

Marty Robbins, Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around town just spendin' my time
Out of a job not earning a dime
A feller steps up and he siad I suppose
You're a bronc fighter from the looks of your clothes
You figure me right I'm a good one I claim
Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame
Said he's got one bad one to buck
For throwin' good riders he's had lots of luck

I get all het up and I ask what he pays
To ride this old nag for a couple of days
He offered me ten and I said I'm your man
A bronc never lived that I couldn't fan
He said get your saddle I'll give you a chance
In his buckboard we hop and he drives to the ranch
I stayed until morning and right after chuck
I stepped out to see if this outlaw can buck

Down in the horse corral standing alone
Is an old cabayou a strawberry roan
His legs're all spathered he's got pidgeon toes
Little pig eyes and a big roman nose
Little pin ears that touch at the tip
A big forty-four brand was on his left hip
"U" neck and old with a long lower jaw
I could see with one eye he's a regular outlaw

I get the blinds on him and it sure is a fright
Next comes my saddle and I screw it down tight
Then I step on him and I raise the blind
Get out the way boys he's gonna unwind
He sure's a frog walker he heaves a big sigh
He only likes wings for to be on the fly
He turns his old belly right up to the sun
He sure is a sun fishin' son of a gun

He's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range
He'll turn on a nickel and give you some change
He hits on all fours and goes up on high
Leaves me a spinning up there in the sky
I turn over twice and I come back to earth
I like in to cussin' the day of his birth
I know there are ponies that I cannot ride
There's some of them left they haven't all died
I'll bet all my money the man ain't alive
That'll stay with ol' strawberry when he makes his high dive