

COWBOY NATION



A JOURNEY OUT OF TIME
WESTERN JUBILEE • SHANACHIE



Shanachie

Tony Kinman - vocals, bass, guitar
Chip Kinman - vocals, guitar, harmonica
Jamie Spidle - drums, vocals

Recorded at Busy Bee Studios, USA

Produced by Cowboy Nation

All songs written by Chip and Tony Kinman.

Published by Black Impala Music,
Administered by Bug Music, BMI except
"Back In The Saddle Again" by Gene
Autry/Ray Whitley, Gene Autry's Western
Music Pub. Co./Katie Lu Music (ASCAP)

"Shenandoah" and "Blood on the Saddle"
Traditional, arranged by Cowboy Nation

Mastered by Robert Vosgien & Pete Papageorges
at Capital Records

Cowboy Nation cover photo by Fredrik Nilsen

Vintage photo from collection of Donald Kallaus

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www.westernjubilee.com

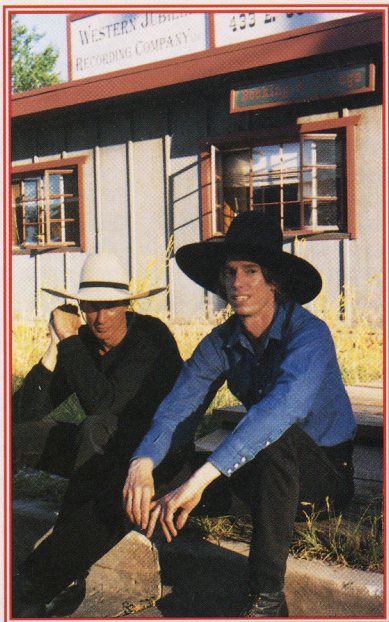
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Chip (l) & Tony (r) at Western Jubilee Recording Co.
Photograph: Scott O'Malley

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Visit Shanachie's website at www.shanachie.com and get information and actual musical samplings from all our new releases as well as our extensive catalog of titles.

BACK IN THE SADDLE

I'm back in the saddle again
Out where a friend is a friend
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On the lowly jimsonweed
I'm back in the saddle again
Ridin' the range once more
Totin' my old 44
Where you sleep out every night
Where the only law is right
I'm back in the saddle again
Whoopi ti-yi-yo Rockin' to and fro
Back in the saddle again
Whoopi ti-yi-ya I go my way
Back in the saddle again

TWO MILES TO TOWN

Two miles to town, two miles to town
Yip-yip-yippie-i-ay
Two miles to town, two miles to town
Gonna tear it up all the way
Two miles to town, two miles to town
Yip-yip-yippie-i-o
Two miles to town, two miles to town
They'll know we've been there when
we go
Two miles to town, two miles to town
Trail boss moving slow
When we get to town, he's going down
Gonna be quite a show
Three miles to town, three miles to
town

yip-yip-yippie-i-ay
three miles to town, turn them
dogies around
Cause they're headin' the wrong
damn way
Yippie-yippie-yippie-yippie-i-ay
Gonna tear it up all the way
If the ocean were whiskey and I was
a duck
I'd dive to the bottom and never
come up
But the ocean ain't whiskey
And I ain't a duck, I'll play jack
o'diamonds
And trust to my luck
I got two miles to town
Two miles to town, two miles to town
Just another hill or two
Find me some booze and a bar we
can use
The first round is on you
Two miles to town, two miles to town
Never seen a sky so blue
Buy me some clothes and shave
Under my nose, and I'll get me a
gal or two (over)
You may brag of your knowledge
and boast of your sense
It'll all be forgotten a hundred years
hence
My foot's in the stirrup, bridle's in hand
I loved sweet Molly the best in the
land
I got two miles to town

WAY TO GO

Storm on the west - It's headed to
the east
Those with the most, soon will have
the least
The bible gives me comfort, I keep
it in my bag
I should be home but I must have
hit a snag
Pistols in the barroom, ponies in the
rain
Tired looking women, they're get-
ting off the train
A good looking sheriff trying to
make it plain
He didn't want to see me here again
- no - so...
I got a way to go
I got a way to go
I'm on my way
I got a way to go
I got a way to go
I got a way to go
I got a way to go
Get out of my way
I got a way to go
Ride the same old horse, it's just a
different saddle
Got bit by the snake, I never heard
the rattle
There's a lot of men and women
trying to chase me down

I feel a little lonely so I'm headed
into town
Yeah, I get around - yes I do
Sunrise to sunset a journey out of
time
No end to the rope, when you're
running out the line
The strap on my back it toughed up
my hide
When we get to where we're going
We can talk about the ride
I'm half way to everywhere, you
know where that's at
Where the grass grows green and
the cattle get fat
I'm riding the range to my chosen
destination
Headed for the prairies of the
Western Nation

E-Z RIDIN' COWBOY

I'm an easy riding cowboy
With a horse 'tween my legs
I'm an easy riding cowboy
With a horse 'tween my legs
I keep looking under chickens
Because I want some eggs

I'm an easy riding cowboy
And I pay for my fun
I'm an easy riding cowboy
And I'll pay when I'm done
If I can't find my money then I'll
get it with my gun

I'm an easy riding cowboy
And I'm so far from home
I'm an easy riding cowboy
And I'm so far from home
I need an easy rollin' cowgirl
I'm never gonna roam

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Oh pity the cowboy
All gory and red
A bronco fell on him
And mashed in his head
His girl he would marry
A fine night in June
Now he left her all lonely
And covered with gloom

Horses are crying
Cowboy lay dying
In puddles and puddles
Of blood on the ground

There was blood on the saddle
And blood all around
A a great big puddle of blood on the
ground

COWBOYS' VISION

Sometimes life is simple
There's not much to explain
That bleeding puncher on the floor
Won't be getting up again
Whiskey wine and conversation
Guess he failed the test
Does anybody know what brought that
Young man to the west?

