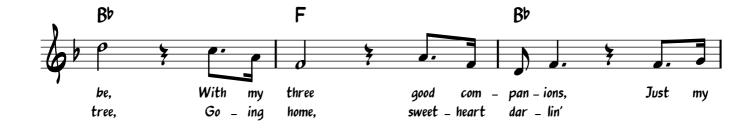
Rifle, Pony, and Me

American Folk







Whippoorwill, in the willow Singin' sweet melody Riding through Amarillow Just my rifle, my pony, and me.

No more cows to be ropened No more strays do I see 'Round the bend, she'll be waitin' For my rifle, my pony, and me.