

Let the Ponies Run

Jerry Jeff Walker

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We held a funeral and a wake at the Diamondback Saloon
With every old-time cowboy gathered in one room
Swappin' tales and tellin' lies from days when they were young
Fearless buckaroos who always let the ponies run
I still see us behind the chutes, standin' in the sun
Light reflecting off the shiny buckles that we'd won
Farmin' boys from everywhere, just a ropin' in our dreams
Buckin' down the highway in old trucks and faded jeans
Cheyenne days to Fort Worth nights, we drove every
inch of road
We often spoke our dreams out loud, sharing rooms and dirty clothes
The bandaged up, the broken ones, too tough to ever cry
The one we won the big go around, the drinks were ours to buy
Days were filled with mundane chores that kept
us lean and mean
But our nights were spent out dancin' with the fairest girls we'd seen
Regaling them with wild ass tales, that weren't that far from true
There wasn't a single favor asked that your old pal wouldn't do
And every year the finals drew us back to OKC
Shoulders, Mahan, Steiner, Vol, T-bone and old Duffy
And when the dust had settled and the last go-round was run
We stayed up all night singing songs 'til every song was sung
The broken bones and broken hearts that led to
broken homes
And the trails we rode together, now we travel on alone
And the friends we saw each summer, now we hardly saw at all
A little something's broken off each time a cowboy falls
Well adios amigos, see you down the line
I sure enjoyed the bullshit, cause it brought back some good times
And if you see those pals we knew from days when we were young
Tell them I stil saddle up just to feel the ponies run

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