LYRICS - Saddle Up
A Western Adventure Album
The Okee Dokee Brothers

1. Saddle Up
2. Don’t Fence Me In
3. Cow Cow Yippee
4. The Great Divide
5. Jackalope
6. One Horsepower
7. The Legend of Tall Talkin’ Sam
8. Hard Road to Travel
9. Shootin’ Star
10. Sister Moon and Brother Sun
11. Good Old Times
12. Lead a Horse to Water
13. Somos Amigos
14. The Grass Is Always Greener
15. Last Lullaby
Saddle Up

Saddle Up, Settle In
Every story must begin
And this one is tall but it’s true
It starts as a quest
To tell the tales of the west
And how it ends well nobody knows but you

Tell us a good one tonight
While the fire’s burning bright
‘Bout mountains and rivers of gold
Sing us a good one tonight
Neath the moon’s silver light
Full of tall tales and legends of old

Hunker down, gather round
Roll the blankets out on the ground
As our shadows grow taller than trees
There ain’t nothing for miles
So the stories run wild
And the songs can roam anywhere they please (Chorus)

Move em out, move em in
Every story has to end
But some stay in your heart
They go round and round
They get lost and then found
Because the end is just another place to start
Don’t Fence Me In

Oh give me land, lots of land under starry skies above
Don’t fence me in
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love
Don’t fence me in
Let me be myself in the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don’t fence me in

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise
I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences
Gaze at the moon until I lose my senses
I can’t look at hobbles and I can’t stand fences
Don’t fence me in

Just set me free, ain’t it grander to meander
Like a tumblin’ tumbleweed
My horse and me, we’ll go roamin’ through Wyomin’
Like a Deputy on his trusty steed
I want to count all the stars as they shine so stellar
Ride through the rain without a fancy umbrellar
I’d rather sleep on rocks than be a Rockefeller
Don’t fence me in
Cow Cow Yippee

Cloudy in the west and it looks like rain
There’s a cow ridin’ on a passenger train

Come a cow cow yippy
Come a cow cow yay
Come a cow cow yippy yippy yay

Steer to the left, steer to the right
Steer comin’ at me lookin’ for a fight (Chorus)

Mama said I couldn’t keep a secret too well
But I got a secret I ain’t gonna tell
Okay fine, you twisted my arm
Mama sells cowpies out of the barn

Cat’s in the kitchen, doggies on the range
Bull’s downtown at the livestock exchange (Chorus)

The cows won’t grunt, hogs won’t moo
Flies won’t neigh, and the horse won’t shoe (Chorus)

I got another secret, this time I won’t say
Cuz I’m a secret keeper, gonna keep it that way
Okay fine, you got me again
Papa keeps his money in a coffee tin

It’s a love-love relationship we all agree,
I love my cows and they love… when I feed em (Chorus)
The Great Divide

There’s a great divide that makes the rivers and the rains
Flow to the western ocean or run through the eastern plains
So you go east and I go west
You go where the sun rises and I go where it sets

When I’m down in the valley
On my side of the line
It’s hard to know that your hill
Is the same as mine
That mountaintop between us
Is the only place to see the other side
So let’s meet up in the middle
Along the great divide

The road is rocky, the trail is steep
The cliffs get higher where the river runs deep
And it’s not easy to look at what divides us
But if we do, we might find it’s the same thing that unites us (Chorus)

Up above the treeline two paths become one
And as we ride together, two sides become none
Finding common ground is a tricky thing to do
But on the top of a mountain we can share a point of view (Chorus)
**Jackalope**

There’s a mysterious animal I’m lookin’ for  
They call it the jackalope  
It’s got the body of a jackrabbit  
And the antlers of an antelope

Some say they’re fast, some say they’re slow  
I’ve heard they’re big, I’ve heard they’re small  
Seems like no one can ever agree  
It’s almost like they don’t exist at all

**Ooooh Ooooh**  
**It’s almost like they don’t exist at all**

They’re only seen between midnight and two  
On leap years, beneath a blue moon  
When it’s hot on the tundra and snowin’ in the desert  
On the thirty-first of June

Well I’ve seen em in books, and taxidermy shops  
I’ve seen em hangin’ on the wall  
But I ain’t never seen one in the living light of day  
It’s almost like they don’t exist at all *(Chorus)*

So when you’re searchin’ for the truth  
And you’re at the end of your rope  
You might find you don’t need no proof  
To believe in the thing that gives you hope  
And for me, that’s the jackalope *(Chorus)*
One Horsepower

I used to drive a Cadillac, right down the passin’ lane
I drove it round that city, ‘til it drove me insane
So I swapped it for a pick-up truck that I could drive out on the range
But when I saw that beautiful country, I sold that truck for change

Now I just drive cattle, from a leather-seated saddle
Comes equipped with 4-leg drive, long as she can stay alive
I always have the windows down as I go riding around
With the radio ringing… or am I just singing?

