

# The Strawberry Roan

Marty Robbins

I was hangin' 'round town, just spendin' my time  
Out of a job, not earnin' a dime  
A feller steps up and he said, "I suppose  
You're a bronc fighter from looks of your clothes."  
"You figures me right, I'm a good one." I claim  
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"  
Said "He's got one, a bad one to buck  
At throwin' good riders, he's had lots of luck."

I gets all het up and I ask what he pays  
To ride this old nag for a couple of days  
He offered me ten; I said, "I'm your man,  
A bronc never lived that I couldn't span."  
He said: "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance"  
In his buckboard we hopped and he drives to the ranch  
I stayed 'til mornin' and right after chuck  
I stepped out to see if this outlaw can buck.

Down in the horse corral standin' alone  
Is an old Caballo, a Strawberry Roan  
His legs are all spavined, he's got pigeon toes  
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose  
Little pin ears that touched at the tip  
A big 44 brand was on his left hip  
U-necked and old, with a long, lower jaw  
I could see with one eye, he's a regular outlaw.

I gets the blinds on 'im and it sure is a fright  
Next comes the saddle and I screws it down tight  
Then I steps on 'im and I raises the blinds  
Get outta the way boys, he's gonna unwind  
He sure is a frog-walker, he heaves a big sigh  
He only lacks wings, for to be on the fly  
He turns his old belly right up to the sun  
He sure is a sun-fishin', son-of-a-gun.

He's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range  
He'll turn on a Nickel and give you some change  
He hits on all fours and goes up on high  
Leaves me a spinnin' up there in the sky  
I turns over twice and I comes back to earth  
I lights in a cussin' the day of his birth  
I know there are ponies that I cannot ride  
There's some of them left, they haven't all died.

I'll bet all my money, the man ain't alive  
That'll stay with Old Strawberry  
When he makes his high dive.