

The Cowboy In The Continental Suit

Marty Robbins

Well, he walks out in the arena
All dressed up to the brim
Said he'd just came down from a place
Called "Highland Rim"
Well, he said he came to ride the horse
The one they call "The Brute"
But he didn't look like a cowboy
In his Continental Suit

We snickered at the way he dressed
But he never said a word
He walks on by the rest of us
As if he hadn't heard
A thousand bucks went to the man
Who could ride this wild cayuse
A meaner horse was never born
Than the one they called "The Brute"

The horse that he was looking for
Was in chute number eight
He walked up very slowly
Put his hand upon the gate
We knew he was a thoroughbred
When he pulled his sack of "Dukes"
From the inside pocket
Of his Continental Suit

Well, he rolled hisself a "Corley"
And he lit it standing there
Blew himself a smoke ring
And he watched it disappear
We thought he must be crazy
When he opened up the gate
Standing just inside was
Fifteen hundred pounds of hate

The Buckskin tried to run him down
But the stranger was too quick
He stepped aside and threw his arms
Around the horse's neck
And pulled himself up on the back
Of the horse they called "The Brute"
Sit like he was born there
In his Continental Suit

"The Brute's" hind-end was in the air
His front end on the ground
Kickin' and a-squealin', tryin' to
Shake this stranger down
But the stranger didn't give an inch
He came to ride "The Brute"
And he came to ride the Buckskin
In a Continental Suit

Well, I turned around to look at Jim
And he was watchin' me
He said, "I don't believe

The crazy things I think I see
But I think I see the outlaw
The one they call "The Brute"
Ridden by a cowboy
In a Continental Suit"

"The Brute" came to a stand-still
Ashamed that he'd been rode
By a city cowboy in
Some Continental clothes
The stranger took his money
And we don't know where he went
We don't know where he came from
And we haven't seen him since

The moral of this story:
Never judge by what they wear
Underneath some ragged clothes
Could be a millionaire
Everybody listen
Don't be fooled by this galoot
This sure-'nough bronc buster
In a Continental Suit