

## Porter Wagoner "Tennessee Stud"

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Along about 18-and-25 I left Tennessee very much  
alive  
I never would've got through the Arkansas mud  
If I hadn't been a ridin' on the Tennessee Stud  
I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa one of his  
brothers was a bad outlaw  
I send her a letter by my Uncle Fudd and I rode away  
on the Tennessee Stud  
We drifted on down onto no man's land we crossed the  
river called the Rio Grande  
I raced my horse with a Spaiard foal till I got me a skin  
full of silver and gold  
Me and a gambler we couldn't agree we got in a fight  
over Tennessee  
We jerked our guns he fell with a thud and I got away  
on the Tennessee Stud  
(The Tennessee Stud was long and lean the color of the  
sun and his eyes were green  
He had the nerve and he had the blood  
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud)

Well I got just as lonesome as a man could be dreamin'  
of my girl in Tennessee  
The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue  
Cause he was dreamin' of his sweetheart too  
We loped right back across Arkansas I whipped her  
brother and whipped her pa  
I found that girl with the golden hair ss she was a ridin'  
on the Tennessee Mare  
Stirrup to stirrup and side by side we crossed the  
mountains and the valleys wide  
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood  
And the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud  
A pretty little baby and the cabin floor a little horse cold  
playin' round the door  
I love the girl with the golden hair and the Tennessee  
Stud loves the Tennessee Mare  
(The Tennessee Stud was long and lean...

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