

## Marty Robbins

### "The Cowboy In The Continental Suit"

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Well, he walks out in the arena  
All dressed up to the brim  
Said he'd just came down from a place  
Called "Highland Rim"  
Well, he said he came to ride the horse  
The one they call "The Brute"  
But he didn't look like a cowboy  
In his Continental Suit

We snickered at the way he dressed  
But he never said a word  
He walks on by the rest of us  
As if he hadn't heard  
A thousand bucks went to the man  
Who could ride this wild cayuse  
A meaner horse was never born  
Than the one they called "The Brute"

The horse that he was looking for  
Was in chute number eight  
He walked up very slowly  
Put his hand upon the gate  
We knew he was a thoroughbred  
When he pulled his sack of "Dukes"  
From the inside pocket  
Of his Continental Suit

Well, he rolled himself a "Corley"  
And he lit it standing there  
Blew himself a smoke ring  
And he watched it disappear  
We thought he must be crazy  
When he opened up the gate  
Standing just inside was  
Fifteen hundred pounds of hate

The Buckskin tried to run him down  
But the stranger was too quick  
He stepped aside and threw his arms  
Around the horse's neck  
And pulled himself up on the back

Of the horse they called "The Brute"  
Sit like he was born there  
In his Continental Suit

"The Brute's" hind-end was in the air  
His front end on the ground  
Kickin' and a-squealin', tryin' to  
Shake this stranger down  
But the stranger didn't give an inch  
He came to ride "The Brute"  
And he came to ride the Buckskin  
In a Continental Suit

Well, I turned around to look at Jim  
And he was watchin' me  
He said, "I don't believe  
The crazy things I think I see  
But I think I see the outlaw  
The one they call "The Brute"  
Ridden by a cowboy  
In a Continental Suit"

"The Brute" came to a stand-still  
Ashamed that he'd been rode  
By a city cowboy in  
Some Continental clothes  
The stranger took his money  
And we don't know where he went  
We don't know where he came from  
And we haven't seen him since

The moral of this story:  
Never judge by what they wear  
Underneath some ragged clothes  
Could be a millionaire  
Everybody listen  
Don't be fooled by this galoot  
This sure-'nough bronc buster  
In a Continental Suit

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