

This is the story of Tweedle-O-Twist
And a cowboy that I knew named Tony
From Blithe Fresno ol' Sant Joe Washoe go rodeo
Pendleton Santa Ana Baker Bozeman and Burley
From Chambers to Payson Rapid City to Akron
We'd sing just to ease all the hurts that we gained
A bandage to wrap the aches and a few turns of tape
Held us together and stopped the blood stains
Well sometimes we'd draw bad and the stock wouldn't buck
And there was times when the luck wasn't goin' our way
But a credit card that I'd found would get us to the next town
With just a switch of his Montana plates
I remember at Evanston when a bull broke his arm
And we had to make it on into Beulah the next day
I broke out the CB and the only doctor Tony seen
Was me and a can of ether
There in the Beulah shoot gates
And it was at Louisville that I went down in the well
And a suicide wrap I held in my hand
The clown just shook his boom while I dangled near doom
It was Tony that saved my life then
Then a year from that week we pulled up at Mesquite
Where I drew number twelve from the herd
And Tony my side kick pulled Tweedle-O-Twist
That bull's famous from Prairie to Evansburg
All right now cowboys kinda clear the way
Let that ambulance through there let that ambulance on through
Looks like a pretty bad wreck out there folks
Hold up folks we go one more ride left down there in the shoots
Wait a minute it looks like they're turnin' ole number twelve out
So that's all for today folks
I'll finish the story of Tweedle-O-Twist
And the cowboy that I knew named Tony
From Sterling to Abilene Loveland to New Orleans
I've got a new partner travelin' with me
But I never could explain why I called him the wrong name
When I get drunk I call him Tony
And sometimes he'll ask me why I pass Montana by
You know at Butte they got money
But that's where I met him my side kickin' friend
I've got more than enough of his memories
For down in Mesquite there's a cowboy sleeping
Where bulls ain't a buckin' ain't a buckin' ole Tony