This Cowboys Hat

THIS COWBOY'S HAT
As recorded by Porter Wagoner
Words and music by Jake Brooks

I was sittin' in a coffee shop - Havin' a cup and passin' time
Swappin' rodeo stories - With this cowboy friend of mine
When some motorcycle rider - Started snickerin' in the back
And started pokin' fun at my friend's hat.

One ol' boy said: "Hey Tex! - Where'd you park your horse?"
My friend just pulled his hat down low - But they couldn't be ignored
One husky dude said: - "Maybe I'll just rip that hat right off your head."
And that's when my friend turned around and said.

CHORUS
"You'll ride a black tornado - Across the western skies
You'll rope an ol' blue norther - And milk it 'til it's dry
Bulldog the Mississippi - And pin its ears down flat
Long before you take this cowboy's hat."

He said "Pardner this ol' hat - Is better left alone
It used to be my daddy's hat - But last year he passed on
My nephew skinned the rattler - That makes up the hatband
But in sixty-nine he died in Vietnam.

I got this eagle feather - From an Indian friend of mine
Somebody ran him down - Close to the Arizona line
And a real special lady - Gave me this hat pin
And I don't know if I'll see her again."

CHORUS

"Now if your leather jacket means to you - What this old hat means to me
Then we understand each other - And we'll just let it be
But it you still think it's funny - Then my back's against the wall
But you touch my hat - And you'll have to fight us all."

Well I caught a little sadness - In that gangleader's eyes
Then he turned back to the others - And they shuffled on outside
And when my friend turned back towards me - I noticed that his brim
Was turned up like a big ol' Texas grin.

CHORUS