

# Porter Wagoner, Tennessee Stud

Along about 18-and-25 I left Tennessee very much alive  
I never would've got through the Arkansas mud  
If I hadn't been a ridin' on the Tennessee Stud  
I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa one of his brothers was a bad outlaw  
I send her a letter by my Uncle Fudd and I rode away on the Tennessee Stud  
We drifted on down onto no man's land we crossed the river called the Rio Grande  
I raced my horse with a Spaiard foal till I got me a skin full of silver and gold  
Me and a gambler we couldn't agree we got in a fight over Tennessee  
We jerked our guns he fell with a thud and I got away on the Tennessee Stud  
(The Tennessee Stud was long and lean the color of the sun and his eyes were green  
He had the nerve and he had the blood  
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud)

Well I got just as lonesome as a man could be dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue  
Cause he was dreamin' of his sweetheart too  
We loped right back across Arkansas I whipped her brother and whipped her pa  
I found that girl with the golden hair ss she was a ridin' on the Tennessee Mare  
Stirrup to stirrup and side by side we crossed the mountains and the valleys wide  
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood  
And the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud  
A pretty little baby and the cabin floor a little horse cold playin' round the door  
I love the girl with the golden hair and the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare  
(The Tennessee Stud was long and lean...