

Kyle Evans**"Old Red"**

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Old Red was one of the ornriest yet
I've seen at the big rodeos,
He'd bite you and kick you and stomp out your life,
Old Red had never been rode.
Meaner than sin, wild as the wind
That blew on the Montana plains
Old Red was one of the last of his breed
And wasn't about to be tamed.
From Idaho a young cowboy came
To ride in the big rodeo,
The young cowboy's name was Billy McClain
And Billy had never been throwed.
The greatest desire filled young Billy's heart
To ride this old outlaw called Red,
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say,
"I'll ride him, or drop over dead."
Old Red was wicked down there in the chutes
He was kickin' and stompin' about
Billy swung into the saddle with ease,
And yelled, "Turn 'I'm loose, let us out."
Old Red came out with his head on the ground,
His back hooves were touchin' his nose
Tryin' to get rid of the man on his back,
But the man went wherever he'd go.
Old Red was buckin' straight for the fence
Suddenly stoppin' and then
He rared on his hind legs and fell on his back,
Takin' poor Billy with him.
There was a hush in the crowd for they knew
This would be Billy's last ride,
The saddlehorn crushed Billy's chest as they fell,
And under Old Red, Billy died.
Old Red lay still, no more would he move
The cowboys that seen it could tell
In trying to throw Billy off of his back,
Old Red broke his neck when he fell.
Out in the West is a place where they rest,
This cowboy that never was throwed,
And one foot away, restin' there 'neath the clay,
Is the outlaw that never was rode.

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