

# Go Riding Young Cowboy

Chris LeDoux

He stood out in the Cheyenne area dust by the latch on chute number four  
The young cowboys were laughin' at him and at the out of date clothes that he wore  
Though his trophy buckle was old it told of the glory he surely had seen  
And the beard that showed neath his old John B was wirey silver sheen  
With a plug in his lip from his back pocket rip and his faded old denim jeans blue  
Where a halo show white like a moon in the night  
Was a hole where his snoozed worn through  
He spat in the dust and he bitterly cussed as the bull tried to tear down the chute  
Then he looked up at me with a gleam in his eye  
And he placed his old hand on my boot  
He said you'll ride this old bull on your worst ever day  
With your hind leg chained to a tree  
As I am made ready to concur the brute here's an old song my old man sang to me  
Go ridin' young cowboy go winnin' and goin' out boy  
Don't let him put you on the ground  
Go spur him young cowboy de fur him riding out boy  
Show 'em that your Oklahoma bound

Well I marked eighty points and I won me the round  
The fans in the stands went plum wild  
Well I could see my old daddy just a dancin' a jig  
Well I looked up to the Lord and I smiled  
I said thanks for my good arm and thanks for my luck  
And thanks that I'm still fit and young  
But thanks most of all for them old bulls that buck  
For my dad and the song that he sung  
Go ridin' young cowboy...

Well I've been down the road many miles since that day  
Things ain't changed much since I've begun  
I still think of my dad when I'm ropin' one up and I sing his song to my son  
Go ridin' young cowboy...  
Go ridin' young cowboy...