Blood On The Saddle

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          D
There was blood on the saddle
    G           D
And blood on the ground,

And a great big puddle

   A7       D
Of blood all around.

The cowboy lay in it,
All covered with gore,
And he won't go riding
No broncos no more.

Oh, pity the-cowboy,
All bloody and red,
For his bronco fell on him
And mashed in his head.
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