

Chris LeDoux, Ballad Of Will Rogers

He was born and raised in Oklahoma his blood lines were white and Cherokee
His daddy owned a ranch outside of Clairmore
Where he learned to ride before the age of three
Now young Will Rogers was a cowboy
And he practiced with his rope most everyday
He'd ride around the barn or cross the prarie
And threw a rope around any thug that came his way.
Yes Will Rogers was a country boy one of Oklahoma's favorite sons
The nation clamied him as their pride and joy
But his roots were deep in Oklahoma sod

Before too long he had his fill of schooling
At eighteen years he got the urge to roam
A whole great big world wass out there waiting
So he saddled up and lit out on his own
Well he wrangled some ranches down in Texas
And he punched some cows out in New Mexico
Then he nearly starved to death in Argentina
In Africa he joined a wild west show
Yes Will Rogers...

From the early days of Vaudeville to the big time
Folks that knew him said that he'd never change
He was still the simple Oaklahoma cowboy
No matter what he always stayed the same
I suppose most of all he loved the people
Said, he never met a man he didn't like
When times were hard and folks were feeling sorry
A word from Will would always bring a smile
Yes Will Rogers...