

## I Ride An Old Paint

I ride an old Paint, I'm leadin' old Dan  
I'm goin' to Montana just to throw the houlihan,  
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw  
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

cho: Ride around, little dogies, ride around them slow,  
For they're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go.

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song,  
One went to Denver, the other went wrong.  
His wife, she died in a poolroom fight  
But still he keeps singing from morning to night:

When I die, take my saddle from the wall  
And put it on my pony, and lead him from his stall;  
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west  
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best.