Lonely Old Bunkhouse

On the ranch there's a lonely old bunkhouse
Since all the old timers have gone
To a ranch with a much better bunkhouse
That you hear about only in song

Where each bunk has a soft feather pillow
There are soft downy rugs on the floor
In the yard there are green weeping willows
And a welcome sign tacked on the door

Each night in my dreams down the trail I can see
Travis and Bob, and they're waiting for me

On the ranch there's a lonely old bunkhouse
Since all the old timers have gone