

Out in New Mexico

Johnny Horton

OUT IN NEW MEXICO WRITER JOHNNY HORTON
It was in the town of Griffin
In the year of '83 It was there an old cow-puncher
Stepped up and said to me How do you do, young fellow
And how would you like to go
And spend a pleasant summer Out in New Mexico? I'll
furnish you good wages Your transportation, too
If you will but go with me One summer season's thru
But if you grow homesick And back to Griffin go
I'll furnish you no horses From the hills of Mexico.
Well, we left the town of Griffin In the merry month of May
When ev'rything seemed lovely And ev'rything seemed gay
With saddles on our horses Marching onward, we did go
Until we reached Old Boggy Out in New Mexico.
It was there our pleasures ended
And our troubles, they began Oh! the first hailstorm
came on us Oh! how those cattle ran Thru all kinds of thorns
and thistles The cowboys had to go While the Indians watched upon us
Out in New Mexico. And when the drive was over The rider would not pay
To all you good-lookin' people This much I have to say
Go back to your friends and loved ones Tell others not to go
To the God-forsaken country They call New Mexico.