

## **Ian Tyson**

### **"Sierra Peaks"**

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Way high up in the Sierry Peaks  
Where the yellow-jack pines grow tall,  
Buster Jiggs and Sagebrush Sam  
Had a rodear camp last fall.

Their takin' their horses and their running irons  
Maybe a dog or two,  
And allowed thy'd brand every long-eared calf  
That came within their view.

And any old dogie that flapped long ears  
And didn't bush up by day,  
Got his long ears whittled and his old hide sizzled  
In a most artistic way.

Now one fine day old Buster Jiggs,  
Just throwed his reata down,  
Says "I'm tired of cowboyograph\*  
Boys, allows I'm a goin' into town."

So they saddled up, and they hits 'em a lope  
For it weren't no Saturday ride,  
But them was the days that a good buckaroo  
Could oil up his insides.

And they started in at Kentucky Bar,  
At the head of Whisky Row,  
And they wound her up at the Depot House  
Some forty drinks below.

Then they sets 'er up and they turns 'er around  
And they goes 'er the other way,  
I'll tell you the God-forsaken truth  
Them boys got drunk that day.

As they was aridin' back to camp  
They were apackin' a pretty good load,  
And who should they meet but the Devil himself  
Come prancin' down the road.

He says, "Here you ornery cowboy skunks

You better go hunt for your holes,  
For I'm the devil from Hell's rim rock  
Come to gather in your souls.

Says Buster Jiggs, "The Devil be damned,  
We boys is kinda tight;  
But you ain't gonna gather no cowboys souls  
Without one helluva fight."

So he punched a hole in his old seago  
And he throws her strait and true  
Well he lapped it on to the Devil's horns  
He's a-takin' his dallies true.

Now Buster Jiggs was a reata man  
With his gut-line coiled up neat;  
But he shakes her out and he builds 'im a loop  
Caught the Devils hind feet.

Well they stretched him out and they tailed him down  
While the running-irons was a getting hot,  
They cropped and they swaller-forked his ears  
And they branded him up a lot.

Well they trimmed him up with a dehornin' saw  
Knotted in his tail for a joke,  
And they rode away and left him there  
Tied up to a blackjack oak.

So if you're ever up in the Sierry Peaks  
You hear one hell of a wail,  
You know it's the Devil just a bellerin' around  
About the knots in his tail.

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\*Originally cow-pyrography

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