There's an Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse Tonight

There's an Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse Tonight
(Gene Autry)

There's a cot unused in the bunkhouse tonight;
There's a pinto's head bending low.
His spurs and chaps hang on the wall,
Limpy's gone where the good cowboys go.
There's a range for every cowboy
Where the foreman takes care of his own;
There'll be an empty saddle tonight,
But he's happy up there I know.

He was riding the range last Saturday noon
When a norther had started to blow;
With his head in his chest, heading into the west
He was stopped by a cry soft and low.
A crazy young calf had strayed from its maw
And was lost in the snow and the storm
It lay in a heap at the end of the draw
Huddled all in a bunch to keep warm.

Limpy hobbled its feet, tossed it over his horse
And headed for the shack,
But the wind got cold and the snow it piled p
And poor Limpy he strayed from the track.
He arrived three in the morning
And put the young maverick to bed
Then he flopped in his bunk unable to move
This morning old Limpy was dead.

There's an empty cot in the bunkhouse tonight
There's a pinto's head bendin' low
His spurs and chaps hang on the wall
Limpy's gone where the good cowboys go.
There's a range for every cowboy
Who shows he has this kind of love,
And someday he'll ride his pinto again
Up there on that that range above.

Note: according to Tinsley, this "radio cowboy" song was whole-heartedly adopted by the real cowboys. RG

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