Bobby Bare
"Appaloosa Rider"

(George M. Jones)

Well, somewhere back around thirty six
I was standin' knee deep in the Oklahoma sticks
Pickin' them Jimmie Rodgers' licks like I owned 'em
And the girls in town loved what I'd do
I had Choctaw hair and eyes of blue
They'd call me baby I was six foot two and looked
lonesome.

Then yonder come a man in a big ol' car
With a black baret and a big cigar
He said son you're a natural cowboy star for sure
He looked at me and he said sign
I looked at him and I said fine
I wrote my name on the dotted line and I became
The Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa
Rider
Hero of the plains.

Soon I was smilin' from magazines
My head slicked down with Vaseline
And all those bobby-sox babies' screams would ring
They'd pack 'em in like Main sardines
And stand 'em in the mezzanines
To see me ride cross the creen and sing.

I hundred fights I musta won
A thousand bullets in my gun
And my hat staeyd on through all the fun and glory
But my real life pony had its hood adorned
With a big ol' set of western horns
While all America ate popcorn and marveled at the one
and only
Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider
Hero of the plains.

Well, a real life villain had crossed the line
So I crossed Hollywood and Vine
And signed another dotted line my handle
But when I come back most all the noise

Was made for Hoppys Genes and Roys
And Hollywood had more cowboys than scandals.

So here I am in the Oklahoma sticks
And out of all my old sidekicks
Jack Daniesls is the one who sticks around
But old friends and fans have begun to write
And I learned why the other night
When I woke up to a TV fight
The hero won and his hat stayed white
And guess who rode across my sight
I tell you I was dynamite
Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider.

Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider, Appaloosa Rider...