

A stylized illustration of a cowboy's face, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and a light blue shirt with a silver concho. The face is framed by a large horseshoe. The background within the horseshoe shows a landscape with green hills under a twilight sky with a crescent moon and stars. The entire composition is set within a decorative border of orange and brown leaves.

Bucking Horse Moon

WYLIE AND **THE WILD WEST**

— Whip Out a Yodel

Since I was a kid I've had an affinity for Polka music and yodeling.

Every morning at 7 a.m. KSEN radio in Shelby, MT would crank out a polka tune to get all the Swedes, Norwegians and Germans off on the right foot. When I was 13 years old I heard Elton Britt rip out a yodel and to me, it was more rockin' than Jimmy Page's best guitar solo.

I work all day like an old pack mule
I must be some kinda fool
Whole lotta humpin' for a little bit o' pay
And I'm dull boy by the end of the day

So when I'm down and feeling blue
There's one thing I like to do
There's just one thing to do

I whip out a yodel
I just crank out a yodel

With a hand on the shovel
and a foot in the grave
I'm feelin' like a dog
of a ditch digger's slave
It's a cruel cruel world but I don't care
No one ever told me that life was fair
So when I'm down and feelin' blue
There's one thing that gets me through....

The moral of the story is plain to see
I man's about as happy as he wants to be
So put a smile in your heart
and a yodel in your soul
And let the good times roll. Hey!

— Out West

I love it out here where there is plenty of elbow room and happiness flows like a mountain spring from the cracks and crevices of our Western lifestyle. I've traveled the world and no place compares

The sun shines brighter out West
The sun shines brighter out West
Where the sun shines brighter,
hearts are lighter
In my happy little home out West

The skies are bluer out West
The skies are bluer out West
Where the skies are bluer,
troubles are fewer
In my happy little home out West

There's room to ride out West
Yes there's room to ride out West
Lots of room to ride
& I'm plum satisfied
In my happy little home out West

— 16 Hands

The horse has allowed me to reach places I never could have found as a pedestrian. He is a reflection of God's grace and beauty and always has a calming effect on my soul.

Devil's on my trail but he can't catch me
Devil's on my trail but he can't catch me
I ride the roan mare,
she was built for speed
I'm 16 hands closer to God



Wylie & Kim on the trail

I worship in a church not made by man
I worship in a church not made by man
Her walls will never crumble
and turn to sand
I'm 16 hands closer to God

I was a prisoner but now I am free
I was a prisoner but now I am free
My savior bled and died for me
Staked to the timber of an old pine tree
I'm 16 hands closer to God

— Bucking Horse Moon

A fine tune by the ace cowboy songwriting team of Paul Zarzyski and Tom Russell. Their marriage of lyric and melody is top shelf in today's songwriting circles. The work of these two good men have inspired many listeners to seek the truth in our cowboy culture.

Down a one lane road
there's a dusty fairgrounds
Where I learned the bronc trade
and I fell in love
With a blue eyed twister
and her smoky whisper
She said they called
her the Cimarron dove

We'd spool our bedrolls on down together
My calloused hands combed thru her hair
she'd stare at a star
thru an old mesquite tree
See that moon shadow?
There's a bucking horse there

Sweet bird of youth no easy keeper
Flown with the seasons all too soon
Beneath Montana's blue roan skies
Nevada starlight
and a bucking horse moon

Our love reeled out like a Western movie
Down hard worn highways
thru the rodeo towns
Wrapped in her wings for a midnight flight
That bucking horse moon kept shining down
But Heart and bone are made for breaking
The Cimarron dove flown with the wind
Then a bronc in Prescott
rolled on my back
I'll never ride roughstock again
Wyoming Sunsets
and a bucking horse moon



— Rodeo to the Bone

The beginning of writing a song with Zarzo is like ridin' a wild bronc. The hope and promise of something good starts when we get into our fax-a-thon of words and ideas. We made it to the buzzer on this song. Thanks for the good ride Zarzo.

