

Fletcher Jowers

"Ol Snake"

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The parson came out one hot afternoon
Us cowboys were laying around
He said boys I've come out here to make ya'll a deal
It's a good one that you won't turn down

Now I'll ride the meanest bronc here on this place
Stay with him 'till he bucks no more
If next Sunday morning I'll find you in church
Singing and praising The Lord

Well it didn't take long and we all agreed
We'd be there come sunshire or rain
Cause we had a wild one that had never been rode
An old fleabitten gray we called Snake

Ol snake was a bad one he'd kick and he'd bite
That's how he come by his name
He'd fight you and buck and never give up
We all knew he'd never be tame

We roped him out and saddled him up
Snubbed him up tight to the post
The parson climbed on him and pulled down his hat
Said okay boys now let him go

Ol Snake quit the earth he chinned the moon

He was diving, squealing and mad
But through it all the parson set tall
He was talking to him and he said

Now ol bronc you're a tough one but I won't be thrown
Cause I've got The Lord on my side
So when you quit having your fit
We'll go out on the prairie and ride

Ol Snake finally settled and hung his old head
The parson stepped down off his back
Said I'll see you boys Sunday morning in church
Praise The Lord for a good horse like that

Now on Sunday mornings you'll find us in church

Praising The Lord as we sing
Ol Snake is tied under the shade tree outside
CAUSE HE'S THE TOP HORSE IN MY STRING
NOW HE'S THE TOP HORSE IN MY STRING

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