

# Rifle, Pony, and Me

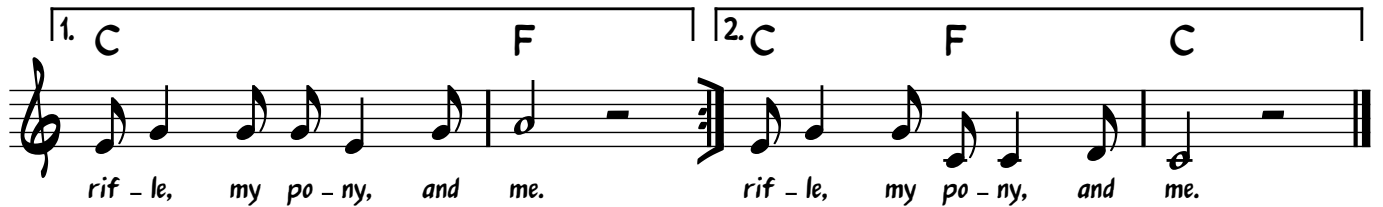
American Folk



Pur - ple light in the can - yon, That's where I long to  
Gon - na hang my som - bre - ro On the limb of a



be, With my three good com - pan - ions, Just my  
tree, Go - ing home, sweet - heart dar - lin'



1. C F 2. C F C  
rif - le, my po - ny, and me. rif - le, my po - ny, and me.

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

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