~~180~~ 135 A **Blow You Over**

The man was a Dan nary too the fargone for our sta
He sat within cloaks that bespoke of his choised attitude
His rivals were folks about town
Couldn't figure what got him down
But he wipped out a rose then he strode down the old avenue
The lady had white boots with silver ~~adjust sp~~
Just spurs were a wantin
Her legs they were proud her hair fell intentionally down
People guessed that she'd come from the West
~~They did~~ They gave each other room
~~She saw the m~~ and didn't put to the test
She stood out like a gold tooth on the man in the moon
" " " " " " " " in town

~~He~~ Blow you over dusty winds
" " " " "
Ch. Oh times may come and people may pass
They sit on the porch and say Alas Alas
Oh Blow you over dusty winds

She saw him a comin now isn't he somethin she sighed it
Everyone else was agast at his crass showmans stance
The man stuck the rose in her mouth
Last they were ~~they~~ seen was prominadin South
The left the poor town with the 2 horses
with which it began