

I'm An Old Cowhand

Harry Connick, Jr.

Oh, step aside, y'all ornery tender feet
'Cause I'm about to sing my song

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan
Well I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how
And I sure ain't fixin' to startin' now
Yippee-i-o-ki-ay, hey yippee-i-o-ki-ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride before I learned to stand
Well I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date
I know every trail in the Lone Star State
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8
Oh, yippee-i-o-ki-ay, hey yippee-i-o-ki-ay

Look out, I'm gonna show y'all how to ride now
Here we go

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I come to town just to hear the band
I know all the songs that the cowboys know
'Bout the big corral where the dogies go
'Cause I learned them all on the radio
Oh, yippee-i-o-ki-ay, yeah yippee-i-o-ki-ay

Now my story's almost done, so listen up!
You ain't got much longer now

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Where the west is wild round the borderland
Where the buffalo roam around the zoo
And the Indians make you a rug or two
And the old Bar X is the Barbecue
Oh, yippee-i-o-ki-ay, hey yippee-i-o-ki-ay
Hey yippee-i-o-ki-ay
I'm just an old cowhand