

## 13 To The Gallows "Old Paint"

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"Old Paint"

Verse

I was cinchin' up her saddle when her brain it came  
unravelling  
She was flirtin' with the stallion across the fence  
Her legs got weak she started to faint  
I hollerd out Old Paint  
Old Paint didn't have a lick of sense

Chorus

One more ride then Old Paint is gone  
She don't seem to ride the same  
Since she done me wrong caught her with the stud next  
door  
Had to carry on  
One more ride then Old Paint is gone

Said Old Paint let me tell you this  
Your mine not his  
Girl don't let me catch you horsin' around that saddle

Yours is just my size  
It won't fit no other guy

Verse

Broad played to many games with my head  
That rounder stallion gonna end up dead  
Make him bite down on the grain of a .45  
44, 43, 42 is the countdown  
Until they're turned into a bottle of glue  
Old Paint, she never had a clue

Chorus

Said Old Paint let me tell you this  
Your mine not his  
Girl don't let me catch you horsin' around that saddle  
Yours is just my size  
It won't fit no other guy

