

# 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 clothesThe 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 sinceThe moral of this story  
Never judge by what they wear  
Underneath some ragged clothes  
Could be a millionaireEverybody listen  
Don't be fooled by this galoot  
This sure 'nough bronc buster  
In a Continental Suit

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