

Home Frown Western Saturday Night

Chris LeDoux

There's a place out west where the Powder River runs off the Big Horn Mountains
And winds its way out across the plains
It's a land of red walls blue sky and clean air
Where the eagle glides high above the canyons
And makes his nest in the rocks that overlook the valleys
Where the sagebrush and the cottonwoods grow
This ranch country has been for more than one hundred years
Well things have changed some since the early days
But there's still a thread of character and tradition
That runs thru from one generation to the next
You can see it out here the way folks sit a horse
You can hear it in the way they talk
And when the work is all done there's nothing they like better
Than to get together at the one-room schoolhouse under the red wall
For another down homegrown western Saturday night
Well the calving's all done and the brandins' through
Hayin' don't start for a week or two
There ain't but one thing left to do it's time to celebrate

One two three four
Headin' west out of town on a blacktop road folks are comin' by the pickup load
For a western good time alamode better bring along your appetite
Take a right hand turn through the cattle guard
Park it down in the old school yard
Gonna kick up my boots with my cowboy pards and hold my woman tight
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar Ross on the fiddle
Pull down your hat keep your mind in the middle raise a ruckus tonight
From the butterfly to the jitterbug me and my lady's gonna cut a rug
Wild Bill's crackin' out that old square mug
On another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night

Well the little kids are playin' tag out back
Someone's peekin' through the outhouse crack
And if his mom could see him she'd have a heart attack
And he'd have a hard time sittin' down
Now, the young cowboys are starting to sweat
The teenage girls are playin' hard to get
And it's driving them crazy but the night's young yet
Give 'em time they'll come around
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar Ross on the fiddle
We come here to party and not spit and whittle while the moon is shining bright
There's a coyote howlin' from the hills above to the harmony of a morning dove
For the couple in the moonlight fallin' in love
On another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night

Now the midnight supper really hit the spot there's beef and pie and coffee in a pot
And if you drank too much I'll tell you what it'll sure get you back on your feet
Well the old couple sitting by the schoolhouse door
Grinin' at the kids dancin' around the floor
And they remember the way it was years ago how the memories taste so sweet
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar turn it up a little

We come here to party and not spit and whittle from Faded Love to the Cattle
Call
The music flows out to the old red wall it'll echo around till clear next fa
ll
Well have another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night