

# Old Red

Marty Robbins

Old Red was one of the orniest yet  
I'd seen at the big rodeo  
He'd bite you and kick you and stomp out your life,  
Old Red had never been rode

Meaner than sin, wild as the wind  
That blew on the Montana plains  
Old Red was one of the last of it's kind  
And wasn't about to be tamed

From Idaho, a young cowboy came  
To ride at the big rodeo  
The young cowboy's name was Billy McLean.  
And Billy had never been thrown

The meanest desire filled young Billy's heart  
To ride this old outlaw called Red  
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say  
"I'll ride him or drop over dead"

Old Red was waiting down there in the chute  
He was kicking and stomping about  
Billy climbed into the saddle with ease  
He yelled turn him loose let us out

Old Red came out with his head on the ground  
His back hooves were touching his nose  
Trying to get rid of the man on his back  
But the man went wherever he goes

Billy was raking Old Red with his spurs  
From the tail to the tip of his chin  
He was doing right well, but Billy could tell  
This outlaw would never give in

Old Red headed straight for the fence  
Suddenly stopping and then  
He reared on his hind legs and fell on his back  
Taking poor Billy with him

There was a hush from the crowd and they knew  
That this would be Billies last ride  
The saddle horn crushed Billies chest when he fell  
And under Old Red Billy died

Old Red lay still, no more did he move  
The cowboys that seen it could tell  
In trying to throw Billy off his back  
Old Red broke his neck when he fell

Out in the west, there's a place where they rest  
This cowboy that's never been thrown  
Just one foot away resting there neath the clay  
Is the outlaw that's never been rode