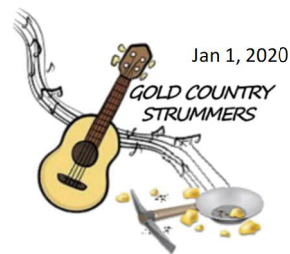


Ragtime Cowboy Joe



Intro: C . . . C . . .

Chorus

He always sings raggedy music to the cattle as he swings,

Back and forward in the saddle on a horse (pretty good horse)

That's syncopated, gaited. There's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater

How they run, when they hear this fellow's gun, because the Western folks all know

He's a highfalutin, rootin' tootin', son-of-a-gun from Arizona

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Out in Ari-zona where the bad men are

And the only friend to guide you is the evening star

The roughest, toughest man by far is Ragtime Cowboy Joe

<Chorus

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Dressed up every Sunday in his Sunday clothes

He beats it for the village where he always goes

And e-ver-y girl in town is Joe's 'cause he's a regular bear

<Chorus>

He's some cowboy, talk about your cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy Joe

