

Wylie & The Wild West

"I Gram My Saddle Horn and Blow"

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Bob Nolan (Unichappel Music ASCAP)

Anytime I get the urge to travel
Anywhere the tumbleweeds blow
Happy when the hooves are scratchin' gravel
I grab my saddle horn and blow
You may think a certain place has got me
And from there I never will roam
But you son of a gun I'll bet you a hundred to one
I grab my saddle horn and blow

I've traveled all around this country
I guess I've been most everywhere
I've been from coast to coast and way down south
I know the tang of frosty air
I like the feel of saddle leather
I love the way a pony sways
As I ride along I'll sing this song
And be happy the rest of my days

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