

# Let The Ponies Run

Jerry Jeff Walker

We held a funeral and a wake at the Diamondback Saloon  
With every old-time cowboy agathered in one room  
Swappin' tales and tellin' lies from days when they were young  
Fearless buckaroos who always let the ponies run

I still see us behind the chutes, standin' in the sun  
Light reflecting off the shiny buckles that we'd won  
Farmin' boys from everywhere, just a ropin' in our dreams  
Buckin' down the highway in old trucks and faded jeans

Cheyenne days to Fort Worth nights, we drove every inch of road  
We often spoke our dreams out loud, sharing rooms and dirty clothes

The bandaged up, the broken ones, too tough to ever cry  
The one we won the big go around, the drinks were ours to buy

Days were filled with mundane chores that kept us lean and mean  
But our nights were spent out dancin' with the fairest girls we  
'd seen

Regaling them with wild ass tales, that weren't that far from true

There wasn't a single favor asked that your old pal wouldn't do

And every year the finals drew us back to OKC  
Shoulders, Mahan, Steiner, Vol, T-bone and old Duffy  
And when the dust had settled and the last go-round was run  
We stayed up all night singing songs 'til every song was sung

The broken bones and broken hearts that led to broken homes  
And the trails we rode together, now we travel on alone  
And the friends we saw each summer, now we hardly saw at all  
A little something's broken off each time a cowboy falls

Well adios amigos, see you down the line  
I sure enjoyed the bullshit, cause it brought back some good times

And if you see those pals we knew from days when we were young  
Tell them I stil saddle up just to feel the ponies run