

## **THE “OLD COWBOYS” RANCH.**

There’s a nice “old cowboys” ranch  
down the valley so I’m told,  
where the round-up is all over  
and the branding is on hold.

Where the mustangs are all saddle broke  
and the cattle never stray.  
Warm sunsets and an evening fire  
put close to every day.

The mules are never stubborn,  
they seldom try to bite,  
and when you’re packing out on them  
the cinches all stay tight.

There are no long hard trails  
with rocks, and snakes, and dust.  
No fences needin’ mending  
or gates froze tight with rust.

The barbed wire never cuts you  
or rips your new blue jeans,  
and never will you have to eat  
dry biscuits and them beans.

There’s springs of pure clean water  
to quench your weary thirst,  
and every mile you ride out on  
feels like your very first.

That ranch is out there waiting,  
we’ll all get there some day.  
But ‘fore we ride on through those gates,  
there’s still some dues to pay.

