

Horses And Cattle

Chris LeDoux

My home's in Montana, I wear a bandana,
My spurs are silver, my horse is a bay.
And I've been a-roamin' all over Wyomin'
There's plenty of work, but there ain't too much pay.

Me and a few boys we signed on at Dubois,
To feed through the winter and camp out awhile.
Come a hard hittin' norther from the Montana border,
We tallied the frozen ones mile after mile.

Well they give you your three squares and a bunk to sleep there
,
And just enough wages to keep you around.
But with no place to spend it and nowhere to send it,
You can stay out of debt if you stay out of town.

It's horses and cattle and a double rig saddle,
With a stout line, a catch twine, and a good ropin' arm.
Wherever there's ranches, I've been takin' my chances,
From sunrise to sunset since the day I was born.

We struck out for Laramie early one Saturday,
Spring was a breakin' the grass turnin' green.
Well, I took a hand in some fast movin' brandin'
When they offered top wages at the Bar Seventeen.

We followed a rodeo clear up to Codeo,
Tryin' to ride me a bronco or two.
Well, I busted some hosses for two or three bosses,
And lost all the wages that ever I drew.

Well it's hell and high water for the Idaho border,
Where I've got a gal if that letter don't lie.
If she gives me a reason to stay through the season,
I'll take her to Elko when the snow starts to fly.

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