I Ride an Old Paint

CHORUS

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G      D7                           G
Ride a-round, little doggies, ride round real slow,
        D7                   C         G
For the fiery and snuffy are rarin' to go.
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G
I ride an old paint, I lead an old Dan,
    D7                  G
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the Hoolihan.
     D7                            G
They feed 'em in the coulees, they water in the draw.
      D7                          C             G
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.
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CHORUS

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G
Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son,
    D7                      G
His son went to Denver, his daughter went wrong.
    D7                   G
His wife got killed in a poolroom fight,
      D7                        C             G
Still he keeps on singing from morning 'till night.
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CHORUS

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G
When I die, take my saddle from the wall.
D7                    G
Put it on my pony and lead him from the stall.
       D7                          G
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west,
    D7                           C           G
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best.
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CHORUS