

Lyrics – Sidekicks and Sagebrush

Front Row Cowboy *(Eric Bogle/ Larrikin Music)*

On Saturday mornings I'd ride to the movies,
Booted and spurred on my horse made of tin;
Tie-up my cayuse outside on the footpath,
Lay down my sixpence and mosey on in.
I'd sit in the front row with the other young cowpokes,
Waitin' for Roy to appear on the screen,
The King of the Cowboys and his golden horse Trigger,
To carry me off into my favorite dream.

Chorus: Yodel-O, Roy Rogers, Oh you were my hero,
A man made of steel on a stallion of gold;
Together we rode through the days of my childhood;
Memories like heroes, they never grow old.

Together we rode over mountains and valleys
Camped out at night 'neath the wide prairie sky,
We'd sing cowboy songs as we sat by the campfire,
While out in the darkness a wild coyote cried.
Yippee-ti-yi-yo baked beans and coffee,
Tall tales and true as we sat by the fire.
Then up in the morning and away we'd go riding,
Two saddle-pals, two heroes for hire. **Chorus:**

And now I'm a man, and I've hung up my six-gun,
No more do I ride on a horse made of tin.
Now I ride subways, and freeways and railways,
Instead of a six-gun I now wield a pen.
But part of my heart will always be ridin'
Along the bright canyons and the wild forest ways,
Along with Roy Rogers my faithful companion,
Into the sunset of my childhood days. **Chorus**

He was my friend, yes, he was my friend. He never let me down.
He was honest and faithful right up to the end
I loved Roy Rogers 'cause he was my friend.



Back in the Saddle Again

(Ray Whitley / Gene Autry / Katielu Music)

I'm back in the saddle again,
Out where a friend is a friend.
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On the lowly jimson weed,
Back in the saddle again.

Ridin' the range once more,
Totin' my old .44,
Where you sleep out every night
And the only law is right,
Back in the saddle again

Whoopie-ti-yi-yo,
Rockin' to and fro,
Back in the saddle again,
Whoopie-ti-yi-yay,
I go my way, Back in the saddle again.

Tumbling Tumbleweeds

(Bob Nolan, Music Of The West)

I'm a roving cowboy, riding all day long,
Tumbleweeds around me hear my lonely song.
Nights underneath the prairie moon,
I ride along and sing this tune.

See them tumbling down,
Pledging their love to the ground,
Lonely but free I'll be found
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past are behind,
Nowhere to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

I know when night has gone,
That a new world's born at dawn.

I'll keep rolling along,
Deep in my heart is a song.
Here on the range I belong -
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Ghost Riders in the Sky

(Stan Jones, MPL Music Publishing, Inc.)

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day;
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way;
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A-plowing through the ragged sky, and up a cloudy draw
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in the sky

Their horns were black and shiny, and their hooves were made of steel,
Their brands were still on fire, and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky;
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
They're riding hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on hear their cry
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
A-trying to catch the devil's herd across these endless skies
Yippie-aye-oh, yippie-aye-ay, ghost riders in the sky

Ridin' Down the Canyon

(Smiley Burnette, Gene Autry/Songs of Universal)

When evening chores are over at the ranch house on the plain,
And all I've got to do is lay around,
I saddle up my pony and ride off down the trail,
To watch the desert sun go down.

Ridin' down the canyon to watch the sun go down,
A picture that no artist e'er could paint,
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountain side,
I hear a coyote whinin' for its mate.

Cactus plants are bloomin', sagebrush every where,
Granite spires are standin' all around.
I tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin' down the trail,
When the desert sun goes down.