He's rock n roweled for eons
He's a cowpoke rolling stone
Compound and spiral fractures
From six strawberry roans
He's a chiropractic snafu
An orthopedic wreck
Of spinal column fusion
From his tailbone to his neck
Kinfolk to the missing link
A stone age pedigree
A T-Rex twistin' cove man
Began his family tree



He's a carbon dated fossil
The tick that kicked off time
A wild and woolly mammoth rasslin'
Relic past his prime

He's a rough stock Frankenstein
Stapled up and sewn
A bronc stompin' honky tonkin'
Indiana Jones
He's an X-Ray motion picture
Rodeo to the Bone

A tie rod in each femur
Ball joints in each hip
His doctor and mechanic
Had to form a partnership
His forehead's now a fivehead
Titanium and screws
No other creature like him
Not even in the Zoos

— True Love Travels on Gravel Road

Elvis Presley recorded this song in the 60's. A great lyric that will ring true to any team who has been hitched a while.

How many girls choose
cotton dress worlds
When they could have satin and lace
You've stood by your man,
through good times and bad
And kept a smile on your face
For love is a stranger and
hearts are in danger
On smooth streets paved with gold
True love travels down a gravel road
Down through the years we've had
hard times and tears
But they've only made our love grow
We'll stick together no matter the weather
Or how hard the wind blows
How many hearts could face
the winters we've known
And still not turn cold
Oh true love travels down a gravel road.

— Don't Take Your Guns to Town

A great song written by a great man. Johnny Cash came up with this song while he was in the Army stationed in Germany. He had a true love for cowboys and the Western lifestyle. Johnny's ability to tell a story and impart a message makes this a Western classic.

A young cowboy named Billy Joe
grew restless on the farm
A boy filled with wonderlust
who really meant no harm
He changed his clothes and shined his boots
And combed his dark hair down
And his mother cried as he walked out
Don't take your guns to town son
Leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town
He laughed and kissed his mom and said
your Billy Joe's a man
I can shoot as quick and straight



as anybody can
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause,
I'd gun nobody down
But she cried again as he loped off

He sang a song as he rode on
His guns hung at his hips
He rode into an old cow town
a smile upon his lips
He stopped and walked into a bar
and laid his money down
But his mother's words echoed again
He drank his first strong liquor then to
calm his shaking hand
And tried to tell himself at last
he had become a man
A dusty cowpoke at his side
began to laugh him down
And he heard again his mothers words

Filled with rage then Billy Joe
reached for his gun to draw
But the stranger drew his gun and fired
before he even saw
As Billy Joe fell to the floor the crowd all
gathered 'round
And wondered at his final words
Don't take your guns to town

— Eltopia Yodel

Yet another lonesome yodel inspired by traveling through God's country in the great state of Washington. My wife and I often show our cutting horses near the sparkling little community of Eltopia. This one goes out to Bob and Nina and our cutting pals.

— Where Horses are Heroes

A trip on a cutting horse that explodes with unfathomable bursts of power to stop a cow is a humbling experience. There is no nobler beast. Throughout the centuries man has risen in status by simply throwing a leg over a horse's back. He has made kings out of common men.

Send me away to the heart of the battle
Where truth can be found
in the perch of a saddle
Where fate unfolds on pastures of green
Where horses are heroes
and cowboys are kings

Take me away, way far away
Out on a cow camp cuttin' out strays
Where a good cow pony
would make a fool of machines

Where horses are heroes
and cowboys are kings

Where a man is content to be alone
With a house of sky to call his own
Where the jack pine whispers
and the Red tail screams
Where Horses are heroes
and cowboys are kings

Sing me away to the roll and the rattle
Of a thousand head of wanderin' cattle
Let the ancient song of the prairie ring
Where horses are heroes
and cowboys are kings

— Jodell

In the 1970's there lived a runnin' quarter horse named Jodell who lit up the Montana bush track circuit. He didn't have any special training regimen other than being used hard as a ranch horse on the reservation near Heart Butte. Jodell's sire was owned by my Dad and my Uncle Duke. When Jodell started winning races they upped his sire's stud fee to \$2000 which in the 70's was quite a chunk of change (the sire died while breeding a mare). Jodell went on to win many races and his bloodlines can still be found in the barrel horses, cow ponies and runnin' stock of northern Montana.

