

Tweedle Dee

Chris LeDoux

He wore a purple shirt a yellor neck tie
some high heal boots that come knee high
Crocket spurs hangin' off his feet
The hair across his forehead was combed real neat
He had himself a saddle an old Ham lee
He placed it on the back of that Tweedle Dee
Measured off his hat grain with a piece of hair
Just by lookin' you could tell he was scared
Tweedle dee oh tweedle dee you could tell by lookin'
He's scared of that tweedle dee

Well his chaps were glued up and so was his cap
And that ol pine rosin was a drippin' from his hands
He had his saddle covered so the judges couldn't see
He's glued up ready for this tweedle dee
Tweedle dee oh tweedle dee he's glued up and ready
To ride this tweedle dee

All the bronc riders say he's a might rank horse
And many good cowboys' he has tossed
But when you come right down to it
Its pain to see he ain't nothin' but another Tweedle Dee
Tweedle dee oh tweedle dee he ain't nothin' but another big bal
ute
He's a tweedle dee