



## YOUR CAMP FIRE

When there wasn't many fences and you travelled on your own,  
There was times when nite came on you and you had to camp alone.  
You hobbled out your hosses near a creek or water hole,  
Then you built yourself a fire and made down your old bed roll.

You went into your pack outfit and got some stuff to eat.  
You had coffee and some flap jacks then you fried yourself some meat.  
Then you crawled into your bed roll that was laid out on the ground,  
And kept lookin' at the fire while you watched it dyin' down.

When the fire stopped a burnin' and the coals begun to die,  
You could see the stars a plenty shinin' up there in the sky.  
You could hear your hobbled hosses not far off a movin' 'round,  
Then a coyote started yellin' with his wild and crazy sound.

Yes, you liked it on the round up where the fellers talks and jokes,  
But there's times a man feels better out away from other folks,  
For there ain't no place fer thinkin' though I couldn't tell you why,  
Than a camp alone out somewhere and to watch your camp fire die,