

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

artist: Flying J Wranglers , writer: Lee Penny, Louise Massey or Grant Clarke, Lewis F. Muir and Maurice Abrahams.

Chorus:

He always sings, raggy music to the cattle,
As he swings, back and forward in the saddle,
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', scootin', shootin'
Son-of a-gun from Arizona,
Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
And the only friend to guide you is an ev - nin' star,
The roughest toughest man by far,
is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
Got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep
Ev `ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep,
In a basso rich and deep, crooning soft and low.

Dressed up ev' ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
He beats it for the village where he always goes,
And ev `ry girl in town is Joe's,
'cause he's a ragtime bear.

When he starts a spieling on the dance hall floor,
No one but a lunatic would start a war,
Wise men know his forty four,
makes men dance for fair.

chorus

Ragtime Cowboy, Talk about your cowboy
Ragtime Cowboy Joe.