

Dave Davies

"Rooster Hill"

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Rooster Hill
By Ronnie Rogers

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

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

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

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