

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
For the fiery and the snuffy
Are rarin' to go

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