

Ledoux Chris

"This Cowboy's Hat"

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(Spoken) Well there's always been groups of people
who couldn't see eye
to eye...an' I always thought if they'd get the chance to
sit down and
talk face to face they'd see we all have a lot in
common....

Well I was sittin' at a coffee shop, just havin' a cup to
pass the time.
Swappin' some stories with this ole cowboy friend of
mine.
When some motor-cycler riders started snickerin' in the
back.
Started pokin' fun at my friend hat.
One ole boy said hey Tex, where'd you park your horse.
Now my friend just pulled his hat down low, but they
couldn't be
ignored.
One husky fella said, I think I'll rip that hat right off your
head.
That's when my friend turned around, and this is what
he said...
You'll ride a black tornado, 'cross the western sky.
Rope an ole blue northern, and milk it til it's dry.
Bull dawg the Mississippi, and pin her ears down flat...
Long before you take this cowboys hat...
Now pardner, this ole hat is better left alone,
See it used to be my daddy's, but last year he passed
on.
My nephew skinned the Rattler, that makes up this ole
hatband.
But back in '69 he died in Viet-Nam.
Now the eagle feather was given to me by an ole Indian
friend of mine,
But someone ran him down, somewheres 'round that
Arizona line.
And a real special lady gave me this hat pin.
And I don't know if I'll ever see her again.
You'll ride a black tornado, 'cross the western sky.
Rope an ole blue northern, and milk it til it's dry.
Bull dawg the Mississippi, and pin her ears down flat...

Long before you take this cowboys hat...
Now if you leather jacket means to you what this hat
means to me.
Then I guess we understand each other, and we'll just
let it be.
But if you still think it's funny, well man, you've got my
back up
against the wall.
But if you touch my hat, you'll have to fight us all...
Well, right then I caught a little sadness in the gang
leaders eyes.
And he turned back t'wards the others and they all just
sorta shuffled
on outside.
But when my friend turned back t'wards me, well I
noticed his old hat
brim.
Well it was turned up...in a big ole Texas Grin!
You'll ride a black ocross the western skies,
Rope an ole blue northern, and milk it 'til it's dry.
Bull dawg the Mississippi and pin her ears down flat...
Long before you touch this cowboy's hat...

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