Old Paint (traditional)

Gretchen Peters

I ride an old paint, I lead an old Dan
I'm goin' to Montana to throw a hoolihan
They feed in the coolies, they water in the draw
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all rawRide around, ride around real slow
the fiery and the snuffy are rarin' to goOld Bill Brown had a daughter and a son
One went to Denver and the other went wrong
His wife, she died in a poolroom fight
and still he keeps singin' from mornin' till night
When I die, take my saddle from the wall
Put it on my pony and lead him from his stall
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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