Go Riding, Young Cowboy

Chris LeDoux

He stood out in the Cheyenne area dust by the latch on chute number four
The young cowboys were laughin' at him and at the out of date clothes that he wore
Though his trophy buckle was old it told of the glory he surely had seen
And the beard that showed neath his old John B was wirey silver sheen
With a plug in his lip from his back pocket rip and his faded old denim jeans blue
Where a halo show white like a moon in the night
Was a hole where his snoozed worn through
He spat in the dust and he bitterly cussed as the bull tried to tear down the chute
Then he looked up at me with a gleam in his eye
And he placed his old hand on my boot
He said you'll ride this old bull on your worst ever day
With your hind leg chained to a tree
As I am made ready to concur the brute here's an old song my old man sang to me
Go ridin' young cowboy go winnin' and goin' out boy
Don't let him put you on the ground
Go spur him young cowboy de fur him riding out boy
Show 'em that your Oklahoma boundWell I marked eighty points and I won me the round
The fans in the stands went plum wild
Well I could see my old daddy just a dancin' a jig
Well I looked up to the Lord and I smiled
I said thanks for my good arm and thanks for my luck
And thanks that I'm still fit and young
But thanks most of all for them old bulls that buck
For my dad and the song that he sung
Go ridin' young cowboy...Well I've been down the road many miles since that day
Things ain't changed much since I've begun
I still think of my dad when I'm ropin' one up and I sing his song to my son
Go ridin' young cowboy...
Go ridin' young cowboy...

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