I Ride an Old Paint

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   G              D7        G            D7
I ride an old paint, I lead an old Dan.
                              G
I'm goin' to Montan' just to throw the hollihan,
      D7                        G
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw,
        D7                        G
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.
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Chorus

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        D7
Ride around little doggies,
        G
Ride around them slow,
         D7
For the fiery and snuffy
     G
Are raring to go.
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Additional verses:

Bill Jones had a daughter,
  Bill Jones had a son,
The son went to college,
  the daughter went wrong,
His wife she got killed
  in a poolroom fight,
And still he keeps singing
  from morning till night.
Chorus
	Oh, when I die
	  take my saddle from the wall,
	And put it on my pony,
	  lead him out of his stall,
	Tie my bones to his back,
	  turn our faces to the west,
	And we'll ride the prairie
	  that we love the best.
	Chorus

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