i never told her

D

So she never knew he was bad

G

But i'll always remember

D

Standing and watching her cry

A

There was no one to help her

D

But i was determined to try

Verse 5:

A

I mended her fences and

Fixed up her cabin

D

I had everything looking good

A

I laid by her food

And wood for the winter

D

Helping wherever i could

G

The more i was around her

D

The more i wanted to be

A

There was something about her

D

That brought out a good side of me

Verse 6:

G

I went into town,i brought a new outfit

D

I got me a haircut and shave

G

I'd trek through the snow

For no good reason

D

Just to go by her cabin each day

G

I don't know about love

D

But i was quite taken in by it all

A

Till her brother came in the Spring

D

And he took her back to St. Paul

Verse 7:

A

I don't go down to Jackson

D

Ain't nothing there but motels and bars

A

Too damn many tourists

No place to hide

D

They'll find you wherever you are

G

They like to call me old timer

D

I am getting older i guess

A

But i don't like the changes

D

'Cause i've seen it all at its best

Verse 8:

A

When my life is over

D

I don't want to be left in town

A

But up in the mountains

There is a place

D

I've marked off my own piece of ground

G

High in the Tetons

D

Above and away from it all

A

From the top of old Grand

I bet on a clear day - you can see

D

All the way to St. Paul