

Old Paint

Frank Fairfield

Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye my little darling, my pony won't stand Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can In the middle of the ocean there grows a green tree
But it [] falls to the girl that loves me Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can We lay down on the blankets of the green grassy ground
And the horses and the cattle were grazing all around Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can Oh, the last time I saw her she was grazing in the fall
She was riding Old Paint and leading [] Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can My feet in my stirrups, my bridle's in my hand
Goodbye my little pony no longer to stand Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye my little darling, my pony won't stand

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