

# Old Paint

## Diamond W Wranglers

I ride an old paint  
I lead an old dam  
I'm going to Montana  
To throw a houlihan  
They feed in the coolies  
They water in the draw  
Their tails are all matted  
Their backs are all raw

Ride around  
Ride around real slow  
The fiery and the snuffy  
Are raring to go  
Old Bill Brown  
Had a daughter and a son  
One went to Denver  
And the other went wrong  
His wife, she died  
In a poolroom fight  
And still he keeps singing  
From morning till night

Ride around  
Ride around real slow  
Well, the fiery and the snuffy  
Are raring to go  
Well, when I die  
Take my saddle from the wall  
Put it on my pony  
And lead him from his stall  
Tie my bones to his back  
Turn our faces to the west  
And we'll ride the prairie  
That we like the best  
Ride around  
Ride around real slow  
Well, the fiery and the snuffy  
Are raring to go  
Ride around  
Ride around real slow

Well, the fiery and the snuffy  
Are raring to go

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