

Old Paint

Chris LeDoux

Ridin' back from town tonight
I don't need the trail moonlight
This old horse knows his way home
I don't have to touch the reins
He's right on track just like a train
This old horse knows his way home
This old horse knows his way home

He waits faithfully to save me
From poker games and painted ladies
This old horse knows his way home
And when my hard-earned pay is gone
I climb up and just hold on
This old horse knows his way home
This old horse knows his way home

Cowboy blues fade to black
In an old bunkhouse rack
And so I whistle back in the saddle
Again

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