

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