

Bronco Bills Lament

Don McLean

BRONCO BILL S LAMENT

Words & Music by Don McLean

G **Em** **C** **D** **G**
I COULDA BEEN MOST ANYTHING I PUT MY MIND TO BE,
A **C** **G** **D**
BUT A COWBOY S LIFE WAS THE ONLY LIFE FOR ME.
G **Em** **C** **D** **G**
IT S A STRONG MAN S OCCUPATION RIDIN HERD AND LIVIN FREE,
Em **A**
BUT STRONG MEN OFTEN FAIL
Em **A**
WHERE SHREWD MEN CAN PREVAIL,
D **Am** **D**
I M AN OLD MAN NOW WITH NOTHIN LEFT TO SAY,
C **Am** **D** **G**
BUT OH GOD HOW I WORKED MY YOUTH AWAY.

Em **C** **D** **G**
WELL YOU MAY NOT RECOGNIZE MY FACE, I USED TO BE A STAR,
A **C** **G** **D**
A COWBOY HERO KNOWN BOTH NEAR AND FAR.
G **Em** **C** **G**
I PERCHED UPON A SILVER MOUNT AND SANG WITH MY GUITAR,
Em **A** **Em** **A**
BUT THE STUDIO OF COURSE, OWNED MY SADDLE AND MY HORSE,
C **Am** **D**
BUT THAT SIX-GUN ON THE WALL BELONGS TO ME,
C **Am** **D** **G**
OH GOD I CAN T LIVE A MEMORY.

YOU KNOW I D LIKE TO PUT MY FINGER ON THAT TRIGGER ONCE AGAIN,
AND POINT THAT GUN AT ALL THE PRIDEFUL MEN.
ALL THE VOYEURS AND THE LAWYERS WHO CAN PULL A FOUNTAIN PEN,
AND PUT YOU WHERE THEY CHOOSE,
WITH THE LANGUAGE THAT THEY USE,
AND ENSLAVE YOU TILL YOU WORK YOUR YOUTH AWAY,
C **Am** **C** **Am** **G**
OH GOD HOW I WORKED MY YOUTH AWAY.

G **Em** **G** **D**
WHOOPEE TY YI OH WHOOPEE TY YI AY,
G **Em** **A** **D**
ONE MAN S WORK IS ANOTHER MAN S PLAY
C **Am** **D** **Am** **G**
OH GOD HOW I WORKED MY YOUTH AWAY.

YOU SEE I ALWAYS LIKED THE NOTION OF A COWBOY FIGHTING CRIME,

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN MY PRIME,
I COULD BEAT THOSE DESPERADOS BUT THERE S NO SENSE FIGHTIN TIME,
BUT THE SINGIN WAS A BALL
CAUSE I M NOT MUSICAL AT ALL,
I MOVED MY LIPS TO SOMEONE ELSE S VOICE.

Repeat verse 1