

## 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...