

# Home Frown Western Saturday Night

Chris LeDoux

There's a place out west where the Powder River runs off the Big Horn Mountains  
And winds its way out across the plains  
It's a land of red walls blue sky and clean air  
Where the eagle glides high above the canyons  
And makes his nest in the rocks that overlook the valleys  
Where the sagebrush and the cottonwoods grow  
This is ranch country has been for more than one hundred years  
Well things have changed some since the early days  
But there's still a thread of character and tradition  
That runs thru from one generation to the next  
You can see it out here the way folks sit a horse  
You can hear it in the way they talk  
And when the work is all done there's nothing they like better  
Than to get together at the one-room schoolhouse under the red wall  
For another down homegrown western Saturday night  
Well the calving's all done and the brandings' through  
Hayin' don't start for a week or two  
There ain't but one thing left to do it's time to celebrate

One two three four  
Headin' west out of town on a blacktop road folks are comin' by the pickup load  
For a western good time alamo better bring along your appetite  
Take a right hand turn through the cattle guard  
Park it down in the old school yard  
Gonna kick up my boots with my cowboy pals and hold my woman tight  
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar Ross on the fiddle  
Pull down your hat keep your mind in the middle raise a ruckus tonight  
From the butterfly to the jitterbug me and my lady's gonna cut a rug  
Wild Bill's crackin' out that old square mug  
On another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night

Well the little kids are playin' tag out back  
Someone's peekin' through the outhouse crack  
And if his mom could see him she'd have a heart attack  
And he'd have a hard time sittin' down  
Now, the young cowboys are starting to sweat  
The teenage girls are playin' hard to get  
And it's driving them crazy but the night's young yet  
Give 'em time they'll come around  
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar Ross on the fiddle  
We come here to party and not spit and whittle while the moon is shining bright  
There's a coyote howlin' from the hills above to the harmony of a morning dove  
For the couple in the moonlight fallin' in love  
On another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night

Now the midnight supper really hit the spot there's beef and pie and coffee in a pot  
And if you drank too much I'll tell you what it'll sure get you back on your feet  
Well the old couple sitting by the schoolhouse door  
Grinin' at the kids dancin' around the floor  
And they remember the way it was years ago how the memories taste so sweet  
Yippee yi-ay and a hey diddle diddle Ord's on the guitar turn it up a little

We come here to party and not spit and whittle from Faded Love to the Cattle  
Call  
The music flows out to the old red wall it'll echo around till clear next fa  
ll  
Well have another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night