Abrahams, Muir

& Clarke

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

He always/sings raggedy/music to the cattle

As he/swings back and/forward in his saddle

D7

On a/horse that is/syncopated gaited

And there's/such a funny meter to the/roar of his repeater

How they/run when they/hear that fellow's gun

Because the/western folks all/know

He's a/high falutin', rootin' tootin'/

Son of a gun from Arizona,/Ragtime Cowboy/Joe/

Out in Arizona where the bad men are

The only thing to guide you is an evenin' star

The roughest, toughest man by far

Ar Dr G

Was Ragtime Cowboy Joe

D G

He got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep

Ar Dr G

Every night they say he sings a herd to sleep

G C

In a bass voice rich and deep

Ar Croonin' soft and low

Repeat 1st verse

Break (verse)

Repeat 1st verse with ending below

He's a/high falutin', rootin' tootin'

Son of a gun from Arizona, / Ragtime Cowboy /

A7 D7

Talk about your cowboy, / Ragtime / Cowboy / Joe / CA