

The Strawberry Roan

[Marty Robbins](#)

I was hangin' around town, just spendin' my time
Out of a job, not earnin' a dime
A feller steps up and he said, "I suppose
You're a bronc fighter from the looks of your clothes""You figures me right, I'm a good one", I claim
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
Said, "He's got one, a bad one to buck
For throwin' good riders, he's had lots of luck"I gets all het up and I ask what he pays
To ride this old nag for a couple of days
He offered me ten, I said, "I'm your man
A bronc never lived that I couldn't fan"He said, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance"
In his buckboard we hops and he drives to the ranch
I stayed until mornin' and right after chuck
I stepped out to see if this outlaw can buckDown in the horse corral, standin' alone
Is an old Caballo, a Strawberry Roan
His legs are all spavined, he's got pigeon toes
Little pig eyes and a big Roman noseLittle pin ears that touch at the tip
A big 44 brand was on his left hip
U-necked and old with a long, lower jaw
I could see with one eye, he's a regular outlawI gets the blinds on 'im and it sure is a fright
Next comes the saddle and I screws it down tight
Then I steps on 'im and I raises the blinds
Get out the way boys, he's gonna unwindHe sure is a frog-walker, he heaves a big sigh
He only lacks wings for to be on the fly
He turns his old belly right up to the sun
He sure is a sun-fishin', son-of-a-gunHe's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range
He'll turn on a Nickel and give you some change
He hits on all fours and goes up on high
Leaves me a spinnin' up there in the skyI turns over twice and I comes back to earth
I lights in the cussin' the day of his birth
I know there are ponies that I cannot ride
There's some of them left, they haven't all diedI'll bet all my money
The man ain't alive
That'll stay with Old Strawberry
When he makes his high dive

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