Along about eighteen twenty-five,
I left Tennessee very much alive
And I never would have gotten through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been a-ridin' that Tennessee stud

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa,
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Fud
Then I rode away on the Tennessee stud

CHORUS:
The Tennessee stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
And there never was a horse like the Tennessee stud

We drifted on down into no man's land
We crossed that river called the Rio Grande
I raced my horse with a Spaniard's foal
'Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold

Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud
And I got away on the Tennessee stud

Well, I got just as lonesome as a man can be
A-dreaming of my girl in Tennessee
The Tennessee stud's green eyes turned blue
'Cause he was a-dreamin' of his sweetheart, too

We loped right back across Arkansas
I whooped her brother and I whooped her pa
When I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was a-ridin' that Tennessee mare (whoa, boy)

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side
We crossed them mountains and the valleys wide
We came to Big Muddy then we forded a flood
On the Tennessee mare and the Tennessee stud

There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor
A little horse colt playin' 'round the door
I love that girl with golden hair
And the Tennessee stud loves the Tennessee mare (They're good horses)
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