

Lonesome Cowboy

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Written Summer 1993 to include an original song for David Brower's "Round 'Em Up" Cowboy Music Anthology published for NPR at KRWG radio station, NMSU, in Las Cruces, NM. This song is an autobiographical allegory. Dedicated to my good friend Nikki Snell Cain and her family. She was the music manager at the coffee house where I played in Las Cruces, and encouraged me with strong coffee and compliments during the time I was composing this song. Leads by Peter McConnell and Jonathan Mayer.

G C G
The lonesome cowboy, he's out on a roam,
C G
with thirty miles of fence to mend, and today's grown old.
D C D C
He finds a old cotton tree, says: "Guess here tonight I'll be..."
G D C G D C
He throws down his saddle and poke, pulls out some hard tack, coffee and a smoke,
D C G
and the frayed-edged letter from Maria, the only one who wrote.

G C G
The lonesome cowboy, he'll pass the night away.
C G
The hotel of a million stars, that's where he likes to stay.
D C D C
He don't got no house, don't pay no rent. Out on the range, he's so content.
G D C G D C
A new moon's on the rise, he's searching the starry skies,
D C G
And thinking about Maria, and her boy, who's got his eyes.

G C G
The lonesome cowboy he's tired, he calls it a day.
C G
Lays down his head to rest, he dreams the night away,
D C D C
of Colorado, and pasture sweet, tall green grass, wading through waste deep.
G D C G C D
On his cow horse, with his cow dog, the cowboy, drives 'em on,
D C G
up to Colorado from New Mexico, he's dreaming on and on and on.

G C G
The lonesome cowboy, he'll pass his life away.

He'll be riding herd, mending fence, he'll even put up some hay.

He don't like concrete, it kind of hurts his feet.

His cowboy boots don't wear even on a street.

There's just one thing that he wants, that's to find the love that he lost.

He's whispering to the wind, and he sends her his kind thoughts.

Yea, he's whisperin' to the wind, and he sends her his kind thoughts.

Yea, he's whisperin' to the wind, and he sends her his kind thoughts.

Going to Maria, Maria... a, a , a, ah... Espero te, siempre, mi amor, mi amor perdido, Maria...

(I'll wait for you, forever, my love, my long lost love, Maria)