The Painter Cat song lyrics

Lester loved horses all his life,
And I'm here to tell you why.
If it wasn't for his trusty horse,
Lester surely could have died.

Up on Big Savage Mountain,
Back that lonesome Rinker Road,
Lester went to help folks butcher,
And on a Belgian horse he rode.

Although he wasn't grow'd up yet,
He had experience with the job.
He rolled his sleeves up like the rest,
And they worked up several hogs.

Neighbors helpin' neighbors
Is how things worked in that day.
They wrote their time in notebooks,
an made the difference up with pay.

Now Lester, he was plum wore out
After cuttin' hogs up all day.
He wrapped his butcher knife in newsprint,
And on that big horse he rode away.

Rinker road was just two wagon ruts
That ran along Big Savage Mountain.
He knew his horse would get'm home,
On that there was no doubt'n.

It was long after darkness fell
As he rode on through the woods.
Then a painter cat began screamin'
And frightened Lester purdy good.

He spurred his horse into a run,
And unwrapped his butcher knife,
For If that painter caught up with them,
He'd be a fightin' for his life.

That horse, it ran and ran,
And then it ran a little more.
It ran right past the board yard,
And past the Troutman cabin door.

It galloped thru the Felty crossroad
And dashed down his father's lane.
One hand held the butcher knife,
The other clung to the horse's mane.

That horse brought Lester home,
And he galloped to the barn.
He was all hot and lathered up,
But he kept them safe from harm.

Lester loved horses all his life,
And now you know the reason why.
If it wasn't for his trusty horse,
He surely could have died.

Oh, if it wasn't for that trusty horse
Lester surely could have died.