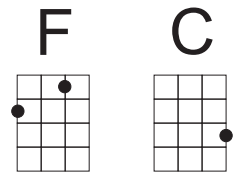


# I Ride An Old Paint



I [F] ride an old paint, I lead an old dam  
I'm [C] going to Montana to [F] throw a houlihan  
They [C] feed in the coolies they [F] water in the draw  
Their [C] tails are all matted their [F] backs are all raw

Ride a[C]round, ride a[F]round real slow  
The [C] fiery and the snuffy are [F] raring to go

Old Bill Brown, had a daughter and a son  
[C] One went to Denver and the [F] other went wrong  
His [C] wife she died in a [F] poolroom fight  
And [C] still he keeps singing from [F] morning til night

Ride a[C]round, ride a[F]round real slow  
Well the [C] fiery and the snuffy are [F] raring to go

Well when I die, take my saddle from the wall  
[C] Put it on my pony and [F] lead him from his stall  
Tie my [C] bones to his back, turn our [F] faces to the west  
And [C] we'll ride the prairie that [F] we like the best

Ride a[C]round, ride a[F]round real slow  
The [C] fiery and the snuffy are [F] raring to go

Ride a[C]round, ride a[F]round real slow  
The [C] fiery and the snuffy are [F] raring to go