

Buffalo Skinners

Dm

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 trail of the buffalo.

I found myself in Griffin
In the spring of '83,
When a well-known, famous drover
Come a-walking up to me,
Saying, "How do you do, young feller,
And how would you like to go,
And spend a summer pleasant
On the trail of the buffalo?"

Well, me being out of work right then,
To the drover I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range
Depends upon your pay.
But if you will pay good wages –
Transportation to and fro,
I think I might go with you
To the trail of the buffalo."

"Of course I'll pay good wages –
Give transportation too,
If you'll agree to work for me
Until the season's through.
But if you do grow weary,
And you try to run away,
You'll starve to death along the trail,
And also lose your pay."

Well with all his flattering talking,
He signed up quite a train,
Some ten or twelve in number –
Some able-bodied men.
Our trip it was a pleasant one
As we hit the westward road,
And crossed old Boggy Creek
In old New Mexico.

There our pleasures ended
And our troubles all begun.
A lightning storm did hit us,
And made our cattle run.
Got all full of stickers
From the cactus that did grow,
And outlaws waiting to pick us off
In the hills of Mexico.
Well, the working season ended
And the drover would not pay.
"You all have drunk too much," he said,
"And you're all in debt to me."
But the cowboys never had heard of
Such a thing as a bankrupt law,
So we left that drover's bones to bleach
On the trail of the buffalo.