

Ian Tyson, Tom Blasingame

Tom Blasingame

Tom's the name
Tom Blasingame
Eighty-five years in the saddle
Seen eighty-five years
Through a cow horse's ears
Whilst' a chasing the wild bovine

So you thought they're all gone
There's still one a-hangin' on
Tied hard and fast to the memories
Might near the only one
Could tell us how she got done
Whilst' a chasing the wild bovine

There's ten million cattle
On ten thousand hills
Guess no man can ride for 'em all
Still Tom lopes along
Through the rocks and the rills
Following the 'ol cattle call

The Cross S's
The Five L's
The big Double O's
The Matadors in Texas
And God only knows
What a wonderful life
What a wonderful game
Hair on ya Tom Blasingame

Now Tom he says that a man's true joy
Is in work that he likes to do
So if I understand
Tom's the right joyous man
Tom here's a-lookin' at you