

Jerry Jeff Walker **"Let The Ponies Run"**

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Jerry Jeff Walker

We held a funeral and a wake at the Diamondback
Saloon
With every old-time cowboy gathered in one room
Swappin' tales and tellin' lies from days when they
were young
Fearless buckaroos who always let the ponies run

I still see us behind the chutes, standin' in the sun
Light reflecting off the shiny buckles that we'd won
Farmin' boys from everywhere, just a ropin' in our
dreams
Buckin' down the highway in old trucks and faded
jeans

Cheyenne days to Fort Worth nights, we drove every
inch of road
We often spoke our dreams out loud, sharing rooms
and dirty clothes
The bandaged up, the broken ones, too tough to ever
cry
The one we won the big go around, the drinks were
ours to buy

Days were filled with mundane chores that kept us lean
and mean
But our nights were spent out dancin' with the fairest
girls we'd seen
Regaling them with wild ass tales, that weren't that far
from true
There wasn't a single favor asked that your old pal
wouldn't do

And every year the finals drew us back to OKC
Shoulders, Mahan, Steiner, Vol, T-bone and old Duffy
And when the dust had settled and the last go-round
was run
We stayed up all night singing songs 'til every song
was sung

The broken bones and broken hearts that led to broken

homes

And the trails we rode together, now we travel on alone
And the friends we saw each summer, now we hardly
saw at all

A little something's broken off each time a cowboy falls

Well adios amigos, see you down the line

I sure enjoyed the bullshit, cause it brought back some
good times

And if you see those pals we knew from days when we
were young

Tell them I stil saddle up just to feel the ponies run

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