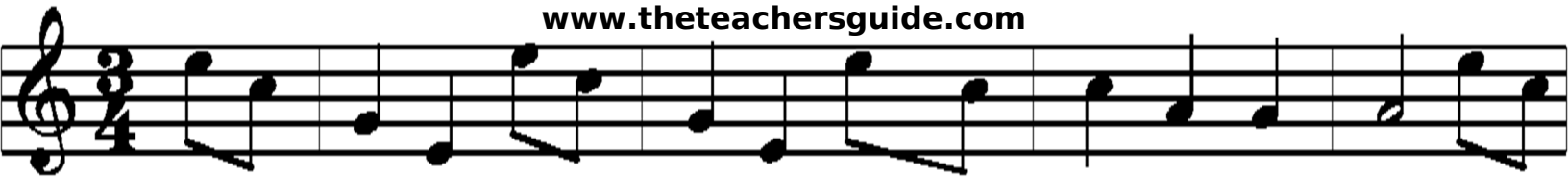
Pony Boy

Way out west, in a nest from the rest,
dwelt the bestest little Bronco Boy
He could ride, he could glide
o'er the prairies like an arrow.
Every maid in the glade was afraid
he would trade his little heart away,
So each little peach made a nice little speech
of love to him;

Pony Boy, Pony Boy, won't you be my Tony Boy?
Don't say no. Here we go off across the plains.
Marry me, carry me right away with you.
Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up, whoa! My Pony Boy.

Till one day, out that way, so they say,
came to stay a fluffy ruffle girl.
She made eyes, she surprised,
and he found his heart was lassoed.
When he thought he was caught, how he fought,
but she taught this pony boy to love.
But he balked when she talked of a trip to New York,
so she sang to him;

Pony Boy, Pony Boy, won't you be my Tony Boy?
Don't say no. Here we go off across the plains.
Marry me, carry me right away with you.
Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up, whoa! My Pony Boy.

Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up, whoooooooa! My Pony Boy