

Mrs. Buffalow's Biscuits

Words by Bill Barwick

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It was Cheyenne in the summer and we were camped out side of town.
They finally set the wagon up and throwed our bedrolls down.
The boss's name was Buffalow and the coosie was his wife.
You could tell right off, by how she worked; she'd done this all her life.
Now I love Dutch oven cookin', I've had cobbler and I've had stew.
I've had stroganoff and beans and rice and an apple pie or two.
But I'd ride all day and half the night, just so's I could fix it,
to stop-down by that wagon for Mrs. Buffalow's biscuits.

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So let me tell you about biscuits, some are flaky, some are firm.
There's little ones and big ones, some the bottoms all been burned.
But I don't need no butter and I don't need no jam.
Just serve 'em up all pipin' hot; I'll take one for either hand.
Now the recipe's her Momma's with a little help from Dad,
and speakin' from experience, they're the best I ever had.
'Cause I'd ride all day and half the night, just so's I could fix it,
to stop-down by that wagon for Mrs. Buffalow's biscuits.

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Now when cowboys get together, you'll hear stories about their friends,
and they'll get to reminiscin' 'bout the places that they've been.
And you'll likely hear a windy tale 'bout how the food was bad;
how you never cross the coosie, you don't ever make him mad.
But I'd ride all day and half the night, just so's I could fix it,
to stop-down by that wagon for Mrs. Buffalow's biscuits.