

"IT SOUNDS TO ME."

'Way West, where the prairies stretch far and free
'Til they fade in the sun's hot blaze,
Where the cow-boys follow the drifting herds,
thro' the land of the unmarked ways;
Where life's lived close to the edge of things,
and living is less complex
Than in lands controlled by the reckless hands
of what's known as the weaker sex;
Where chaps and Stetsons are evening dress
and collars and ties are banned,
Where auction bridge is a game unknown,
and there's just five cards in a hand;
Where wealth is reckoned in heads of stock,
and thousands of herds range free—
They've got an expression that's mighty good,
We'd use it, too, if we understood
What they mean by "*it sounds to me*".

Suppose you're down in the cattle lands
and you meet with a guy some night,
Who's full of the juice of the joyous grape—
plumb loaded with booze and fight.
You greet him first in a friendly way—
at least, if your're wise, you do—
Then, suppose he, lifting his voice in song,
unburdens his soul to you—
"I'm an old gray wolf from the poison plains,
where the coyotes lurk and prowl,
"I'm a hootin', shootin' son of a gun,
and this is my night to howl"
Don't say, "Forget it, you drunken boob,
you're too full of booze to see"—
That might mean shootin' and sudden death,
Don't get to talkin', just save your breath,
And murmur—"It *sounds to me*."