

Ian Tyson

"Windy Bill"

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Well Windy Bill was a Texas man
And he could rope, you bet
The steer that Windy hadn't tied
He had nor met him yet
But the boys they talked of a little black steer
Who was a kind of a bad outlaw
Who lived way down in the bottoms
At the foot of a rocky draw

Well, this old black steer, he stood his ground
With punchers from everywhere
The boys gave Windy two to one
That he could not quite get there
So, Windy takes out his old roan horse
Whose withers and back were raw
And prepares to tackle that little black brute
Who lives down in the draw

With his Sam Slick tree, his Brazos bits
And his chaps and taps to boot
And his old maguey tied hard and fast
Bill goes to tackle the brute
And the little rope horse, he saunters around
That steer begins to paw
Then he stuck his tail straight up in the air
And heads down through the draw

Well, Windy's horse went after him
Like he'd been eatin' corn
Windy stuck that old maguey
Right around the black steer's horns
And the little ropin' horse, he shut it right down
And the cinches bust like straw
And the old maguey and the Sam Slick tree
Went driftin' down the draw

Well Windy lands in a big rock pile
And his face and hands is scratched
Well, he said he could always rope his steer
But, he guess he'd met his match
And he pays his debts like a little old man

Without no bit of jaw
And allows Old Black Steer was the boss
Of everything in the draw

Well the moral of this story, boys
Is very plain to see
When you go out to rope your steer
Don't you tie hard your maguey
But take your dallies like a man
To the California law
And you won't see your old Rimfire
Go driftin' down the draw.

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