

# The Strawberry Roan

Moe Bandy

I was hanging round town, just spending my time  
Being out of a job and not earning a dime  
A fellow walks up and he says, "I suppose  
You're a bronc rider, from the looks of your clothes"

"Well, you figured me right and I'm a good one, I claim  
Would you happen to have any outlaws to tame?"  
He says, "I've got one and a good one to buck  
At throwing top riders, he's had lots of luck"

He says this, here's one pony that's never been rode  
And the man that gets on him is bound to get thrown  
I got all heated up and I asked what he'd pay  
To ride this old nag for a couple of days

Well, he offered me ten and I say, "I'm your man  
For the bronc isn't living that I couldn't fan"  
He says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you the chance"  
So we hopped in his buckboard and rode to his ranch

Out in the horse corral, standing alone  
Is an old Cavallo, a strawberry Roan  
Little pin ears that touch at the tip  
A big 44 brand upon his left hip

He was spavined all round and he had pigeon toes  
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose  
U-necked and old, with a long lower jaw  
You could tell at a glance, he's a regular outlaw

Well, I buckle on my spurs and I'm sure feeling fine  
I pull down my hat and I pick up my twine  
Throw my loop on him and well, I know then  
Before he gets rode, I'll sure earn my ten

I get the blinds on him with a terrible fight  
Next comes the saddle and I cinch him up tight  
Then I step on him and raise up the blinds  
"Get out of the way, boys, he's bound to unwind"

Well, I threw him his head and I'll say he unwound  
He seemed to quit living down here on the ground  
Went up in the east and come down in the west  
I'm sitting up on him and doing my best

He sure was a frog-walker, he heaved a big sigh  
He only lacked wings for to be on the fly  
Turned his old belly right up to the sun  
He sure was a sun fishing son of a gun

He's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range  
He could turn on a nickel and give you some change  
I lost both my stirrups and also my hat  
I'm reaching for leather and blind as a bat

He come down on all fours and he went up on high  
And he left me a-spinning up there in the sky

Turned over twice and I come down to the earth  
And I lit into cussing the day of his birth

Now I know there's ponies that I cannot ride  
There's some of them living, they haven't all died  
But I'll bet my money there's no man alive  
Who can stay with old Strawberry when he makes his high dive