

The Kingston Trio

"Speckled Roan"

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Jane Bowers

I used to ride a little old speckled roan. I told him lots of things I wouldn't have told at home.

I said to the speckled roan, said I, "I'm so lonesome I could die, but I ain't gonna stay lonesome very long."

I used to ride a little ole yellow dun. Mending fences, rode him in the rain and sun.

I said to the yellow dun, said I, "I'm gonna be rich or know the reason why. Gonna take my money to town and find the fun."

And then I bought me a big old ropin' gray. Roped for money and I made it ev'ry day.

But I said to the ropin' gray, said I, "I sure do miss that prairie sky," and he let out laughin' and he surely knowed the way.

I brought my money home and I brought it home to stay. Couldn't have stayed in town, not another day. I'm gonna live out under a prairie sky. Gonna live out there 'till the day I die with the roan and the dun and the big old ropin' gray.

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