The Strawberry Roan

Moe Bandy

I was hanging round town, just spending my time
Being out of a job and not earning a dime
A fellow walks up and he says, "I suppose
You're a bronc rider, from the looks of your clothes""Well, you figured me right and I'm a good one, I claim
Would you happen to have any outlaws to tame?"
He says, "I've got one and a good one to buck
At throwing top riders, he's had lots of luck"He says this, here's one pony that's never been rode
And the man that gets on him is bound to get thrown
I got all heated up and I asked what he'd pay
To ride this old nag for a couple of daysWell, he offered me ten and I say, "I'm your man
For the bronc isn't living that I couldn't fan"
He says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you the chance"
So we hopped in his buckboard and rode to his ranchOut in the horse corral, standing alone
Is an old Cavallo, a strawberry Roan
Little pin ears that touch at the tip
A big 44 brand upon his left hipHe was spavined all round and he had pigeon toes
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose
U-necked and old, with a long lower jaw
You could tell at a glance, he's a regular outlawWell, I buckle on my spurs and I'm sure feeling fine
I pull down my hat and I pick up my twine
Throw my loop on him and well, I know then
Before he gets rode, I'll sure earn my tenI get the blinds on him with a terrible fight
Next comes the saddle and I cinch him up tight
Then I step on him and raise up the blinds
"Get out of the way, boys, he's bound to unwind"Well, I threw him his head and I'll say he unwound
He seemed to quit living down here on the ground
Went up in the east and come down in the west
I'm sitting up on him and doing my bestHe sure was a frog-walker, he heaved a big sigh
He only lacked wings for to be on the fly
Turned his old belly right up to the sun
He sure was a sun fishing son of a gunHe's about the worst bucker I've seen on the range
He could turn on a nickel and give you some change
I lost both my stirrups and also my hat
I'm reaching for leather and blind as a batHe come down on all fours and he went up on high
And he left me a-spinning up there in the sky
Turned over twice and I come down to the earth
And I lit into cussing the day of his birthNow I know there's ponies that I cannot ride
There's some of them living, they haven't all died
But I'll bet my money there's no man alive

Who can stay with old Strawberry when he makes his high dive

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