

th' legendary shack shakers**"The Pony To Bet On"**

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Past her prime and put out to pasture
Our pony to bet on grows old.
But in her heyday
There was no filly faster
Until that one fateful winter so cold.
All the bookies and betters
Never banked on the weather
And that sick December bug in the air.
The points kept on spreadin'
Ã¢ ~Til you called off the wedding
And left me with one tired old grey mare.
Now the pony to bet on
Is the old nag I sit on
Getting' drunk in the yard, brushing her hair.
The pony to bet on,
Yeah, she's a sad one
But not as sad as the tears that I shed.
So I walk her to bed
For that slow, losing, final stretch home.
Well our tarnished old loving cup is empty
The wreaths of roses have withered away
But the whiskey and the bullets are plenty
How I wish you were here with us today.
We went from trophies and triples
To pullin' hayrides for cripples
In small town parades down to the fair.
The pony to bet on,
Yeah, she's a sad one
But not as sad as the tears that I shed.
So I walk her to bed
For two loser's final stretch home.
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