First gear is walking, second gear is a trot
Lope and gallop are 3 and 4, but we don’t use those a lot
She’s got a one horsepower engine, and her shocks ain’t worth a darn
But I’d rather have her out with me, than parked in some old barn (Chorus)

She’s lone-star safety rated, even comes voice activated
A gitty up will get her to go, ‘n to hit the breaks, just yell out whooa--- nelly
(Chorus)

...Songs that keep her right on course
Cuz she’s a high falootin' rootin' tootin'
Slow commutin’, non-pollutin’
One horsepower, two miles an hour, one horse power HORSE!
The Legend of Tall Talkin’ Sam

I was born to a pioneer woman
And a Rocky Mountain mountain man
They named me Samantha Rosie-Anna
But I told ‘em I go by Sam
Had spurs on my boots, a whip in my hand
 Didn’t wail or scream or cry
I come out a ridin’ a panther
Ropin’ a twister outta the sky

My pillow is the Big Horn Mountains
I use a blanket of snow if I gotta
I lay my hat down in Montana
And my boots in Colorada,
When I start to get tired
Which happens ‘bout once a week
I blow out the moonlight
And sing the wolves to sleep

Sure I might be tall talkin’, loud squawkin’
Gotta tell it tall, to tell it right
Showboatin’, misquotin’
My tall tales are larger than life

I out ran old Davy Crockett
From Oregon to Delaware
Cuz I’m half horse, half mountain lion
Half grizzly bear
I won an arm wrestlin’ match
Against the legendary Pecos Bill
He said, “that gal’s got more grit
Than anyone ever will” (Chorus)

But there’s one thing that’s for certain
And I’m sure you’ll think it’s so
There’s too much in this old world
Even a girl like me don’t know
Like how some little stream
Carved out one big ol’ canyon
Or how a fire’s angry flame
Can be your best companion
Why lookin’ up at the stars
Will always make you feel small
And why just telling the truth
Ain’t tellin’ the whole story at all

That’s why we’re always tall talkin’ loud squawkin’
Gotta tell it tall, to tell it right
So, if you got a tale to tell, talk it tall and tell it well
Cuz this world is larger than life
Hard Road to Travel

I’m gonna sing you a good ol’ song
A song that’s true for certain
In this life, you can’t get by
Without goin’ through a little bitta hurtin’

Pull up your bootstraps, roll up your sleeves
Life is a hard road to travel
Pull up your bootstraps, roll up your sleeves
Life is a hard road to travel I believe

It’ll rain forty days, it’ll rain forty nights
And you’re never even gonna see the sunshine
On the 41st day when the clouds go away
You better be ready with a punchline

The road ahead is a dusty one
Now, I’m just tryin’ to be truthful
But there’s a chance indeed, if you plant a seed
Your path will be much more fruitful
**Shootin’ Star**

Annie Oakley was the best shooting star in the west
With a quick draw and a straight shot and a red leather vest
She could hit a bullseye, she could shoot the moon
But at the end of her shows she’d sing ‘em this tune

**Put your 6-shooter down**
**Grab your six-string guitar**
**Start singing and wishin’**
**On a long shootin’ star**
**And wish that we might**
**And wish that we may**
**Hang up our guns**
**And put the bullets away**

Buffalo Bill, was loaded with fun
His pappy was a pistol he was a son of a gun
But boys and their toys don’t always get along
So after his showdowns he’d sing ‘em this song

Calamity Jane was a sure shooter too
But she never gave glory to what shootin’ could do
But they say every legend goes out with a bang
So she put down her gun, and here’s what she sang
Sister Moon and Brother Sun

Mother Earth was in the garden while her kids were runnin’ ‘round
Sister Moon was laughing as she ran
Then Brother Sun crashed into his mother’s garden pail
Spreadin’ seeds all over the land

So they say this is how the woods were made
With the aspens, the oaks, and evergreens
Don’t you know that sometimes it happens by mistake
That we make the most beautiful things

When Brother Sun fell down in the dirt
Father Sky filled a basin with the rain
Then Sister Moon tripped and tumbled in
Splashing water all across the plains

So they say this is how the rivers were forged
With the rapids, the rushes, and the springs
Don’t you know that sometimes it happens by chance
That we make the most beautiful things

Navajo: Nízhóonígoo adah iiyah (They made it beautifully)

Sister Moon and Brother Sun were out in the yard
Throwin’ mud and digging holes in the ground.
They kicked and they rolled all over the fields
Pushing up rocks and dirt all around

So they say this is how the mountains were formed
With the peaks, the valleys, and the streams
Don’t you know that sometimes it happens by playing
That we make the most beautiful things

