

Chester

Bobby Bare

He says that in his younger days he rode the rodeos
But now he tends the gardens of the folks up on the hill
Buckin' broncs and brahma bulls and only once been thrown
But it left him with a gimpy leg and a thirst that he can't fill

In his Frisco jeans and an old Can't Bust 'Em shirt
Acme Roughouts run down at the heels and caked with dirt
Sweat-
stained Stetson pulled down low and a leg that always hurts
Frisco jeans and an old Can't Bust 'Em shirt

He says that in his younger days he rode with ol' Pontrel
But he never, never let him put his name or his picture in the
book
He sends us down for Beech-Nut and he sips his muscatel
And says, "You know boys, I'm a whole lot older than I look"

He's known his share of women and he's dealt his share of cards
And he pitched some pennies with us, but he never carries change
And as he clips the hedges and waters down the yards
He says, "This sure is a far sight from that, that wild buffalo
range"

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