

# From RICHES to NAGS

By Darrell Arnold

I worked and slaved for several years  
'Til everything was sunny.  
I chose one day to have some fun  
With all my extra money.

I bought a big two-acre ranch  
Out on the edge of town.  
I bought a palomino horse  
That I could ride around.

And then I bought a saddle with  
A fancy padded seat,  
And a silver-conchoed bridle,  
And some Justins for my feet.

I bought a jinglin' pair of spurs.  
I bought a Stetson hat.  
I bought some Copenhagen for  
The pocket where I sat.

I bought a brand-new trailer, then  
I spent a pretty buck  
On a great big, shiny, five-speed,  
Tandem, fifth-wheel pickup truck.

I had all my equipment. I  
Was feelin' proud and pert,  
'Til that low down, ornery critter  
Dumped my nose right in the dirt.

I had to pay a horse trainer  
To break that yeller hide,  
Then I paid a little extra, and  
He taught me how to ride.

Though everything was fine now,  
I started feeling pensive.  
This happy, fun-filled horsey life  
Was gettin' right expensive.

No problem, though. I now was free  
to ride and thus enjoy  
My well-broke, well-trained, dancin',  
Prancin', palomino toy.

And for a week that's what I did  
On my high-dollar pet,  
But then he got the colic,  
And I had to call the vet.



Then both those silly youngsters  
Took to ridin' rodeos.  
Their clothes and gear and gasoline  
Had me payin' through the nose.

And here I am today, dear friends,  
In an agitated state,  
'Cause somehow those four ponies  
Have now multiplied to eight.

I'm horses and I'm money poor,  
And sufferin' great remorse,  
For once I was a wealthy man  
'Til I went and bought a horse! 🐾

Now if you're thinkin' doctors have  
Careers that make them wealthy,  
Just wait until you pay a vet  
To keep your horses healthy!

Then ol' Lightning started limping  
When he stepped down on a clod,  
So I paid another wad of bills  
And got that cayuse shod.

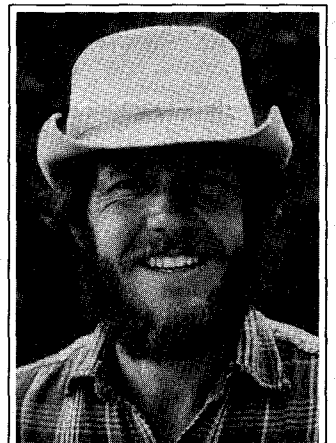
And if that wasn't quite enough,  
Then winter came my way.  
I had to build my horse a barn  
and buy a load of hay.

Then I bought a quilted blanket  
And a matching quilted hood  
To keep ol' palomino warm  
And keep him looking good.  
(SIGH)

And then I took myself a wife  
Who had a girl and son.  
They liked to ride my horse so much,  
I bought each of them one!

I tossed more dollars at the vet  
And at the trainer, too,  
And don't forget the farrier  
With his anvil and his shoe.

We had us four fine horses now  
So, to get where we could ride,  
I bought a bigger trailer, yet  
And more money I 'good-byed'.



#### PHOTO BIOGRAPHY:

Darrell Arnold, formerly of La Veta, Colo., has been writing cowboy poetry for some ten years. His future endeavors include writing a book of poetry based on historical Colorado residents. Darrell is now associate editor of *Western Horseman*, and if you don't recognize him when you meet him, it's because he no longer sports a full growth of whiskers. And our magazine staff is buying him a REAL hat.