

# Chris LeDoux, Tennessee Stud

Along about eighteen twenty five I left Tennessee very much alive  
I never would have forded the Arkansas mud  
If I hadn't been a riding on the Tennessee Stud  
I had a little trouble with my sweetheart's pa  
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw  
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fudd  
Then I rode away on the Tennessee Stud  
The Tennessee stud was long and lean mean  
The color of the sun and his eyes were green  
He had the nerve and he had the blood  
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee stud

We drifted on down into no man's land  
We crossed the river called the Rio Grande  
I raced my horse with a Spaniard's foal  
Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold  
Me and a gambler we couldn't agree  
We got in a fight over Tennessee  
We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud  
And I got away on the Tennessee Stud  
Well I got just as lonesome as a man can be  
Dreaming of my girl in Tennessee  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue  
Cause he was a dreaming of his sweetheart too  
We loped right back across Arkansas  
I whupped her brother and I whupped her pa  
When I found that girl with the golden hair  
And she was a riding on the Tennessee Mare  
The Tennessee stud was long...

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side  
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide  
We came to Big Muddy then forded the flood  
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud  
Pretty little baby on the cabin floor  
A little horse colt playing round the door  
I love that girl with the golden hair  
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare  
The Tennessee stud was long...