

# Rooster Hill

Dave Dudley

Last saturday night on rooster hill  
I lost 4 one hundred dollar bills  
came home with my champion cock cut all to pieces  
some home made shine made my vision blur  
and I carelessly tied up a pair of spurs  
last saturday night on rooster hill

I pick Cortez up off the ground  
neck was floppin' he wasn't makin' a sound  
left leg was missing and he was barely breathin'  
I dropped him down in paper sack  
and told old Charlie I'd be coming back  
next saturday night on rooster hill

so I took Cortez home and laid him in his cage  
he was up and about in a couple of days  
hopin' round and crowing loud revenge  
I feed him steak the rest of the week  
he'd just rip it apart with his angry beak  
got to snapin' the cage wired like a pair of pliers

look out cortez is coming back  
and he wont be in no paper sack  
he's healed and he's fired up  
for rooster hill

well saturday night rolled around again  
and i tucked cortez into his portable pin  
and we headed on up to check out the secluded hill  
when we arrived the bones was already rollin  
and you could hear Charlie's big bad gray a crowing  
and sure enough it's saturday night on rooster hill

we scaled them up and Cortez was light  
and I said that's alright let old one leg fight  
and Charlie gave three to one odds one his big bad gray  
we faced them off and Cortez knew  
he was looking at the bird that spurred and chewed him half away last week  
on rooster hill

we set 'em down to let 'em scratch  
and it took all I had to hold Cortez back  
he dug a hole deep enough to bury the big gray  
Charlie look at me and said a grand to five  
I said Charlie you're on let them feathers fly  
It's saturday night  
on rooster hill

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and he wont be in no paper sack  
he's healed and he's fired up  
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Earl gives a count and hollers pit  
and cortez flies up to make one fatale hit  
and Charlie kicks his big bad gray in the gully  
he slowly peels off ten big bills

and I say Charlie old buddy I know how it feels  
this aint my first trip to rooster hill

It's sunday morning back here on the farm  
things are quiet except around the barn  
it's sunrise and I'm cookin' Cortez a t-bone  
all the bars are closed and the only action  
is my champion cock crowing satisfaction  
and me a count'n my take...  
on Rooster hill