

# Homegrown 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 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

Two three...

Headin' west out of town on a blacktop road folks are comin' by the pickup load

For a western good time alamode 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 jug

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 while the moon is shining bright

Faded Love to the Cattle Call, the music flows out to the old red wall

It'll echo around till clear next fall

Well, have another down home good time homegrown western Saturday night