

## Stan Rogers "Two Bit Cayuse"

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Now I've been twistin' broncos  
Ever since I hit the trail,  
And I think I know a cayuse  
From his nostrils to his tail.  
It was down by the old Bow River  
In the year nineteen and one  
That I was twistin' broncos Ever since I hit the trail,  
And I think I know a cayuse  
From his nostrils to his tail.  
It was down by the old Bow River  
In the year nineteen and one  
For F A McHugh and Sons.  
There they had a buckskin nag  
Not worth two bits to keep.  
He had a black strip down his back  
And wool just like a sheep.  
He wasn't much for saddles  
And it damn near killed the boss  
To have to pay ten dollars  
Just to bust that two bit hoss.

When I climbed upon him  
He just naturally took to the air,  
And every time we went aloft  
He tried to leave me there,  
Until at last we went so high  
The light between us shone,  
And there we parted company  
And he came down alone.  
Now I've been twistin' broncos  
Ever since I hit the trail,  
And I think I know a cayuse  
From his nostrils to his tail,  
But I'll sell my chaps and saddle,  
Set my long shank spurs to rust,  
For now and then you'll find a hoss  
Yours truly cannot bust.  
Yes I'll sell my chaps and saddle,  
Set my long shank spurs to rust,  
For now and then you'll find a hoss  
Yours truly cannot bust.

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