

# I Ride an Old Paint

Arlo Guthrie

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan  
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan  
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw  
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow  
For the fiery and snuffy are rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son  
One went to college, the other went wrong  
His wife, she got killed in a poolroom fight  
But still he's a-singin' from mornin' till night

When I die, take my saddle from the wall  
Place it on my old pony, lead him out of his stall  
Tie my bones to my saddle and turn our faces to the West  
And we'll ride the prairie we love the best

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[CHORUS]