



### FIGGER IT OUT

There's a big Christmas package hung up on the fence.  
This Cow Pony thinks that it doesn't make sense.  
He shows mighty plain jest the way that he feels,  
'Bout that big paper box and its bright Christmas seals.

Old cow boy, it's got you to figgerin' too,  
Scratchin' yore head. You don't know what to do.  
The box is too big to tie on by the string.  
It might break, or get shook till you ruint the thing.

If yore hoss breaks in two he's a hard one to ride.  
You cain't do it and carry the package beside.  
If he starts in to buck, it's a mighty good chance  
You'll be facin' the sky with the seat of your pants.

Besides you have got quite a long ways to go.  
You don't want to do it on foot in the snow.  
Yes, yore hoss is plum hostile about the affair.  
He don't know about Christmas; what's more he don't care.