

Slow Rider

Johnny Cash

I ride an old paint he's on the worryside
And I'm a saddle tramp about to cross the great divide
Where there's grass in the coolies and water in the draw
And the forty pound saddle won't make us both raw
Slow rider slow rider move on a little more
The sky boss is waitin' at the big ranch house door
I can't help but missin' the daughters that I had
One went to Denver the other went bad
My young wife died in a poolroom fight
But I try to keep singin' from morning till night
Slow rider slow rider...

Whenever I die take my saddle from the wall
Strap it on snuffy lead him out of the stall
Throw me on his back and turn him toward the west
He knows how to take me to the spot I love best
Slow rider slow rider...