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Robert Earl Keen "Stewball"

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There's a big race down in Dallas Don't you wish that you were there? You could bet your bottom dollar On that iron gray mare

Had a black horse named Delilah And I raised her on the farm There was thunder, there was lightning On the day Stewball was born

Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win
Bet on Stewball, she might win win
Bet on Stewball she might win

So I sold off my possessions And I headed for the town I brought Stewball here to Dallas And I laid my money down

Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win

All the children are a laughin' And the women, they a cryin' All the men folk are a hollerin' Old Stewball, she's a flyin'

Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win

Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win
Won't you bet on Stewball, she might win win Bet on Stewball she might win

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