Born up high near the medicine line
Was a bush track Cadillac, a one of a kind
He could fire like a rocket, pounce like a cat
Just pop the gate and point him
down the track

Go little Jodell

Go little Jodell

Go little Jodell

Go Jo, bring it on home

When the weekend come
they'd brush him down

Jump him in the trailer and head to town

Come Monday morning
he'd be back to punchin' cattle

A packin' that 40 pound Hamley saddle

They'd come for miles just to watch him run

That Hi-line hero, native son

And though them golden days are gone

Jodell's ghost keeps a runnin' on

Beneath the juniper tree

Lonely old Bull

You're a lot like me

Tender days have passed you by

Like a leaf on a stream

Like a cloud in the sky

You ain't what you were

But you try to be

Lonely old bull

You're a lot like me

El Toro Viejo, Adios Amigo

Old Bull

Your kingdom is fleeting

Your ghosts are sleeping

The angels are weeping

You while away the hours

Beneath the Juniper tree

Lonely old Bull

You're a lot like me

El Toro Viejo, Hasta Luego

*carry us through. She is usually the
hardest working cowhand of the outfit.*

Them big city gals are a natural
At turnin' good cowboys around
Decked out in their big city finery
They'll drop a good man to the ground

I know 'cause I've been there before boys
So please take a word from the wise
There's far more to beauty I'm certain
Far more than what meets the eye

Consider the gal that you're hitched to
She'll be there when you make a stand
Maybe them bibs ain't from Paris.

Who cares? She's one heck of a hand

— Old Bull

This song is for the original cow-boy.

Old Bull

Head hanging down

Flies on your back

You ain't getting around

You while away the hours

— The Carhartt Song

*Written by my good friend, songwriter
and cowboy, DW Groethe. If you know
the ranching culture you'll get the gist of
this song. Most ranches would be severely
handicapped without the "free help" to*



My sweetheart's a gal in the Carhartts
She's a one of a kind kind of gal
Helps with the calvin' in springtime
And gathers the herd in the fall
There's no one I'd rather depend on
And though them bibs
don't look like much
Underneath that brown duck
Is most of my luck
And I'll love her till the day that I die

— Uberyodel

I wrote this one morning after way too much Yodeler's Blend coffee.

— Whispering Hope

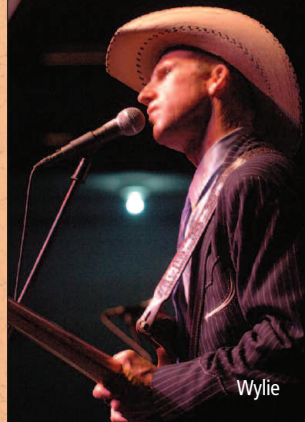
A song about a bronc owned by Sonny & Pat Linger of Miles City. Zarzo rode Whispering Hope to win the pitchin' at the Cascade Rodeo in the late 70's. If you ever run into Sonny or Pat you can have them tell you the story of how Whispering Hope got her name.

This is a song about places and changes
This is a song about time
This is a song about horses long gone

Trapped in my memory
like an 8 second rhyme
This is a song about after the winning
Figuring out how to cope
Of a ghost town Montana arena
And a bay mare called Whisperin' Hope

What ever happened to Whisperin' Hope?
What ever happened to me?
Me and that bay mare we owned that arena
And for an 8 second dance
Lord we were free
Out in front of that ramshackle beer stand
Gettin' high on fortune and fame
I remember the river and a wide eyed girl
But I'll be damned if I remember her name

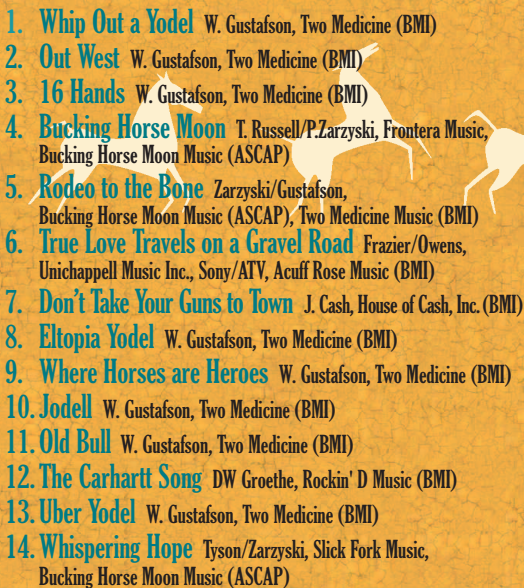
This is a song about trying to hang on
When there's no easy way to fall hard
Tumbleweeds blow through
this grandstand like smoke
Like ghosts of old broncs in a haunted graveyard
My wife and the kids,
they're growing impatient
They're waiting and wondering why
I never thought I'd be praying
in the words of a song
Whisperin' Hope goodbye



