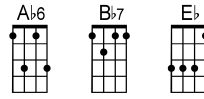


I'm An Old Cowhand

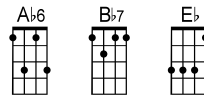
(From the Rio Grande)

©1936 Johnny Mercer

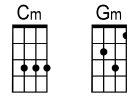
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande



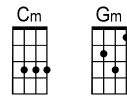
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned



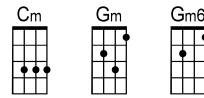
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow



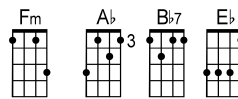
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how



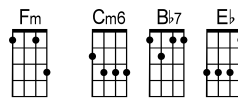
And I sho' ain't fixin' to start in now



Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay



Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay



I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date
I know ev'ry trail in the Lone Star State
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V Eight
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I come to town just to hear the band
I know all the songs that the cowboys know
'Bout the big corral where the doagies go
'Cause I learned them all on the radio
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Where the West is wild 'round the Borderland
Where the buffalo roam around the Zoo
And the Indians make you a rug or two
And the old Bar X is a Bar-B-Q
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay
Yippy-I-O-Ki-Ay