Ol Snake

Fletcher Jowers

The parson came out one hot afternoon
Us cowboys were laying around
He said boys I've come out here to make ya'll a deal
It's a good one that you won't turn downNow I'll ride the meanest bronc here on this place
Stay with him 'till he bucks no more
If next Sunday morning I'll find you in church
Singing and praising The LordWell it didn't take long and we all agreed
We'd be there come sunshire or rain
Cause we had a wild one that had never been rode
An old fleabitten gray we called SnakeOl snake was a bad one he'd kick and he'd bite
That's how he come by his name
He'd fight you and buck and never give up
We all knew he'd never be tameWe roped him out and saddled him up
Snubbed him up tight to the post
The parson climbed on him and pulled down his hat
Said okay boys now let him goOl Snake quit the earth he chinned the moon
He was diving, squealing and mad
But through it all the parson set tall
He was talking to him and he saidNow ol bronc you're a tough one but I won't be thrown
Cause I've got The Lord on my side
So when you quit having your fit
We'll go out on the prairie and rideOl Snake finally settled and hung his old head
The parson stepped down off his back
Said I'll see you boys Sunday morning in church
Praise The Lord for a good horse like thatNow on Sunday mornings you'll find us in church
Praising The Lord as we sing
Ol Snake is tied under the shade tree outside
CAUSE HE'S THE TOP HORSE IN MY STRING
NOW HE'S THE TOP HORSE IN MY STRING2003 Pistol Hill Music ASCAP

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