

Stackridge "Galloping Gaucho"

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The Galloping Gaucho comes to town.
Riding like a demon vacquero,
Bought his horse for half a crown and called him Scar
Faced Jock.
Battered Geetar on his back, poncho looking just like a
lightshow.
All his welfare in a sack, he often travelled light,
He rode all through the night-
With a fleeting glance at a local dance and a cloud of
dust in the morning.
The girls all stood and stared, intentions undeclared,
For a six foot drip with a plastic Whip he could not be
compared.
The Galloping Gaucho hits the town,
Made a date with Los Paraguayos Dressed in a pin-
striped suit of brown,
He wore his bowler hat.
Drinking wine and feeling fine when a dark hair girl
appeared in a doorway, Dressed in green like a gypsy
queen, she looked like dynamite,
They rode all through the night.
With a fleeting glance at a local dance and a cloud of
dust in the morning.
The boys all stood and stared,
Intentions undeclared,
For a brave Don Juan with a shakey hand he could not
he compared.
The stack heeled cowboys in our town are apt to think -
their demon vacqueros. Dressed in pin-striped suits of
brown they think that we're uncool.
Shiny Geetars on their backs, make-up looking just like
a lightshow.
Just avoiding Income Tax to get a little tight.
They ride all through the night,
With a far out glance at a local dance and a cloud of
dust in the morning.
The girls all stood and stared. intentions undeclared.
To a boss-eyed blade on his last crusade they could
not be compared.

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