

## Kingston Trio, The

### "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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