

## Tie A Knot In The Devil's Tail

Chris LeDoux

Way up high in the Sierra peaks where the yellow jack pines grow tall  
Old Sandy Bob and Buster Jiggs had a roundup camp last fall  
Oh, they'd taken the horses and the runnin' irons and may be a dog or two  
And they swore they'd brand all long ear calves that came within their view  
And any old doggie that flapped long ears and didn't brush up by day  
Got his long ears whittled and his old hid scorched in a most artistic way  
Now one fine day old Sandy Bob he throwed his easy go down  
Well I'm sick of the smell of this here burnin' hair and allows  
I'm a goin' to town

So they saddles up and they hits 'em a lope for it weren't no sign of a ride  
And them was the days when a buckaroo could oil up his insides  
Oh they starts her off at Kentucky Bar at the head of a whiskey row  
And they winds up down at the depot house some forty drinks below  
And then sets up and turns around and goes her the other way  
And to tell you the god forsaken truth them boys got stewed that day  
As they was a ridin' back to camp a packin' a pretty good load  
Well who should they meet but the devil himself a prancin' down the road

Say he you ornery cowboy skunks you better hunt your holes  
For I've come up from hells Rim Rock to gather in your souls  
Says Sandy Bob old devil be damned we boys is kinda tight  
And ya ain't gonna get no cowboy souls without one hell of a fight  
So Sandy Bob punched a hole in his rope and he swang her straight and true  
And he lapped it onto the devils' horns and he taken his dallies too  
Now Buster Jiggs was a reita man with his gut line coiled up near at  
So he shakes her out and he built him a loop and he lassoed up the devil's hind feet

Well they stretched him out and they tailed him down while the iron was gettin' hot  
And they cropped and swallow forked both his ears and they branded him up a lot  
They pruned him up with a dehorning saw and they knotted his tail

il for a joke

And then rode off and left him there neck to a blackjack oak

So if your ever up high in the Sierra peaks and you hear one hell of a wail

You'll know it's that devil a bellerin' about them knots tied in his tail