

# Nana Mouskouri, Old Paint

(Verse 1):

I ride an old paint.

I lead an old dam.

I'm goin' to Montana to throw a hoolihan.

They feed in the coolies.

They water in the draw.

Their tails are all matted.

their backs are all raw.

(Chorus):

Ride Around.

Ride Around real slow.

the fiery and the snuffy are rarin' to go.

(Verse 2):

Old Bill Brown had a daughter and a son.

One went to Denver and the other went wrong.

His wife, she died in a poolroom fight,  
and still he keeps singin' from mornin' till night

(Repeat Chorus)

(Verse 3):

Well, when I die, take my saddle from the wall.

Put it on my pony and lead him from his stall.

Tie my bones to his back.

Turn our faces to the west.

And we'll ride the prairie that we like the best.

(Repeat Chorus)