



I'm An Old Cowhand

(starting pitch A – string #1)

(D) G6 A7 D

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,

G6 A7 D

but my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned.

Bm7 F#m Bm7 F#m

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

Bm7 F#m

And I sho' ain't fixin' to start in now.

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D

Yippy- i- o- ki- ay, yippy- i- o- ki- ay.

G6 A7 D

I'm an old cow hand from the Rio Grande,

G6 A7 D

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

Bm7 F#m Bm7 F#m

I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date. I know ev'ry trail in the Lone Star state.

Bm7 F#m

'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-Eight.

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D

Yippy –i –o –ki -ay, yippy- i- o- ki- ay

G6 A7 D
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,

G6 A7 D
And I come to town just to hear the band.

Bm7 F#m Bm7 F#m
I know all the songs that the cowboys know, 'bout the big corral where the doagies go.

Bm7 F#m
'Cause I learned them all on the radio.

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D
Yippy- i- o- ki- ay, yippy- i- o- ki- ay.

G6 A7 D
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,

G6 A7 D
Where the West is wild 'round the border land.

Bm7 F#m Bm7 F#m
Where the buffalo roam around the zoo, and the Indians make you a rug or two,

Bm7 F#m
And the old Bar X is a BarBQ.

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D
Yippy- i-o- ki- ay, yippy- i-o- ki- ay.