

RIDE AN OLD PAINT

G

I ride an old paint and I lead an old dam

D7 G

I'm goin' to Montanan to throw the houlihan

D7 G

They feed 'em in the coulees, they water in the draw,

D7 G

their tails are matted, their backs are all raw

CHORUS

D7 G

Ride around little doggies, ride around them slow,

D7 G

For the Fiery and Snuffy are raring to go

G

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son

D7 G

Son went to college and the daughter went wrong

D7 G

His wife got killed in a pool-room fight

D7 G

Still he keeps a-singin' from morning till night

G

I've worked in your town, worked on your farm,

D7 G

And all I got to show is the muscle in my arm

D7 G

Blisters on my feet, and the callous on my hand

D7 G

And I'm a-goin' to Montana to throw the houlihan.

When (G) I die take my saddle from the wall

Put it on (D7) to my pony lead him (G) out of his stall

Tie my (D7) bones to his back turn our (G) faces to the west

And we'll (D7) ride the prairie that (G) we love the best