

Chris LeDoux, Old Red

Old Red was one of the orneriest yet I've seen at the big rodeo
He's bite you and kick you and stomp out your life Old Red had never been rode
Meaner than sin wild as the wind that blew on the Montana plains
Old Red was one of the last of his breed and wasn't about to be tamed
From Idaho a young cowboy came to ride in the big rodeo
The young cowboy's name was Billy McClain and Billy had never been thrown
The greatest desire filled young Billy's heart to ride this old outlaw called Red
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say I'll ride him or drop over dead
Old Red was wicked down there in the chute he was kickin' and stompin' about
Billy dropped into the saddle with ease then yelled turn him loose let us out
Old Red came out with his head on the ground his back hooves were touching his nose
Tryin' to get rid of the man of his back but the man went wherever he'd go
Billy was rakin' Old Red with his spurs from his tail to the tip of his chin
He was doin' right well but Billy could tell this outlaw would never give in
Old Red was runnin' straight for the fence suddenly stopped in and then
He r'ared on his hind legs then fell on his back taking poor Billy with him
There was a hush in the crowd and they knew this would be Billy's last ride
The saddle horn crushed Billy's chest when they fell and under Old Red Billy died
Old Red lay still no more would he move the cowboys that seen it could tell
In tryin' to throw Billy off of his back old Red broke his neck when he fell
Out in the west is the place where they rest this cowboy that never was thrown
And one foot away resting there neath the clay is the outlaw that never was rode