Nízhóonígoo adah iiyah (They made it beautifully)

At the end of the day Mother Earth was tired
And put her children down to rest - Dah’ilwoosh sha’alchíí (go to sleep my children)
She made two beds at the ends of the sky
One in the east, and one in the west

So they say this is how our days were split
By the nights, the stars, and our dreams
Don’t you know that it takes some darkness and some light
To make the most beautiful things

Nízhóonígoo adah iiyah (They made it beautifully)

Chant translation: "They made everything beautiful in the most perfect way"
Good Old Times

We used to sit around the fire
Tellin’ tales about the days of old
We’d reminisce about the times we missed
I reminisce about the stories we told
And as the fire got to dying down
And the night would start to turn back to day
We’d laugh once more for fun
And then someone would say

Yessir, Yessir, those days were fine
Yessir, Yessir, but these are the good old times

When we’re old and our memories are grey
If we have any left at all
In the spring, we’ll watch leaves being born
And then we’ll watch them change in the fall
We’ll wish that we were young again
Tell that story about your wedding day
Life is short, but we’ve had each other
And then one of us will say…

If there was a time to sing this old tune
I figured that would be now
Cuz today will be yesterday tomorrow
Ain’t it crazy how time works out
There ain’t nothin’ like a good old friend
And there ain’t many friends like you and me
We’ve got a lot of great stories
But I think we can all agree…
Lead a Horse to Water

You can drop the reins and loosen your grip
Or you can kick your spurs and crack the whip
Some try whispering, some try force
But no one can steer the spirit of a horse

You can lead a horse to water, but ya can’t make him drink
You can tell him all your thoughts, but you can’t tell him what to think
You can stare him down, but you can’t make him blink
You can lead a horse to water, but ya can’t make him drink.
**Somos Amigos**

 Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 A Stetson or a sombrero  
 It’s the hat that steers the herd  
 Doesn’t matter if you call ‘em  
 Cowboys or vaqueros  
 The best ones keep their word

 Doesn’t matter if you say  
 Ma’am or señorita  
 When you’re riding into the setting sun  
 Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 Life or la vida  
 It’s better when you’re with someone

**Somos amigos, con una distinta canción**  
**Amigos amigos, nos queremos por esta razón**

 No importa si se llama  
 Coffee o café  
 Te despierta en las mañanas  
 No importa si se llama  
 Faith o la fe  
 Pero puede mover montañas

 Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 Flag or bandera  
 It just tells you where you are  
 Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 Border or frontera  
 It disappears by strummin’ a guitar

**Somos amigos, con una distinta canción**  
**Amigos amigos, nos queremos por esta razón**

 We’re all amigos, each with a different song  
 Amigos, amigos, that’s why we get along  
 Nos queremos por esta razón

Translation:
Verse 3 – Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 Coffee or café  
 It wakes you up in the morning  
 Doesn’t matter if you call it  
 Faith or la fe  
 But it can move mountains
The Grass is Always Greener

I wish I lived in the country
So I could run around
Pickin’ chicken dinner
Diggin’ taters from the ground
I wish I lived in the country
Life would be so keen
But I’m stuck here in the city
Where the grass is not as green

I wish that it was summer
When this chilly wind don’t blow
I almost can’t remember a time
When there weren’t 10 feet of snow
I wish that it was summer
I’d run a country mile
But the grass is always greener
If you ain’t seen it for a while

I go from here to there
My pockets and my mind ain’t got no sense
I never get nowhere
And I always think I’m on the wrong side of the fence

I wish I could play the guitar
That’d be a beautiful thing
Imagine all the songs I’d sing
If I had just one more string
I wish I could play that guitar
But this banjo’s hard to lose
Cuz the bluegrass is greener
When you’ve got the blues

I wish I had me a house
Start puttin’ down some roots
A place to hang my hat
A place to wipe my boots
I wish I had me a home
Instead of livin’ on the road
But the grass is always greener
When it isn’t yours to mow (Chorus)
The Last Lullaby

Close your sleepy eyes, my little buckaroo
While the light of western skies shines down on you
It’s time to rest another day is through
So go to sleep, my little buckaroo

Yippee Yi Yo
Yippee Yi Yay
There are no more songs left to play

A mighty tree from a little acorn grew
And even Buffalo Bill was a kid once too
Don’t you know it’s time you’re rounding up a dream or two
So go to sleep my little buckaroo (Chorus)

When I grow old and my songs have been sung
And I can’t grow older and I can’t grow young
Do me a favor before sayin’ goodbye
And sing me the last lullaby (Chorus)

Move em out, move em in
Every story has to end
But some stay in your heart
They go round and round
They get lost and then found
‘Cause the end is just another place to start