

Strawberry Roan

lyric by Curley Fletcher, musical adaptation
unknown (1915) (3/4 time)

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
 I was loafin' around just spendin' muh time, out of a job and I hadn't a dime.
C C/E F Dm G/B G7 G7 C
 When a feller steps up and sez he "I suppose that yore uh bronc fighter by the looks o' yer clothes."
C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
 Well I thought he was right and I told him the same, then I asks has he got any bad ones to tame.
C C/E F Dm G/B G7 G7 C
 He says he has one a bad one tuh buck, and fur piling good cowboyhs he has lots uh luck.

The Outlaw Bronco

By Curley Fletcher in the *Gobe Arizona Record* on December 16, 1915.

I was loafin' around just spendin' muh time
Out of a job and I hadn't a dime,
When a feller steps up and sez he "I suppose
That yore uh bronc fighter by the looks o' yer clothes."

Well I thought he was right and I told him the same,
Then I asks has he got any bad ones to tame.
He says he has one a bad one tuh buck,
And fur piling good cowboyhs he has lots uh luck.

Well I gets all excited and asks what he pays,
Tuh ride that old pony a couple uh days.
He offers ten dollars. Sez I "I'm you man,
Fur the bronk never lived that I couldn't fan."

I don't like to brag but I got this tuh say,
That I ain't been throwed fur many a day.
Sez he git yur saddle I'll give yuh a chance,
So I gits in his buckboard and drifts tuh his ranch.

I stays until mornin' and right after chuck,
I steps out tuh see if that outlaw kin buck.
He was down in the hoss corral standing alone,
A snakey eyed outlaw, a strawberry roan.

His legs is all spavined he's got pigeon toes,
Little pig eyes and a long roman nose,
Little pin ears that touched at the tip,
An X.Y.Z. iron stamped on his hip.

Yew necked he is with a long lower jaw,
All the things that you'll see on a wild outlaw.
Well I puts on muh spurs I'm sure feelin' fine,
Turns up muh hat and picks up muh twine.

I dabs that loop on him and well I knows then,
That before he is rode I'll sure earn that ten.
I gets muh blinds on him it shore is a fight,
Next comes muh saddle I screws it down tight.

Then I gets on him I sez "Raise the blind,
Move out uv his way and les see him unwind."
Well he bows his old neck and I guess he unwound,
Fur he ain't spendin' much uvhis time on the ground.

He turns his old belly right up to the sun,
He shore is a sunfishing sun-of-a-gun.
He goes up toward the east and comes down toward the west,
To stay on his middle I'm doin' muh best.

He is the worst buckker I sees on the range,
He could turn on a dime and give you back change.
He hits on all fours and turns up on his side,
I don't see how he keeps from sheddin' his hide.

I tell yuh, no foolin', that caballo can step,
I was still in my saddle, a buildin' some rep.
Away goes muh stirrups and I loses muh hat,
I'm grabbin' the apple and blind as a, bat.

He shore is frog walkin' he heaves a big sigh,
He only lacks wings fur tuh be on the fly.
An while he's a bucking he squeals like a shoat,
I tell yuh that pony has shore got muh goat.

With a phenominal jump he kicks her in high,
And I'm settin' on nothin' way up in the sky.
And then I descends, I comes back tuh earth,
And I lights inta cussin' the day of his birth.

Then I knows that the hosses
I ain't able tuh ride, Is some uv them livin', they haven't all died.
And I bets all muh money that no man, alive,
Can stay with that bronk when he makes the high dive.

The Strange Career of "The Strawberry Roan" by John I. White
Arizona and the West, Vol. 11, No. 4 (Winter, 1969), pp. 359-366 (10 pages)
Published by: [Journal of the Southwest](#)