(I Want to be) A Cowboy's Sidekick *(Lyrics: Seamus Kennedy, Music: Patsy Montana / Universal-MCA)*

I want to be a cowboy's sidekick.
I want to learn to rope and to ride.
And straddle a mule, in my turned-up hat,
And fight at the hero's side
We'll gallop down the trail together,
As the sun sets in the west
I want to be a cowboy's sidekick,
That's the life that I love best. **Yodel:**

I'll wear a vest and an old bandanna,
And grow whiskers on my face,
And say 'Yer durn tootin', ya young whippersnapper,'
Those things that a sidekick says.
We'll have coffee and beans round the campfire,
When the sun has gone to rest
He'll strum his guitar 'neath the prairie stars
That's the life that I love best. **Yodel:**

For where would they be without sidekicks,
Those Western stars of yore?
Without ol' Gabby, and Smiley and Fuzzy
Their movies would be a bore.
Without Tonto and Pancho and Jingles,
They'd sure be in a mess,
So let's hear it for the sidekicks,
The men who saved the men who saved the West. **Yodel:**

Cattle Call *(Tex: Owens, Forster Music Publishing.)*

Yodel:
The cattle are prowlin', the coyotes are howlin',
Way out where the dogies bawl;
Where spurs are a-jinglin', a cowboy is singin'
His lonesome cattle call. **Yodel:**

He rides in the sun till his day's work is done,
And he rounds up the cattle each fall.
He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie,
And singin' his cattle call. **Yodel:**

All day he would ride on the range far and wide,
When the night wind can blow up a squall;
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather,
Singin' his cattle call. **Yodel:**

El Paso *(Marty Robbins, Mariposa Music, Inc.)*

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
Night-time would find me in Rosa's cantina; music would play and Felina would whirl.
Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina, wicked and evil while casting a spell.
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden; I was in love but in vain, I could tell.
One night a wild young cowboy came in, wild as the West Texas wind.
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing with wicked Felina, the girl that I loved.

So in anger I challenged his right for the love of this maiden, down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat; the handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
Just for a moment I stood there in silence, shocked by the foul, evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there; I had but one chance and that was to run.
Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran, out where the horses were tied.
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run, up on its back and away I did ride,

Just as fast as I could from the West Texas town of El Paso out to the badlands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless, everything's gone in life; nothing is left.
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden, my love is stronger than my fear of death.
I saddled up and away I did go, riding alone in the dark.
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me, tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.

And at last here I am on the hill overlooking El Paso; I can see Rosa's cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward, down off the hill to Felina I go.
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys; off to my left ride a dozen or more.
Shouting and shooting I can't let them catch me. I have to make it to Rosa's back door.
Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel a deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle, I'm getting weary, unable to ride.

But my love for Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen, though I am weary I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle. I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.
From out of nowhere Felina has found me kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for, one little kiss and Felina, good-bye.

High Noon *(Ned Washington, Dimitri Tiomkin/Universal Music Corp.)*

Do not forsake me, O my darlin',
On this our wedding day.
Do not forsake me, O my darlin',
Wait, wait along.

The noonday train will bring Frank Miller.
If I'm a man I must be brave,
And I must face that deadly killer,
Or lie a coward, a craven coward,
Or lie a coward in my grave.

O to be torn 'twixt love and duty!
S'posin' I lose my fair-haired beauty!
Look at that big hand move along
Nearin' high noon.
He made a vow while in State's Prison,
Vow'd it would be my life or his and
I'm not afraid of death, but O,
What will I do if you leave me?

Do not forsake me O my darlin',
You made that promise when we wed.
Do not forsake me O my darlin',
Although you're grievin', I can't be leavin',
Until I shoot Frank Miller dead.

I do not know what fate awaits me,
I only know I must be brave,
And I must face a man who hates me,
Or lie a coward, a craven coward,
Or lie a coward in my grave.

Wait along, wait along, wait along wait along...

Cool Water *(Bob Nolan, Music Of The West)*

All day I've faced a barren waste
Without the taste of water... Cool water.
Old Dan and I with throats burnt dry,
And souls that cry for water... Cool, clear water.

Chorus: Keep a-moving' Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan,
He's a devil, not a man, and he spreads the burning sand with water.
Dan, can you see that big green tree
Where the water's running free and it's waiting there for you and me.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool,
Each star's a pool of water... Cool water.
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water... Cool, clear water.

Chorus:

The shadows sway and seem to say,
Tonight we pray for water... Cool water.
And way up there he'll hear our prayer
And show us where there's water ...Cool, clear water.

Chorus:

Dan's feet are sore, he's yearning for
Just one thing more than water... Cool water.
Like me I guess he'd like to rest
Where there's no quest for water... Cool, clear water.

