

Nits

"Tennessee Stud"

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Along about eighteen twenty-five
I left Tennessee very much alive
And I never would have gotten through the Arkansas
mud
If I hadn't been a-ridin that Tennessee stud

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud
And I rode away on the Tennessee stud

CHORUS:

The Tennessee stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
A-He had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a hoss like the Tennessee stud

We drifted on down into no man's land
We crossed that river called the Rio Grande
I raced my hoss with the Spaniard's foal
Till I got me a skin full of silver and gold

Me and the gambler we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We jerked our guns, and he fell with a thud
And I got away on the Tennessee stud

The Tennessee stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
A-He had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a hoss like the Tennessee stud

Well I got just as lonesome as a man can be
A-Dreaming of my girl in Tennessee
The Tennessee stud's green eyes turned blue
Cause he was a-dreamin' of his sweetheart, too

We loped right back across Arkansas
I whoop her brother and I whoop her pa
When I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was A-ridin' that Tennessee mare (whoa, boy)

The Tennessee stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a hoss like the Tennessee stud

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side
We crossed them mountains and the valleys wide
We came into Big Muddy then we forded a flood
On the Tennessee mare and the Tennessee stud

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor
A little hoss colt playin' 'round the door
I love the girl with golden hair
And the Tennessee stud loves the Tennessee mare
(They'se good hosses)

The Tennessee stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
And he had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a hoss like the Tennessee stud

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