I came out west with my hat and pistols
I had the best sort of rope and saddle
Open prairies
I ride through them
Canyons traced by
Boney rivers
All I wanted

Is to die on the trail

I ride at night and count the stars in
heaven

A window right into my very soul
I was told

Summer scorching

Winter's freezing

Still I wander

In my vision

All I wanted

Is to die on the trail

SHENANDOAH

Shenandoah - I long to hear you
Away you rolling river
Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away - I'm bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Missouri, she's a mighty river
Away you rolling river
Indian's camp along her border
Away I'm bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Shenandoah - I love your daughter
Away you rolling river
For her I crossed the rolling waters
Away I'm bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Seven years - I courted Sally
Away you rolling river
Seven years - I long to have her
Away I'm bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Shenandoah - I'm bound to leave you
Away you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah I'll not deceive you
Away I'm bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

LEAVING THIS TOWN

Cowboys dumb but cows are dumber
If I'm still around by the end of the
summer
Waiting for the rain to come down
Better keep your head up - you're
gonna drown
I'm leaving this town

Goodness sake how long's it gonna
take

There's another candle on my birth-
day cake

I'm getting off this merry-go-round
I'm leaving this town

I'm leaving this town

I'm leaving this town

Will anybody miss me when I'm gone
Maybe one or two but not for long

Teach me, train me, tie me, tame me

I'm never good at pulling a plow

When the night winds blowin'

Then I'm going

There ain't nobody slowing me down

I'm leaving this town

This city gets fat off the wages of sin
I wanted my share but I couldn't
get in

I'm selling my soul by the pound
I'm leaving this town.

CUT ABOVE

Did I know what I was doing
When I did what I'd done
Then I wouldn't have to stop
I wouldn't have begun, sweet baby
Sometimes nothing hurts more than
words

What's meant to help does little else
but hurt

Sweet baby

I would never put you down

Never throw away your love

I would never run around

Baby that's the way of love

Baby you're a cut above

What happens in the night doesn't
vanish in the dawn

Each little hurt makes it hard to
carry on

Sweet baby

But when you're close to me I know
you understand

You have a hold of my heart when
you're holding my hand

Sweet baby


Told when I was young one and one
make two

I learned a little lesson that I'm
gonna share with you

Sweet baby

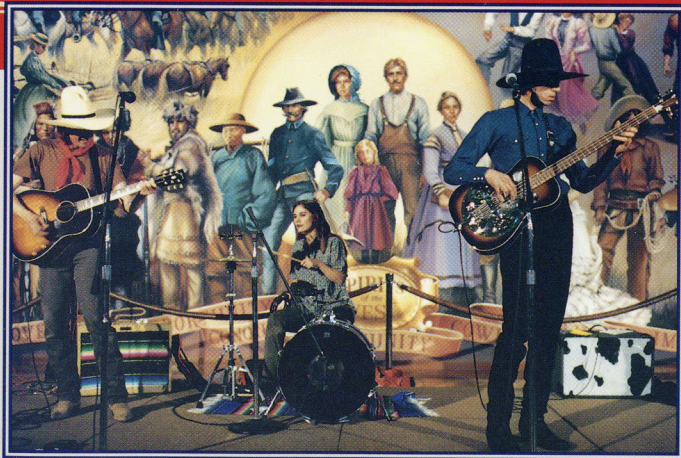
Let's give our voice a rest and listen
to our hearts

The simplest of thoughts express
with elegance - baby

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1. **ENTRADA** :24
 2. **BACK IN THE SADDLE** 2:27
 3. **TWO MILES TO TOWN** 4:12
 4. **WAY TO GO** 6:20
 5. **E-Z RIDIN' COWBOY** 3:15
 6. **BLOOD ON THE SADDLE** 2:01
 7. **COWBOYS' VISION** 6:02
 8. **SHENANDOAH** 7:46
 9. **LEAVING THIS TOWN** 4:19
 10. **CUT ABOVE** 5:15
 11. **SALIDA** 1:20

SHANACHIE 6048





PHOTOGRAPHER: CHUCK WHITE

COWBOY NATION - Chip Kinman (guitar), Tony Kinman (bass),
Jamie Spidle (drums) taken at Autry Museum of Western Heritage

*Cowboy Nation presents
western music in a
fresh and unique way.
This is western music
for the 21st century.*

—JEFFREY BARBER
Programs Manager,
Autry Museum of Western Heritage

*"Their understanding of
the tradition is intact.
They understand where
the stuff came from."*

—DON EDWARDS

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