

Dave Dudley **"Rooster Hill"**

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Rooster Hill

by Ronnie Rogers

Last saturday night on rooster hill

I lost 4 one hundred dollar bills

came home with my champion cock cut all to pieces

some home made shine made my vision blur

and I carelessly tied up a pair of spurs

last saturday night on rooster hill

I pick Cortez up off the ground

neck was floppin' he wasn't makin' a sound

left leg was missing and he was barely breathin'

I dropped him down in paper sack

and told old Charlie I'd be coming back

next saturday night on rooster hill

so I took Cortez home and laid him in his cage

he was up and about in a couple of days

hopin' round and crowing loud revenge

I feed him steak the rest of the week

he'd just rip it apart with his angry beak

got to snapin' the cage wired like a pair of pliers

look out cortez is coming back

and he wont be in no paper sack

he's healed and he's fired up

for rooster hill

well saturday night rolled around again

and i tucked cortez into his portable pin

and we headed on up to check out the secluded hill

when we arrived the bones was already rollin

and you could hear Charlie's big bad gray a crowing

and sure enough it's saturday night on rooster hill

we scaled them up and Cortez was light

and I said that's alright let old one leg fight

and Charlie gave three to one odds one his big bad

gray

we faced them off and Cortez knew

he was looking at the bird that spurred and chewed

him half away last week

on rooster hill

we set 'em down to let 'em scratch
and it took all I had to hold Cortez back
he dug a hole deep enough to bury the big gray
Charlie look at me and said a grand to five
I said Charlie you're on let them feathers fly
It's saturday night
on rooster hill

look out cortez is coming back
and he wont be in no paper sack
he's healed and he's fired up
for rooster hill

Earl gives a count and hollers pit
and cortez flies up to make one fatale hit
and Charlie kicks his big bad gray in the gully
he slowly peels off ten big bills
and I say Charlie old buddy I know how it feels
this aint my first trip to rooster hill

It's sunday morning back here on the farm
things are quiet except around the barn
it's sunrise and I'm cookin' Cortez a t-bone
all the bars are closed and the only action
is my champion cock crowing satisfaction
and me a count'n my take...
on Rooster hill

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