

Sons Of The Pioneers

Chris LeDoux

Well way out west where the wild wind blows the eagle flies and
the sage brush grows
Traditions are holding on you'll be glad to hear
They're being kept alive by the Sons of The Pioneers
Like that young cowboy from old Montana got boots and spurs and
a black bandana
He rides the wild prairie rounding up the steers
Just like his Daddy he's a son of The Pioneers
From Texas clear up the Idaho from the mountains to the plains
They got the blood of Crockett and Geronimo flowing through the
ir veins
Now the wild old west is changing some but traditions persevere
They're being kept alive by the Sons of The Pioneers

There's a gal down in Texas with a great big hat
She likes roping and dancing and things like that
And if you need a hand at your branding she'll volunteer
She's a wild prairie flower and a daughter of the Pioneers
He's got braids and hat with an eagle feather
He rides with broncs there ain't none better
And his great granddaddy was a chief on the wild frontier
And he's a proud son of the original Pioneers
Well from Texas clear up the Idaho...
They're being kept alive by the Sons of The Pioneers