

Chris Ledoux

"The Buckskin Lady"

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Now, I've got a pony, the fastest thing around,

And of all the girls I've known she's the truest one I've found.

Well, she'll cut 'em and she'll head 'em just the way you want 'em

Turned,

And if you drop your loop around 'em, she can make a grass rope hum,

And any time you got a rodeo, and I've got the entry fee,

You can bet your boots my gal and I will come.

Chorus

Whoopie-ti-d-idi-ido on the plains of colorado

That young pony was born to work the trail.

Some old idaho rawhider was the first one tried to ride her,

Bronco buster, wild horse rustler, well she flipped him off like a

Turkey feather duster.

Now, some folks like a cadillac with power brakes and air,

Just give me a hamlee saddle and my little buckskin mare.

Well, I rode her up a mountain when we made that summer drive,

And I [g]took her to wyomin? for a rodeo or two,

At old cheyenne and saratoga, we roped them little dogies,

She the best ole gal this cowboy ever knew.

When she gets to old to rodeo too old to ride the range,

I'll take the buckskin lady out across the open plains.

Cause she's just an ole cow pony and I know she'd go plum crazy

If she had to stand unsaddled around the barn the
whole day through
I'll just turn her loose to ramble underneath them rocky
mountains
And tell 'em that her workin' days are through.
Chorus

Whoopie-ti-d-idi-ido on the plains of colorado,
That's my pony sir and I say she ain't for sale.

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