

## **Chris Ledoux**

# **"Ballad Of Will Rogers"**

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He was born and raised in Oklahoma  
His blood lines were white and Cherokee  
His daddy owned a ranch outside of Clairmore  
Where he learned to ride before the age of three

Now young Will Rogers was a cowboy  
And he practiced with his rope 'most everyday  
Well he'd ride around the barn or across the prairie  
And throw a loop at anything that came his way

Yes, Will Rogers was a country boy  
One of Oklahoma's favorite sons  
The nation claimed him as their pride and joy  
But his roots were deep in Oklahoma side

Before too long he had his fill of schooling  
At eighteen years he got the urge to roam  
A whole great big world was out there waiting  
So he saddled up and lit out on his own

He wrangled for some ranches down in Texas  
And he punched some cows out in New Mexico  
And he nearly starved to death in Argentina  
Then in Africa he joined a wild west show

Yes, Will Rogers was a country boy  
One of Oklahoma's favorite sons  
The nation claimed him as their pride and joy  
But his roots were deep in Oklahoma side

From the early days of Vaudeville to the big time  
Folks that knew him said he never changed  
He was still the simple Oklahoma cowboy  
And no matter what he always stayed the same

Well I suppose most of all he loved the people  
Said, he never met a man he didn't like  
When times were hard and folks were feeling sorry  
A word from Will would always bring a smile

Yes, Will Rogers was a country boy  
One of Oklahoma's favorite sons

The nation claimed him as their pride and joy  
But his roots were deep in Oklahoma side  
Yes, his roots were deep in Oklahoma side

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