

Indian Cowboy

[Guy Clark](#)

If you ever go out to the circus
Where the Wallendas walk on the wire
I'll tell you a tale to remember
When the white horses leap rings of fire
It was a cold night in Oklahoma
The show was about to begin
The animals they were all restless
When the star horse she broke from her pen
She was a mare of high spirit
Just like a whore on Saturday night
She's kickin' and buckin' past the men who were brushin'
The elephants lyin' on their sides
Next to the tent sat some lanterns
They were dangerously close to the hay
That mare headed straight for those lanterns
Some fool had put there by mistake
Then up stepped some Indian Cowboy
His lasso went whirlin' through the air
In the full dead middle of danger
He roped that runaway mare

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