

Chris LeDoux, Navajo Wrangler

Between Gallic and Shiprock he was born in a Hogan
And his spirit was as free as an eagle flies
Deep in the canyons out in Arizona
He broke his first pony before he turned five
He learned how to hide in the branches of the canyons
The young riders herded the wild horses by
Then quick as a bobcat he closed in the willows
And a new crop of Mustangs were waitin' inside
He's a Navajo wrangler an Indian cowboy bridles and saddles just get in his way
There ain't another on the whole reservation
Like the Navajo wrangler from canyon to shay

He never breaks horses with his spurs or a saddle
Just uses a blanket and a firm gentle hand
He's known far and wide from Chenley to Red Rock
And there ain't a horse he can't ride on the Navajo land
He's a Navajo wrangler...
He's a Navajo wrangler...