

Two Bit Cayuse

Stan Rogers

Now I've been twistin' broncos
Ever since I hit the trail,
And I think I know a cayuse
From his nostrils to his tail.
It was down by the old Bow River
In the year nineteen and one
That I was twistin' broncos Ever since I hit the trail,
And I think I know a cayuse
From his nostrils to his tail.
It was down by the old Bow River
In the year nineteen and one
For F A McHugh and Sons.

There they had a buckskin nag
Not worth two bits to keep.
He had a black strip down his back
And wool just like a sheep.
He wasn't much for saddles
And it damn near killed the boss
To have to pay ten dollars
Just to bust that two bit hoss.
When I climbed upon him
He just naturally took to the air,
And every time we went aloft
He tried to leave me there,
Until at last we went so high
The light between us shone,
And there we parted company
And he came down alone.
Now I've been twistin' broncos
Ever since I hit the trail,
And I think I know a cayuse
From his nostrils to his tail,
But I'll sell my chaps and saddle,
Set my long shank spurs to rust,
For now and then you'll find a hoss
Yours truly cannot bust.
Yes I'll sell my chaps and saddle,
Set my long shank spurs to rust,
For now and then you'll find a hoss
Yours truly cannot bust.