

Speckled Pony

Bobby Bare

"Death ain't nothing but a speckled pony
Ain't never been rode"
That's what Freddy Jones, he told me
Many bottles ago
And I guess Freddy was the best damn man
That ever slept in his faded jeans
Everybody said Freddy did everything bad
But he never did anything mean

Yeah, death ain't nothing but a speckled pony
Freddy came to know
Reading his motel Bible
In Vaughn, New Mexico
Now there's lots of trails old man Freddy rode
Won't never be rode no more
'Cause he's out there lying in a line shack dying
With a chair up against the door

And I recall when Freddy told me
When I ride my speckled pony
I'm gonna let that pony know
He found a man to ride him well
All my friends have gone before me
But I'll ride him home to glory
Out of nothing but my ornery
And my pride in my own self

Now can't you hear that speckled pony
He's riding tonight
And old Freddy Jones is just a working cowboy
And he's holding on tight
In a shack with a cot and a Coleman stove
In the cold panhandle wind
There's a friend of mine that don't know his kind
Ain't never gonna come again

Yeah, I recall when Freddy told me
When I ride my speckled pony
I'm gonna let that pony know
He found a man to ride him well
All my friends have gone before me
But I'll ride him home to glory
Out of nothing but my ornery
And my pride in my own self

So Freddy, ride
Freddy, ride your speckled pony
Kick him high