

Chris LeDoux, Strawberry Roan

Let me tell you a tale and a good one I own of an old caballo a strawberry roan
I was hangin' round town just a spendin' my time out of a job and not earnin' a dime
When a stranger steps up and he says
I suppose you're a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes
I says guess your right there's none I can't tame
If its ridin' wild ponies that my middle name
Oh that strawberry roan oh that strawberry roan
He says he's a cayuse that's never been rode
The guy that gets on him is bound to get throwed
Throwed of that strawberry roan

Out in the horse corral standin' alone is an old caballo, a strawberry roan
Spavined old legs and small pigeon toes pair of pig eyes and a long Roman nose
Little pin ears and they're split at the tip a big fourty four brand was on his left hip
So I puts on my spurs and I coils up my twine
Says to that stranger that ten spot is mine
Oh that strawberry roan oh that strawberry roan
I'll break him to saddle or break him my own
I'll ride him until he lies down with a grown
Bring on your strawberry roan

Then I puts on my blinds and it sure is a fight
Next comes the saddle I screws her down tight
Steps up aboard him and rises the blind get out the way boys he's gonna unwind
Shore is a broad walker he heaves a big sigh
He only lacks wings for to be on the fly
He's the worse buckin' bronco I've seen on the range
Turn on a nickle and give you some change
Oh that strawberry roan oh that strawberry roan
That sunfishin' critter's worth leavin' alone
There's nary a buster from Texas to Nome
Can ride that strawberry roan