The Strawberry Roan

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      C                          G7
I was hangin' round town just a spendin' my time,
                     C
Out of a job and not makin' a dime,
                            F
When a feller steps up and says, "I suppose
G7                           C
You're a bronc rider, by the looks of your clothes."
                         G7
"You got me right, and a good one," I claim,
                            C
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame ?"
                            F
He says: "I've got one and a bad one to buck,
       G7                                      C
And at throwin' good riders he's had lots of luck."
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Chorus:

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           G7                   C
Well, it's Oh, that Strawberry Roan;
F                    C
Oh, that Strawberry Roan.
     F                        C
They say he's a cayuse that's never been rode,
    F                        C
The man that gets on him is bound to be throwed,
    G7                   C
Get off that Strawberry Roan.
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I gets all excited and I ask what he pays
To ride this old goat for a couple of days.
He offers a ten spot. I says, "I'm your man,
For the bronc never lived that I couldn't fan;
No, the bronc never lived, nor he never drew breath
That I couldn't ride till he starved plumb to death."
He says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance."
We got in the buckboard and rode to the ranch.

Chorus :
Well, it's Oh, that strawberry roan,
Oh, that strawberry roan!
We stayed until morning, and right after chuck
We goes out to see how this outlaw can buck,
Oh, that strawberry roan!

Down in the horse corral standing alone
Is this old caballo, a strawberry roan.
His legs is all spavined, he has pigeon toes,
Two little pig eyes and a big Roman nose.
Little pin ears that touched at the tips,
And a big 44 run on his left hip.
He's ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,
I could see with one eye he was a reg'lar outlaw.

Chorus:
Well, it's Oh, that strawberry roan,
Oh, that strawberry roan!
He's ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,

**You can see with one eye he's a reg'lar outlaw,
Oh, that strawberry roan.**

**I buckle on my spurs, I'm sure feelin' fine,
I picks up my hat, an' curls up my twine.
I piles my rope on him, and well I know then,
That afore I get rode, I've sure earned my ten.
I gets the blinds on him, it sure is a fight,
Next comes my old saddle, an' I screws her on tight,
Then I steps onto him and raises the blinds,
I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.**

**Chorus:
Well, it's Oh, that strawberry roan,
Oh, that strawberry roan!
He lowered his neck, and I think he unwound,
He seemed to quit living down there on the ground,
Oh, that strawberry roan.**

**He went up towards the east and came down towards
the west;
To stay in the middle I'm doin' my best.
He's about the worst bucker I've seen on the range:
He can turn on a nickel and give you some change,
He turns his old belly right up to the sun,
He sure is one sun-fishin' son of a gun!
I'll tell you, no foolin', this pony can step,
But I'm still in his middle and buildin' a rep.**

**Chorus:
Well, it's Oh, that strawberry roan,
Oh, that strawberry roan!
He goes up on all fours and comes down on his side,
I don't see what keeps him from losing his hide,
Oh, that strawberry roan!**

**I loses my stirrup and also my hat,
I starts pulling leather, I'm blind as a bat;
With a big forward jump, he goes up on high,
Leaves me sittin' on nothing way up in the sky;
I turns over twice, and I comes back to earth,
I lights in a-cussin' the day of his birth.
I know there is ponies I'm unable to ride;
Some are still living, they haven't all died.**

**Chorus:
Well, it's Oh, that strawberry roan,
Oh, that strawberry roan!
I'll bet all my money the man ain't alive
That can stay with old strawberry
when he makes his high dive,
Oh, that strawberry roan!**