

Ian Tyson

"The Old Double Diamond"

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Now the old Double Diamond, lay out east of Duboise
In the land of the buffalo
And the auctioneers gavel, how it rapped and it rattled
As I watched the old Double Diamond go

Won't you listen to the wind
Mother natures violin

When I first hired on the old Double Diamond
I was a damn poor excuse for a man
I Never learned how to aim when the spirit was tame
Couldn't see all the cards in my hand

And the wind whipped the granite above me
Blew the tumble weeds clean through my soul

Well I've fought her winters and I've busted her horses
And I took more than I thought I could stand
But the battles with the mountains and cattle
Seem to bring out the best in a man

I guess a sailor he needs an ocean
And a mama her babies to hold
But I need the hills of Wyoming
In the land of the buffalo

Now she's sellin' out, I'm movin on
But I'm leavin with more than I came
Cause I've got this saddle and it ain't for sale
And I've got this song to sing

Find a new range to ride and new knots to tie
In a country where cowboys are king
I turn my tail to the wind and the old Double Diamond
Disappear in to the sage

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