I Ride an Old Paint traditional

    G   G   G   G
I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan
    D7   D7   G   G
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan
       D7   D7   G   G
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw
      D7   D7   G   G
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw

         D7   D7   G   G
     Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
         D7   D7   G   G
     For Fiery and Snuffy are rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son
One went to college, the other went wrong
His wife, she got killed in a poolroom fight
But still he's a-singin' from mornin' till night

When I die, take my saddle from the wall
Place it on my old pony, lead him out of his stall
Tie my bones to my saddle and turn our faces to the West
And we'll ride the prairie we love the best

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I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw
Their tails are all matted, and their backs are all raw