

EMPTY COT IN THE BUNK HOUSE  
JD Diffie's favorite song

There's an empty cot in the bunkhouse tonight  
There's a horse with its head hanging low  
His spurs and his chaps they hang on the wall  
Limpy's gone where the good cowboys go

He was riding the range last Saturday night  
When a norther began to blow  
With his head on his chest headed into the west  
He was stopped by a cry soft and low

A crazy young calf had strayed from its ma  
And was lost in the wind and the storm  
Huddled all in a heap at the head of the draw  
Huddled all in a heap to keep warm

Limpy hobbled his feet, threw him over the horn  
And headed again for the shack  
But the wind got cold and the snow piled up  
And the cowboy got lost from his track

He arrived at three in the morning  
And he put the little maverick to bed  
Then he dropped on his cot, not able to move  
Next morning the cowboy was dead

There's a range for every cowboy  
Where the foreman takes care of his own  
Someday he'll ride old pinto again  
On a better range I know.