

Chris LeDoux, Come Riding Joe Cy

The first time I saw him was over in Tucson
When he asked what the bronc ridin' paid
Well, me and the boys we all had us a laugh
When we saw that his hair was in braids
He drewed a good mount you should a seen how
We used that old horse 'til the gun
Well, I've never seen me no Indian cowboy
But that feller Joe Cy was one
He's a rodeo Indian cowboy you bet
And he's tough as Buffalo's hide
They say the worst kind of cayuse get scared
When he finds out he's drewed up Joe Cy
He's wild as a war dancin', ready to reach for
A hand full of sweet suicide
He's a rodeo Indian cowboy for sure
When they say come ridin' Joe Cy
Some feller told me he was raised up a Mustang
Somewhere on the Montana plains
Said he'd already rode him a nightmare to hell
Or his spur whipped the devil half lame
The harder they try him, the better he likes 'em
That Joe Cy is one more good man
He's a rodeo Indian double tough cowboy
And an all around rodeo hand
Well, he laughed when he told me
He'd traded his trophies
Gold buckles and saddles and stuff
For some good land and livestock
To start him a school for the Indian kids sure enough
Well, he's teachin' 'em ridin' and ropin'
And Joe says that they're all a makin' top hands
So watch out your pale faces come National Finals
We'll have one more Custer's last stand
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