I'M AN OLD COWHAND—Johnny Mercer

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro:   |   |   |   

I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan

I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how

Sure ain't a-fixin to start in now, yippie yi yo ka-yay

I'm an old cow-hand and I come down from the Rio Grande

And I learned to ride, ride, ride 'fore I learned to stand

I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date, I know every trail in the Lone Star State

'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

We're old cow-hands from the Rio Grande, and we come to town just to hear the band

We know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doggies go

We learned them all on the radio, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

BUTTONS AND BOWS—Jay Livingston/Ray Evans

East is east and west is west, and the wrong one I have chose
I'm An Old Cowhand/Buttons and Bows

Let's go where you'll keep on wearin' those frills and flowers and buttons and bows,

Rings and things and buttons and bows

Don't bury me on the lone prairie, take me where the cement grows

Let's move down to some big town, where they love a gal by the cut of her clothes

And you'll stand out in buttons and bows

I'll love you in buckskins, or skirts that you've home-spun

But I'll love ya' longer, stronger, where your friends don't tote a gun

My bones de-nounce the buckboard bounce, and the cactus hurts my toes

Let's vamoose where the gals keep usin' those silks and satins and linen that shows

And you're all mine in buttons and bows

Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women are women, in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes

With French perfume that rocks the room, and you're all mine in buttons and bows,

Buttons and bows, buttons and bows...... (fade)
I'M AN OLD COWHAND—Johnny Mercer
4/4 1234 1 (without intro)
Intro:   | Dm7 G7 | C Am | Dm7 G7 | C |
Dm7                   G7               C
I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan
Am                         Em                        Am                               Em
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how
Am                            Em                 Dm7     G7        C   Am   Dm7   G7   C
Sure ain't a-fixin to start in now, yippie yi yo ka-yay
Dm7                                               G7     C
I'm an old cow-hand and I come down from the Rio Grande
Dm7                                G7              C
And I learned to ride, ride, ride 'fore I learned to stand
Am                            Em                 Dm7     G7        C   Am    Dm7      G7       C
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date, I know every trail in the Lone Star State
Am                       Em                             Am                       Em
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay
Dm7                  G7     C                                    Dm7              G7           C
We're old cow-hands from the Rio Grande, and we come to town just to hear the band
Am                                 Em                                  Am                                 Em
We know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doggies go
Am                                Em      Dm7      G7       C    Am   Dm7     G7        C
We learned them all on the radio, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

BUTTONS AND BOWS—Jay Livingston/Ray Evans
C          F             C         F                       C            F            C
East is east and west is west, and the wrong one I have chose
F                                  C           Dm                 C                F                  C                 F
Let's go where you'll keep on wearin' those frills and flowers and buttons and bows,
C                F                G7                C
Rings and things and buttons and bows
C F                C F                C F                C F                C F
Don't bury me on the lone prairie, take me where the cement grows
F                                  C           Dm                         C        F               C                F
Let's move down to some big town, where they love a gal by the cut of her clothes
C                  F         G7                C         C7
And you'll stand out in buttons and bows
F                                                                                       C
I'll love you in buckskins or skirts that you've home-spun
C                          CMA7    C6           C                   D7                         G7
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger, where your friends don't tote a gun
C                F                C F                C F                C F                C F
My bones de-nounce the buckboard bounce, and the cactus hurts my toes
F                                  C           Dm               C              F               C               F
Let's vamoose where the gals keep usin' those silks and satins and linen that shows
C              F           G7                C
And you're all mine in buttons and bows
Dm7       G7                       C                Am           Dm7        G7           C                  Am
Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women are women, in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes
Dm7           G7             C             Am            Dm7                         G7                C
With French per-fume that rocks the room, and you're all mine in buttons and bows,
G7                                      C             G7                                      C
Buttons and bows, buttons and bows....... (fade)