I've Got No Use For The Women-Marty Robbins
American Cowboy Song

Now (D) I've Got No (G) Use For The (D) Women, A (G) True One
May Never Be (D) Found
They'll (G) Stick By A Man For His (D) Money, When It's (Em) Gone
They'll Turn Him (A7) Down
They're (D) All A(G)Like At The (D) Bottom, (G) Selfish And
Grasping For (D) All
They'll (G) Stick By A Man When He's (D) Winning, And (A7) Laugh
In His Face When He (D) Falls

My Pal Was A Straight Young Cowpuncher, Honest And
Upright And Square
But He Turned To A Hard-Shooting Gunman, And A Woman Sent
Him There
He Fell In With Evil Companions, The Kind That Are Better Off
Dead
When A Gambler Insulted Her Picture, He Filled Him Full Of
Lead

All Through The Long Night They Trailed Him, Through
Mesquite And Thick Chaparral
And I Couldn't Help Cursing That Woman, As I Saw His Pitch,
Stagger And Fall
If She'd Been The Pal That She Should Have, He Might Have
Been Raising A Son
Instead Of Out There On The Prairie, To Die By The Cruel
Ranger's Gun

Death's Slow Sting Did Not Trouble, His Chances For Life
Were Too Slim
But Where They Were Putting His Body, Was All That Worried
Him
He Lifted His Head On His Elbow, The Blood From His Wound
Flowed Bright Red
He Looked At His Pals Grouped Around Him, And Whispered To
Them And Said

"Oh, Bury Me Out On The Prairie, Where The Coyotes May Howl
O'er My Grave
Bury Me Out On The Prairie, But From Them My Bones Please
Save
Wrap Me Up In My Blanket, And Cover Me Deep 'neath The
Ground
Cover Me Over With Boulders, Of Granite Huge And Round"

So They Buried Him Out On The Prairie, And The Coyotes Still
Howl O'er His Grave
But His Soul Is Now A-Resting, From The Unkind Cut She Gave
And Many A Similar Cowpuncher, As He Rides By That Pile Of
Stones
Recalls Some Similar Woman, And Envies His Moldering Bones