

This Cowboy's Hat

Chris LeDoux

Talking...
Well there's Always Been Groups Of People
that never could see eye to eye.
and I always thought if they ever had a
chance to sit down and talk face to face.
They Might Realize they got a lot in common Well I was sittin in a coffe shop,
just having a cup to pass the time,
Swappin Rodeo stories,
with this ol' Cowboy friend of mine
When some motorcycle riders startin snickerin in the back.
They started pokin fun at my friends hat. One ol' boy said "Hey Tex, where'd ya park your
Horse?"
My friend just pulled his hat down low,
But they couldnt be ignored. One husky fella said
"I think I'll rip that hat right off yer head."
Thats when my friend turned around,
and this is what he said. Chorus: You'll ride a black tornado,
cross the western sky,
Rope an ol' Blue Northern,
and milk it till its dry,
Bulldog the Mississippi,
and pin its ears down flat,
Long before you take this Cowboys Hat!
Now partner, this ol' hats better left alone,
see it used to be my daddy's,
but last year he passed on,
My nephew skinned the rattler that makes up this hat band,
but back in 69' he died in Vietnam.
Now the eagle feather was given to me by an old indian friend of mine,
someone ran him down somewhere around that Arizona line,
and a real special lady gave me this hat pin,
but I dont know if I'll ever see her again... You'll ride a black tornado,
cross the western sky.
Rope an old Blue Northern,
and milk it 'til its dry.
Bulldog the Mississippi,
and pin its ears down flat,
long before you take this Cowboy's hat. Now if your leather jacket means to you what this hat
means to me,
then we understand each other,
and we'll just let it be.
but if you still think its funny,

Man you got my back up against the wall,
And if you touch my hat,
your gonna have to fight us all. Right then I caught a little sadness in that Gang leader's eyes,
he turned back to the others,
and they all just kinda shuffled on outside,
but when my friend turned back towards me,
I noticed his ol' hat brim,
well it was turned up,
in a big ol' TEXAS grin! You'll ride a black tornado,
cross the western sky.
Rope an old Blue Northern,
and milk it to its dry.
Bulldog the Mississippi,
and pin its ears down flat,
long before you take this Cowboy's hat.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>