

# Guy Clark, The Indian Cowboy

If you ever go out to the circus  
Where the Wallendas walk on the wire  
I'll tell you a tale to remember  
When the white horses leap rings of fire

It was a cold night in Oklahoma  
The show was about to begin  
The animals they were all restless  
When the star horse she broke from her pen

She was a mare of high spirit  
Just like a whore on Saturday night  
She's kickin' and buckin' past the men who were brushin'  
The elephants lyin' on their sides  
Next to the tent sat some lanterns  
They were dangerously close to the hay  
That mare headed straight for those lanterns  
Some fool had put there by mistake

Then up stepped some Indian Cowboy  
His lasso went whirlin' through the air  
In the full dead middle of danger  
He roped that runaway mare

Then the elephants raised up their trumpets  
Two of them broke from their chains  
Stampeded that Indian Cowboy  
Who had saved the big top from flames  
So if you ever go out to the circus  
Where the Wallendas walk on the wire  
You just remember that Indian Cowboy  
When the white horses leap rings of fire