

Pony Blues

Canned Heat

Baby, saddle my pony, saddle up my black mare
Baby, saddle my pony, saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna find a rider, baby, in the world somewhere

"Hello central, the matter with your line?"
"Hello central, matter, Lord, with your line?"
"Come a storm last night an' tore the wire down"

Got a brand new Shetland, man, already trained
Brand new Shetland, baby, already trained
Just get in the saddle, tighten up on your reins

And a brownskin woman like somethin' fit to eat
Brownskin woman like somethin' fit to eat
But a jet black woman, don't put your hands on me

Took my baby, to meet the mornin' train
Took baby, meet that mornin' train
An' the blues come down, baby, like showers of rain

I got somethin' to tell you when I gets a chance
Somethin' to tell you when I get a chance
I don't wanna marry, just wanna be your man