

The blood on my sheets has soaked through the bandage  
that they wrapped around the stitches in my side  
These old country doctors have come to expect it  
from the cowboys that come here once a year to ride  
Now starin' at the ceiling I'm trying to get my senses  
but I can't recall too much of yesterday  
except for some cussin' at that bull we call chisum  
as they turned us out of chute number 3

Chisum, Chisum you're a big bad son of a gun  
Your hide is tough and it's been scarred  
Where spurs have dug in deep but never hung  
Chisum you're the only reason that I keep on riding  
And I'll ride you before my ridin's done

Someone's brought in the paper and I'm starin' unbelievin'  
At the story that's laid out before my eyes  
It talks about you chisum how they brought you up from Texas  
And the cowboy that made a valiant 7 second ride  
It mentions how you broke your leg when we went down together

And it talks about your horn in my side  
But it's goin' on to say how they had to put you away  
But it don't tell about these tears in my eyes

Chisum Chisum I love you you son of a gun  
Your hide was tough and it was scarred  
Where my spurs had dug in deep but never hung  
Chisum I tell you my ridin' days are done  
cause after you theres nothing left to ride