

# I've Got No Use For Women

Words & Music:  
Gene Autry

D G D  
I have got no use for the women, a true one may never be found.  
G D Em A7  
They'll stick by a man for his money and when it's gone, they turn him down.  
D G D  
They're all alike at the bottom, selfish and gasping for all.  
G D A7 D  
They'll stand by a man while he's winning and laugh in his face when he falls.

My pal was an straight, young cowpuncher, honest and upright and square.  
But he turned to a gambler and gunman and a woman sent him there.  
He fell with his evil companion, the kind that better off dead.  
When a gambler insulted her picture, he hauled off and filled him with lead.

All through this long night they trailed him through mesquite and thick  
chaparral.  
And I couldn't help cursing that woman as I saw him pitch, stagger and fall.  
If she'd been the pal that she should have, he might have been raising a son.  
Instead of out there on the prairie to die by a cruel Ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting did not trouble; his chances for life were too slim.  
But where they were putting his body was all that worried him.  
He lifted his head on his elbow, the blood from his wound flowed bright red.  
He gazed at his pals grouped around him and whispered to them and said:

"O, bury me out on the prairie where the coyotes may howl over my grave.  
Bury me out on the prairie and some of my bones please save.  
Wrap me up in my blanket and bury me deep in the ground.  
Cover me over with boulders of granite, gray and round."

So, we buried him out on the prairie where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave.  
And his soul is now a resting from the unkind act she give.  
Any one, another young puncher as he rides past that pile of stones  
Recalls from the sinful woman and think of his moanful bones.

O, bury me out on the prairie,  
Where the coyotes will howl o'er my grave.