

The doggone cowboy Jim McGonigle

I'm kin to the rovin' wind that brings the norther in
Along that dusty trail I'll take my stand
The steers are big and bold and the nights are often cold
But I'll get by as long as I can

Throw that rope brand that calf dream of a girl in a photograph
I have no home I have no wife but I'll be a doggone cowboy all of my life

I'm up by the crack of dawn and I throw the bacon on
Seems as though my work is never through
When I get done at night all the stars are big and bright
So you get sorta what you're used to when you

Throw that rope brand that calf dream of a girl in a photograph
I have no home I have no wife but I'll be a doggone cowboy all of my life

The hot dry wind may blow and you'll find me in the rain and snow
With only an old campfire to keep me warm
I'll move the herd along and I'll greet them with a song
So I guess that I was born to

Throw that rope and brand that calf and dream of a girl in a photograph
I have no home I have no wife but I'll be a doggone cowboy all of my life