

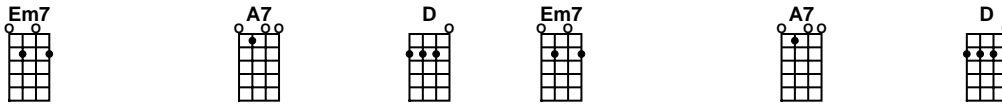
I'm an Old Cowhand From the Rio Grande - Johnnie Mercer



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



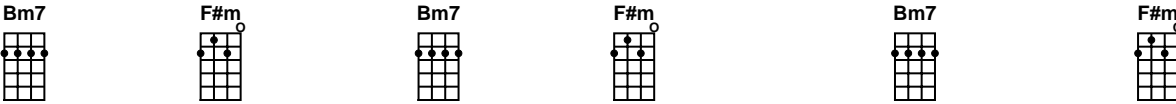
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how, and I sure ain't fixin' to start in in now.



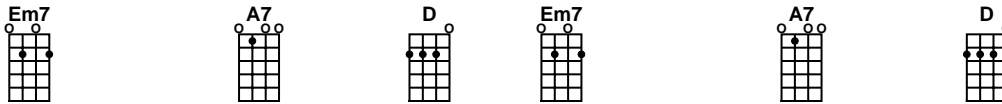
Yippie - yi - o - ki - ay, yippie - yi - o - ki - ay



I'm an old cow-hand... from the Rio Grande, and I learned to ride... before I learned to stand.



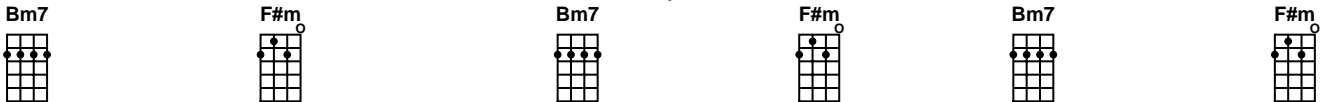
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date, I know every trail in the lone star state, 'cause I ride the range in my Ford V-8.



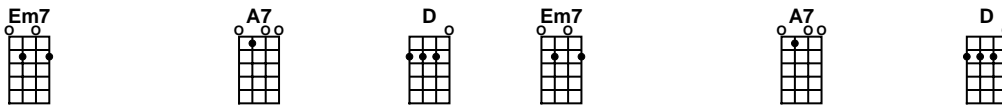
Yippie - yi - o - ki - ay, yippie - yi - o - ki - ay



I'm an old cow-hand... from the Rio Grande, and I 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, 'cos I learned 'em all on the radio.



Yippie - yi - o - ki - ay, yippie - yi - o - ki - ay



I'm an old cow-hand... from the Rio Grande, where the west is wild... 'round the border - land.



Where the buffalo roam around the zoo, the Indians make you a rug or two, and the old Bar-X is a Bar-B-Q.



Yippie - yi - o - ki - ay (2x) (slowly) Yippie... yi... o... ki... ay...