

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

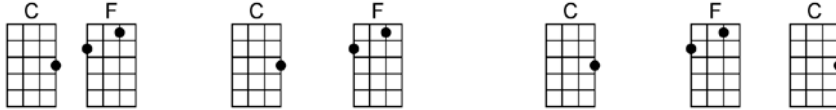
p.2. I'm An Old Cowhand/Buttons and Bows



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



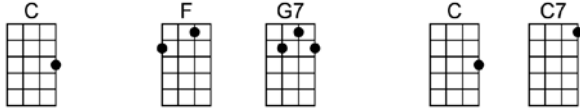
Rings and things and buttons and bows



Don't bury me on the lone prai-rie, take me where the cement grows



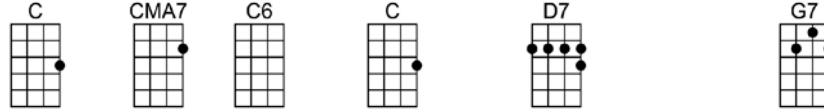
Let's move down to some big town, where they love a gal by the cut of her clothes



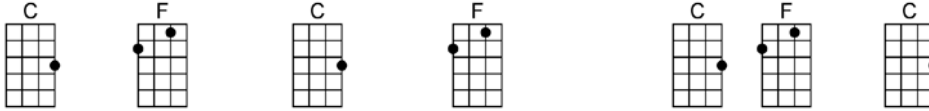
And you'll stand out in buttons and bows



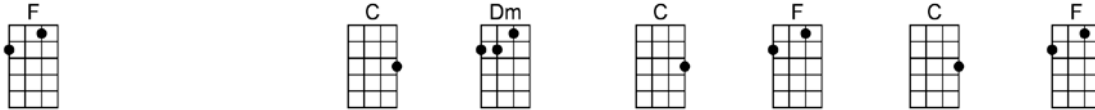
I'll love you in buckskins, or skirts that you've home-spun



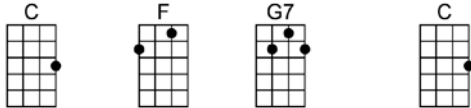
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger, where your friends don't tote a gun



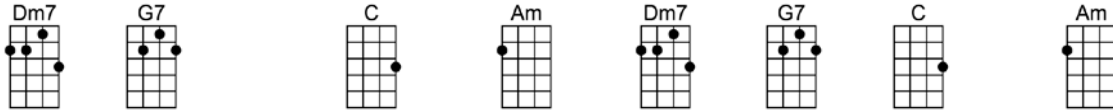
My bones de-nounce the buckboard bounce, and the cactus hurts my toes



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



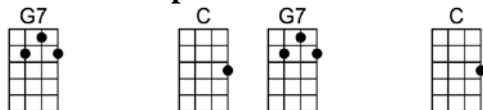
And you're all mine in buttons and bows



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



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



Buttons and bows, buttons and bows..... (fade)

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Rings and things and buttons and bows

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And you'll stand out in buttons and bows

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

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