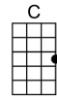
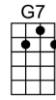
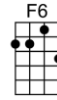
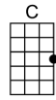
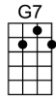
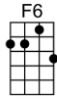
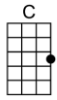


# I'm An Old Cowhand

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer



I'm an old cow-hand 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 sure ain't fixin' to start in now.



Yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay, yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay.



I'm an old cow-hand 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 every trail in the Lone Star state, 'cause I ride the range in a Ford V8.



Yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay, yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay.



I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, and I came to town just to hear the band;



I know all the songs that the cowboys know



'Bout the big corral where the dogies go, 'cause I learned them all on the rad-ee-o



Yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay, yippie - yi - yo - ki - yay.