

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The young cowboys were laughin' at him and at the out of date clothes that he wore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 bound Well 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...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>