

# Chris LeDoux, Old Red

Old Red was one of the orneriest yet I've seen at the big rodeo  
He's bite you and kick you and stomp out your life Old Red had never been rode  
Meaner than sin wild as the wind that blew on the Montana plains  
Old Red was one of the last of his breed and wasn't about to be tamed  
From Idaho a young cowboy came to ride in the big rodeo  
The young cowboy's name was Billy McClain and Billy had never been throwed  
The greatest desire filled young Billy's heart to ride this old outlaw called Red  
He drew him one day and I heard Billy say I'll ride him or drop over dead  
Old Red was wicked down there in the chute he was kickin' and stompin' about  
Billy dropped into the saddle with ease then yelled turn him loose let us out  
Old Red came out with his head on the ground his back hooves were touching his nose  
Tryin' to get rid of the man of his back but the man went wherever he'd go  
Billy was rakin' Old Red with his spurs from his tail to the tip of his chin  
He was doin' right well but Billy could tell this outlaw would never give in  
Old Red was runnin' straight for the fence suddenly stopped in and then  
He r'ared on his hind legs then fell on his back taking poor Billy with him  
There was a hush in the crowd and they knew this would be Billy's last ride  
The saddle horn crushed Billy's chest when they fell and under Old Red Billy died  
Old Red lay still no more would he move the cowboys that seen it could tell  
In tryin' to throw Billy off of his back old Red broke his neck when he fell  
Out in the west is the place where they rest this cowboy that never was throwed  
And one foot away resting there neath the clay is the outlaw that never was rode