Come all you old-time cowboys and listen to my song,
But do not grow weary, I will not detain you long;
It is concerning some cowboys who did agree to go
To spend one summer so pleasantly on the trail to Mexico.

I found myself in Griffin in the spring of '83.
A noted cow drover one morning came to me,
Saying, "How do you do, young fellow, how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly out in New Mexico?"

I being out of employment, to the drover I did say:
"A-going out to New Mexico depends upon the pay;
If you'll pay me good wages and transportation to and fro,
I believe I will go with you out in New Mexico."

"Of course I'll pay good wages and transportation, too,
Provided you agree to stay with me the season through,
But if you do grow homesick and back to Griffin go
I will not furnish you a horse to ride from the hills of Mexico."

With all of his flattering talk he enlisted quite a train—
Some ten or twelve in number, strong, able-bodied men;
Our trip it was a pleasant one, o'er the road we had to go
Until we crossed old Boggy Creek out in New Mexico.

And there our pleasures ended and troubles they began.
The first hard storm we had on us, oh, how the cattle ran!
While running through thorns and stickers we had but little show,
And the Indians watched to pick us off in the hills of New Mexico.

The summer season ended, the drover would not pay,
"The crowd was so extravagant and he was in debt that day."
But bankrupt law among cowboys, I tell you will not go,
So we left that drover's bones to bleach out in New Mexico.

And now we are crossed old Boggy Creek and homeward we are bound
No more in that cursed country will we ever be found.
Go home to wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go
To the God-forsaken country they call New Mexico.