Chorus

Way Out There *(Bob Nolan, Music Of The West)*

A lonely spot I know where no man will go,
Where the shadows have all the room.
I was riding free on the old S.P. humming a southern tune,
When a man came along, made me hush my song,
Kicked me off away out there. **Yodel:**

Well I threw down my load in the desert road,
And rested my weary legs,
I watched the setting sun make the tall shadows run
Out across the barren plains.
Then I hummed a tune to the rising moon;
He gets lonesome way out there. **Yodel:**

As she was passin' by I caught her on the fly,
And I climbed in an open door.
I turned around to the desert ground, saw the spot I would see no more,
As I was riding away I heard that pale moon say,
"So long, pal, it sure gets lonesome here." **Yodel:**

Big Iron *(Marty Robbins, Warner Bros. Music)*

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day;
Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have too much to say.
No one dared to ask his business no one dared to make a slip,
For the stranger there amongst them had a big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town;
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around;
He's an outlaw loose and running, came the whisper from each lip,
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red;
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead;
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four,
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen more, one and nineteen more.

Now the stranger started talking, made it plain to folks around,
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town;
He came here to take an outlaw back, alive or maybe dead,
And he said it didn't matter, he was after Texas Red, after Texas Red.

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red;
But the outlaw didn't worry - men that tried before were dead;
Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made a slip,
Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet;
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street;
Folks were watching from their windows, everybody held their breath,
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death, about to meet his death.

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play,
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about to-day;
Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped,
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round;
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground,
Oh, he might have gone on living but he made one fatal slip,
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.
Big iron, Big iron - -
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip, big iron on his hip.

Tennessee Stud *(Jimmie Driftwood, Warden Music Co.)*

Along about eighteen and twenty-five,
I left Tennessee very much alive,
And I never would have got through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been a-riding on the Tennessee Stud.
Well, I had some trouble with my sweetheart's paw,
One of her brothers was a bad outlaw,
So I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud,
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

Chorus: The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
The color of the sun and his eyes were green;
He had the nerve and he had the blood,
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud

One day I was riding in a beautiful land,
When I ran smack into an Indian band;
They jumped their nags with a whoop and a yell,
And away we went like a bat out of (w)ell...

We circled their camp for a time or two
Just to show them what a Tennessee horse can do;
Those redskin boys couldn't get my blood,
'Cause I was a-riding on the Tennessee Stud

We drifted on down into no man's land,
And we crossed the river called the Rio Grande;
I raced my horse with the Spaniards foal,
'Til I got me a skinful of silver and gold.

Me and a gambler, we couldn't agree,
And we got in a fight over Tennessee;
We jerked our guns, and he fell with a thud,
And I got away on the Tennessee Stud. **Chorus:**

Well I got just as lonesome as a man can be,
A-dreaming of my girl back in Tennessee;
And the Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,
'Cause he was a-dreaming of a sweetheart too.

We loped right back across Arkansas,
I whipped her brother and I beat her paw;
When I found that girl with the golden hair,
She was a-riding on a Tennessee Mare.

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide;
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor,
A little horse colt playing 'round the door;
I love the girl with the golden hair,
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare. **Chorus:**

The Wayward Wind *(Stan Lebowsky/Herb Newman, Universal-Polygram Inc.)*

Chorus:

Oh, the wayward wind is a restless wind,
A restless wind that yearns to wander.
And I was born the next of kin,
The next of kin to the wayward wind.

In a lonely shack by a railroad track,
I spent my younger days,
And I guess the sound of the outward bound
Made me a slave to my wand'rin ways.

Chorus:

Oh, I met a girl in a border town,
I vowed we'd never part,
Tho' I tried my best to settle down
She's now alone with a broken heart.

Chorus:

Happy Trails *(Dale Evans, Sony/ATV Harmony Music)*

Happy trails to you, until we meet again.
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.

Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song, and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you, until we meet again.

Some trails are happy ones, others are blue.
It's the way you ride the trail that counts,
Here's a happy one for you.

Happy trails to you, until we meet again.
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.

Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song, and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you, until we meet again.