

# Old Paint

Rufus Wainwright

I ride an old Paint  
I'm leadin' old Dan  
I'm a-goin' to Montana  
To throw the houlihan  
They meet in the coulees  
And they water in the draw  
Tails are all matted  
And their backs are all raw

Ride around little dogies  
Ride around slow  
For the fiery and the snuffy  
Are rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a son  
One went to college  
The other went wrong  
His wife was killed  
In a bar-room fight  
But still he sings  
From mornin' to night

Ride around little dogies  
Ride around slow  
For the fiery and the snuffy  
Are rarin' to go

When I die  
Take my saddle from the wall  
Put it up on my pony  
Lead him out of his stall  
Tie my bones to his back  
Turn our faces to the west  
We'll ride the prairie  
That we love the best

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Ride around slow  
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