

# When the Cimarron Was Red and On the Rise

## Red Steagall

Riding back to Texas from a ride to Abilene  
with the wagon, the remuda and the crew,  
the Cimarron was boiling red and rising by the hour,  
it was suicide to push the horses through.

Cotty Bill was pining by his Darling Anna Lee,  
he left her crying back in San Anton.  
A thousand times he red the note he carried in his jeans,  
â€œCotty, darling, wonâ€™t you hurry home?•.

But trailing longhorn cattle is a life at wild and free  
and the prairie is a puncherâ€™s paradise.  
But it was dark and deadly in the spring of '83  
when the Cimarron was red and on the rise.

We were at the wagon playinâ€™ cards and tellinâ€™ lies  
when he announced that he was goinâ€™ on.  
We told him he was crazy, he would never make it through  
but Cotty smiled and saddled up the roan.

Then I made him a promise; Iâ€™d look after Anna Lee  
in case he didnâ€™t make it through the night.  
He turned his collar to the wind and bid us â€˜adiosâ€™,  
and whistling Dixie he ruled out of sight.

And trailing longhorn cattle is a life at wild and free,  
but the devil is playing hell in paradise.  
Cause it was dark and deadly in the spring of '83  
when the Cimarron was red and on the rise.

It was nearly seven days before we got across,  
the roan was in the shadow of a hill.  
He was skinned from head to toe and covered up with mud,  
but there was not a sing of Cotty Bill.

Oh, I guess we knew that he was gone when we looked anyhow  
the road for a mile and searched on either side.  
We combed the brush and dragged our ropes in every waterhole,  
but Cotty Bill had taken his last ride.

And I kept my promise and I married Anna Lee,  
and the boy we're raising has his daddy's eyes.  
Someday I'll tell him more about the spring of '83  
when the Cimarron was red and on the rise.

Cause it was dark and deadly in the spring of '83  
when the Cimarron was red and on the rise.

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Lyrics submitted by JosÃ©-Fernando Rey Ballesteros.

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