

- 3. We'll ride on the Prair-ies' a-cross the wide riv-ers And on through the flats where there's nev-er a town Our horses are wear-y, we're tired and we're hung-ry They still, little dog-ies stop roam-ing a-round
- 4. Tide is a-comin' and the dog-ies are stray-ing They're farth-er from home than they've been be-fore Come on lit-tle dog-ies it's time to be roll-in' When we get to Wy-o-ming we'll roll no more



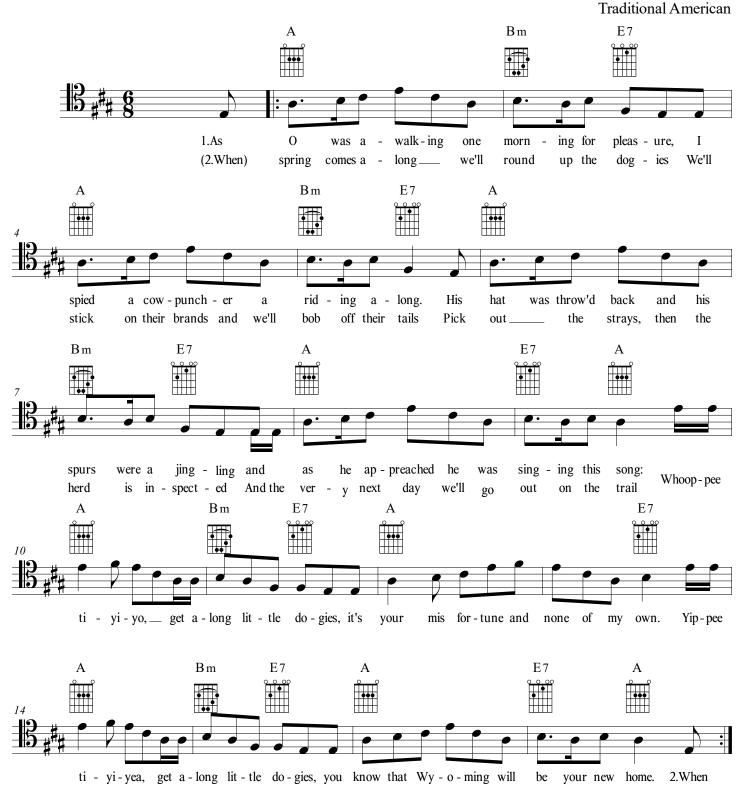
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