Old Red

Marty Robbins

Old Red was one of the orniest yet
I'd seen at the big rodeo
He'd bite you and kick you and stomp out your life
Old Red had never been rode
Meaner than sin, wild as the wind
That blew on the Montana plains
Old Red was one of the last of its kind
And wasn't about to be tamed
From Idaho, a young cowboy came
To ride at the big rodeo
The young cowboy's name was Billy McLean
And Billy had never been thrown
The meanest desire filled young Billy's heart
To ride this old outlaw called Red
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say
"I'll ride him or drop over dead"
Old Red was waiting down there in the shoot
He was kicking and stomping about
Billy climbed into the saddle with ease
He yelled, turn him loose, let us out
Old Red came out with his head on the ground
His back hooves were touching his nose
Trying to get rid of the man on his back
But the man went wherever he goes
Billy was racking Old Red with his spurs
From the tail to the tip of his chin
He was doing right well, but Billy could tell
This outlaw would never give in
Old Red headed straight for the fence
Suddenly stopping and then
He reared on his hind legs and fell on his back
Taking poor Billy with him
There was a hush from the crowd and they knew
That this would be Billies last ride
The saddle horn crushed Billies chest when he fell
And under Old Red, Billy died
Old Red lay still, no more did he move
The cowboys that seen it could tell
In trying to throw Billy off his back

Old Red broke his neck when he fell
Out in the west, there's a place where they rest
This cowboy that's never been thrown
Just one foot away resting there 'neath the clay
Is the outlaw that's never been rode

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