

Come Riding Joe Cy

Chris LeDoux

The first time I saw him was over in Tucson
When he asked how much the bronc ridin' paid
Well me and the boys we all had us a laugh
When we saw that his hair was in braids
He drewed a good mount you should of seen how
We used that old horse 'til the gun
Well I've never seen me no Indian cowboy
But that feller Joe Cy was one

He's a rodeo Indian cowboy you bet
And he's tough as Buffalo's hide
They say the worst kind of cayuse gets scared
When he finds out he's drewed up Joe Cy
He's wild as a war dancin' ready to reach for
A hand full of sweet suicide
He's a rodeo Indian cowboy for sure
When they say come ridin' Joe Cy

Some feller told me he was raised up a Mustang
Somewhere on the Montana plains
Said he'd already rode him a nightmare to hell
Or his spur whipped the devil half lame
The harder they try him the better he like 'em
That Joe Cy is one more good man
He's a rodeo Indian double tough cowboy
And an all around rodeo hand

Well he laughed when he told me
he'd traded his trophies
Gold buckles and saddles and stuff
For some good land and livestock
To start him a school for the Indian kids sure enough

Wells he's teachin' 'em ridin' and ropin'
And Joe says they're all a makin' top hands
So watch out you pale faces come National Finals
Well have one more Custer's last stand

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