

# The Little Willies, Tennessee Stud

Along about eighteen and twenty-five  
I left Tennessee very much alive  
I never would have 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 her brothers was a bad outlaw  
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud  
And I rode away on the Tennessee stud

(CHORUS:)  
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 hoss like the Tennessee stud

One day I was ridin' in the beautiful land  
And ran smack into an Indian band  
They jerked their knives with a whoop and a yell  
But I rode away like a bat out of hell

Well I circled their camp for a time or two  
And showed what a Tennessee hoss could do  
And them redskin boys never got my blood  
'Cause I was a-ridin' on the Tennessee stud

(CHORUS)

We drifted on down into no man's land  
We crossed the river called the Rio Grande  
I raced my hoss with the Spaniards bold  
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

(CHORUS)

Well, I got as lonesome as a man can be  
Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee  
The Tennessee stud's green eyes turned blue  
'Cause he was a-dreamin' of a sweetheart too

We loped on back across Arkansas  
I whipped her brother and I whipped her pa  
I found that girl with the golden hair  
And she was ridin' on a Tennessee mare

(CHORUS)

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  
On the Tennessee mare and the Tennessee stud

Pretty little baby on the cabin floor  
Little hoss colt playin' 'round the door  
I love the girl with golden hair  
And the Tennessee stud loves the Tennessee mare

(CHORUS)