

Trail To Mexico

G C D7
I made up my mind in the early morn,
G Em
To leave the home where I was born,
G Em
To leave my native home for a while,
Am D7 G
And travel west for many a mile.

'Twas in the year of '83,
That A. J. Stinson he hired me,
He said, "Young man, I want you to go,
And follow my herd to Mexico."

'Twas in the springtime of the year,
I volunteered to drive the steers,
I'll tell you boys, 'twas a long hard go,
As the trail rolled on into Mexico.

When I arrived in Mexico,
I wanted my girl, but I could not go,
So I wrote a letter to my dear,
But not a word from her did I hear.

So I returned to my one time home,
Inquired for the girl whom I adore,
She said, "Young man, I've wed a richer life,
Therefore young fellow, go and get another wife."

"Oh curse your gold and your silver too,
Oh curse the girl who won't prove true,
I'll go right back to the Rio Grande,
And get me a job with a cowboy band."

"Oh Buddy, oh Buddy, oh please don't go,
Oh please don't go to Mexico,
If you've no girl more true than I,
Oh please don't go where the bullets fly."

"If I've no girl more true than you,
If I've no girl who will prove true,
I'll go right back where the bullets fly,
And follow the cow trail till I die."