

One in the Saddle, One on the Ground

Sturgill Simpson

First time ol' Dood
Laid eyes on Juanita
He knew then and there
She was the one
She gave him a love
Every man knows is needed
She gave him a daughter
She gave him a son

One day while Juanita
Was out in the garden
A bandit rode up
Without making a sound
Dood was working the plow
Far away from his rifle
Tried to get to it
But the Bandit drew down

Last thing he remembered
Was Juanita screaming
As the world faded black
And Dood crumpled down
When he came to, the bandit
Was nowhere to be seen
His true love Juanita
Nowhere to be found

A man and his rifle
A mule and his hound
One in the saddle
One on the ground

He saw the ball had passed through
Clean as a church floor
And the wound was washed up
By Sam his old hound
So he saddled up Shamrock
And powdered his rifle
And put on his old hat
Worn, weathered, and brown

Told his son to stay strong
Take care of his sister
Till Daddy returned
With Mama safe and sound
Then they set out together
To go find Juanita
Ol' Dood in the saddle
And Sam on the ground
Vowing never to stop
Till Juanita is found

A man and his rifle
A mule and his hound
One in the saddle
One on the ground
One in the saddle

One on the ground