

The Strawberry Roan

Words & Music:
Curly Fletcher

C G7
I was hangin' 'round town just a-spendin' my time,
G7 C
Nothing else to spend, not even a dime.
C F
When a feller steps up and he says, "I suppose
G7 C
You're a bronc-bustin' man by the looks of your clothes."
G7
"Your guess is near 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
At throwin' bronc riders he's had lots of luck."

CHORUS:

C G7 C F C
Well, it's, oh, that strawberry roan! Oh, that strawberry roan!
F C
He says, "This old pony ain't never been rode
F C
And the boy that gets on him is sure to get throwed."
G7 C
Oh, that strawberry roan!

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 and 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, 'til be starved plumb to death."
Well, he says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance."
We got in his buckboard and rode to the ranch.

CHORUS:

Well, down in the horse corral, standing alone,
Was that old caballo, the strawberry roan.
His legs were spavined, and he had pigeon toes,
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose,
Little pin ears that were crimped at the tip,
With a big "44" branded 'cross his left hip.
Ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,
You can see with one eye he's a reg'lar outlaw.

CHORUS:

Well I puts on my spurs and I coils up my twine.
I piled my loop on him and I'm sure feeling fine.
I piled my loop on him and well I knew then
If I rode this old pony, I'd sure earn my ten.
I put the blinds on him, it sure was a fight!
Next comes the saddle, I screws her down tight.
I gets in his middle and I opens the blind,
I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.

CHORUS:

Well he bowed his old neck and I think he unwound,
He seemed to quit living down there on the ground.
Goes up towards the east and comes down towards the west,
To stay in his middle I'm a-doin' my best.
He's about the worst buckner 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 telling you, no foolin', this pony can step.
I'm still in his middle and buildin' a rep.

CHORUS:

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 nothin' way up in the sky.
Turns over twice, and I comes down to earth.
I lights in a-cussin' the day of his birth.
Well, I know there is ponies I'm unable to ride
Some are still living, they haven't all died.

CHORUS:

