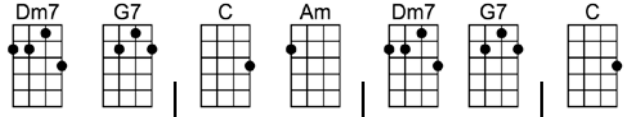


# I'M AN OLD COWHAND-Johnny Mercer

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

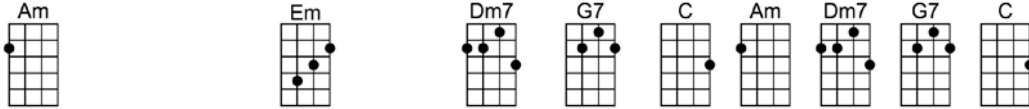
**Intro:**



I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan



I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how



Sure ain't a-fixin to start in now, yippie yi yo ka-yay



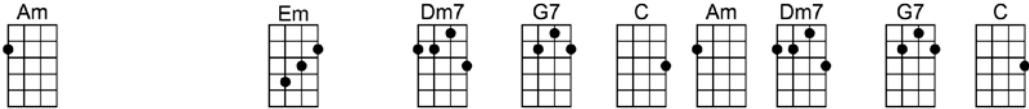
I'm an old cow-hand and I come down from the Rio Grande



And I learned to ride, ride, 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



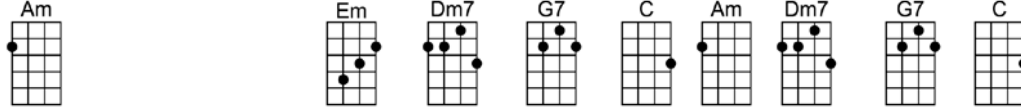
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay



We're old cow-hands from the Rio Grande, and we come to town just to hear the band

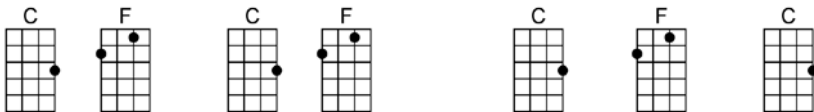


We know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doggies go



We learned them all on the radio, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

# BUTTONS AND BOWS-Jay Livingston/Ray Evans



East is east and west is west, and the wrong one I have chose

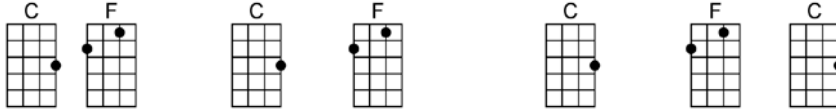
## p.2. I'm An Old Cowhand/Buttons and Bows



Let's go where you'll keep on wearin' those frills and flowers and buttons and bows,



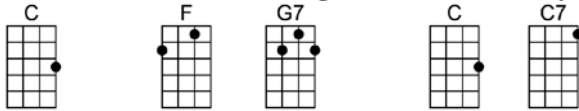
Rings and things and buttons and bows



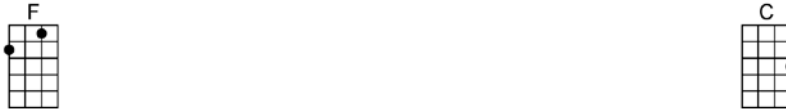
Don't bury me on the lone prai-rie, take me where the cement grows



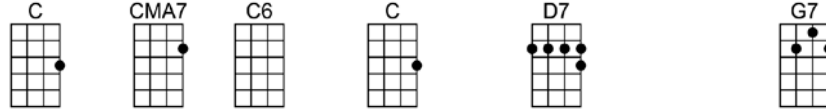
Let's move down to some big town, where they love a gal by the cut of her clothes



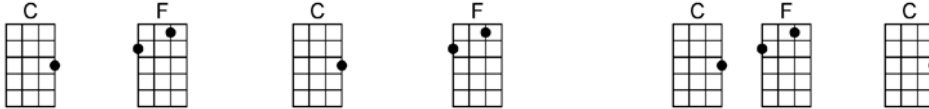
And you'll stand out in buttons and bows



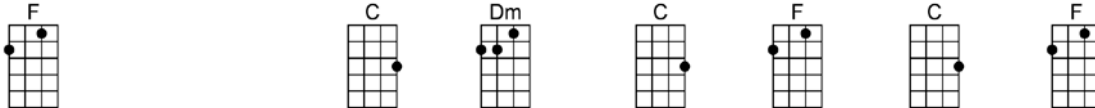
I'll love you in buckskins, or skirts that you've home-spun



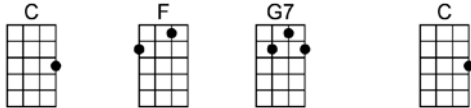
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger, where your friends don't tote a gun



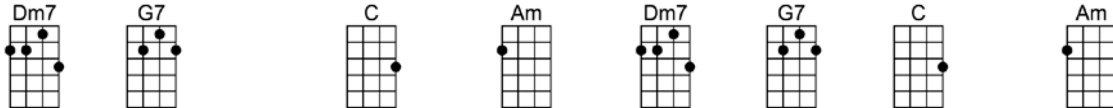
My bones de-nounce the buckboard bounce, and the cactus hurts my toes



Let's vamoose where the gals keep usin' those silks and satins and linen that shows



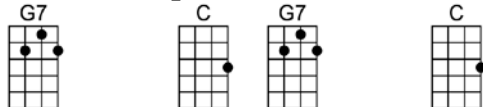
And you're all mine in buttons and bows



Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women are women, in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes



With French per-fume that rocks the room, and you're all mine in buttons and bows,



Buttons and bows, buttons and bows..... (fade)

# I'M AN OLD COWHAND-Johnny Mercer

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro: | Dm7 G7 | C Am | Dm7 G7 | C |

I'm an old cow-hand from the Rio Grande, but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan  
Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7 C

I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow, never roped a steer, 'cause I don't know how

Am Em Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

Sure ain't a-fixin to start in now, yippie yi yo ka-yay

Dm7 G7 C

I'm an old cow-hand and I come down from the Rio Grande

Dm7 G7 C

And I learned to ride, ride, ride 'fore I learned to stand

Am Em Am Em

I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date, I know every trail in the Lone Star State

Am Em Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7 C

We're old cow-hands from the Rio Grande, and we come to town just to hear the band

Am Em Am Em

We know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doggies go

Am Em Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

We learned them all on the radio, yippie yi yo ka-yay, hey, yippie yi yo ka-yay

## BUTTONS AND BOWS-Jay Livingston/Ray Evans

East is east and west is west, and the wrong one I have chose  
C F C F C F C

Let's go where you'll keep on wearin' those frills and flowers and buttons and bows,  
F C Dm C F C F

Rings and things and buttons and bows  
C F C F C F C

Don't bury me on the lone prai-rie, take me where the cement grows  
F C Dm C F C F

Let's move down to some big town, where they love a gal by the cut of her clothes  
C F G7 C C7

And you'll stand out in buttons and bows  
F C

I'll love you in buckskins or skirts that you've home-spun  
C CMA7 C6 C D7 G7

But I'll love ya' longer, stronger, where your friends don't tote a gun  
C F C F C F C

My bones de-nounce the buckboard bounce, and the cactus hurts my toes  
F C Dm C F C F

Let's vamoose where the gals keep usin' those silks and satins and linen that shows  
C F G7 C

And you're all mine in buttons and bows

Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women are women, in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes  
Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C Am

With French per-fume that rocks the room, and you're all mine in buttons and bows,  
Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7 C

Buttons and bows, buttons and bows..... (fade)