

# Old Red

Chris LeDoux

Old Red was one of the orneriest yet  
I'd seen at the big rodeo  
He'd bite you and kick you and stomp out your life  
Old Red had never been rode

Meaner than sin, wild as the wind  
That blew on the Montana plains  
Old Red was one of the last of his breed  
And wasn't about to be tamed

From Idaho a young cowboy came  
To ride in the big rodeo  
The young cowboy's name was Billy McClain  
And Billy had never been thrown

The greatest desire filled young Billy's heart  
To ride this old outlaw called Red  
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say  
"I'll ride him or drop over dead"

Old Red was wicked down there in the chute  
He was kickin' and stompin' about  
Billy dropped into the saddle with ease  
And said, "Turn him loose let us out"

Old Red came out with his head on the ground  
His back hooves were touching his nose  
Tryin' to get rid of the man of his back  
But the man went wherever he'd go

Billy was rakin' old Red with his spurs  
From his tail to the tip of his chin  
He was doin' right well but Billy could tell  
This outlaw would never give in

Old Red was bucking straight for the fence  
Suddenly stopped in and then  
He reared on his hind legs then fell on his back  
Taking poor Billy with him

There was a hush in the crowd  
For they knew this would be Billy's last ride  
The saddle horn crushed Billy's chest  
When they fell and under old Red Billy died

Old Red lay still no more would he move  
The cowboys that seen it could tell  
In tryin' to throw Billy off of his back  
Old Red broke his neck when he fell

Out in the west is the place where they rest  
This cowboy that never was thrown  
And one foot away resting there neath the clay  
Is the outlaw that never was rode