I Ride An Old Paint

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Dan I'm goin' to Montana to throw the Hou-

han, They feed in the cour-

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draw, Their tails are all mat-

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Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song,
One went to college the other went wrong.
His wife got killed in a pool-room fight,
But still he keeps singing from morning till night.

I've worked in the city, worked on the farm,
And all I've got to show is the muscle in my arm.
Patches on my pants, callous on my hand
And I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan.

When I die, don't bury me at all,
Put me on my pony and lead him from his stall.
Tie my bone to his back, turn our faces to the west,
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.