Past albums from Wylie & the Wild West:
Live at the Tractor, Hooves of the Horses,
Cowboy Ballads and Dance Songs,
Paradise, Ridin' the Hi-Line, Total Yodel,
Way Out West, Glory Trail, Cattle Call,
Get Wild, Wylie & the Wild West

Official Website: www.wyliewebsite.com
Ranch: www.crossthreequarterhorses.com

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1. **Whip Out a Yodel** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 2. **Out West** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 3. **16 Hands** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 4. **Bucking Horse Moon** T. Russell/P.Zarzyski, Frontera Music, Bucking Horse Moon Music (ASCAP)
 5. **Rodeo to the Bone** Zarzyski/Gustafson, Bucking Horse Moon Music (ASCAP), Two Medicine Music (BMI)
 6. **True Love Travels on a Gravel Road** Frazier/Owens, Unichappell Music Inc., Sony/ATV, Acuff Rose Music (BMI)
 7. **Don't Take Your Guns to Town** J. Cash, House of Cash, Inc. (BMI)
 8. **Eltopia Yodel** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 9. **Where Horses are Heroes** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 10. **Jodell** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 11. **Old Bull** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 12. **The Carhartt Song** DW Groethe, Rockin' D Music (BMI)
 13. **Uber Yodel** W. Gustafson, Two Medicine (BMI)
 14. **Whispering Hope** Tyson/Zarzyski, Slick Fork Music, Bucking Horse Moon Music (ASCAP)

DEDICATIONS: This album is dedicated to Paul Zarzyski. His words, ways and quest for excellence have inspired me to do better. The songs here are sung in memory of Joelle Smith. And a special thanks to the rest of the outfit that has helped us along the way including: John Carter Cash, T. Scot Wilburn, Josh Dreyer, Scott O'Malley & Associates, The Gustafsons, The Broeckels, The Grand Ole Opry, Dennis Crouch, Joel Neslon, Tom Russell, Juni Fisher, John Swift, Whiskey, Chris Jenkins, Mike Conklin, Carhartt, Elixir Strings, Tomkins Electric Guitars, The Western Folklife Center, Flying Five Rodeo Company, and Eddie Kilroy, XM Radio.

MUSICIANS:

RAY DOYLE- harmony vocals, baritone & electric guitar

BILLY LINNEMAN- bass

JOHN MCTIGUE- drums

HOOT HESTER- fiddle, mandolin & rhythm guitars

MIKE FRIED- steel guitars, ukulele

MARK THORNTON- gut string, electric guitar

LARRY PERKINS- banjo

JEFF TAYLOR- accordion

JUNI FISHER- harmony vocals

WYLIE GALT GUSTAFSON- vocals, acoustic guitars, elec. guitar & banjo

Produced by: John Carter Cash

Engineered by: Chuck Tuner

Second Engineer: Trey Call

Mixed by: John, Chuck & Wylie

Mastered by: Jim DeMain at Yes Master

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Booklet design: Adwerks & Kathleen Collins



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Champions - Wylie & Whiskey

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Bucking Horse Moon

1. Whip out a Yodel 2:36
2. Out West 3:01
3. 16 Hands 2:52
4. Bucking Horse Moon 4:33
5. Rodeo to the Bone 3:17
6. True Love Travels on a Gravel Road 3:26
7. Don't Take Your Guns to Town 3:17
8. Eltopia Yodel 2:42
9. Where Horses are Heroes 3:19
10. Jodell 2:39
11. Old Bull 4:31
12. The Carhartt Song 3:04
13. Uber Yodel 2:58
14. Whispering Hope 4:16

Produced by John Carter Cash

"Wylie has made many contributions to cowboy music, and with this CD he's put another good one in the barn. There is no doubt Wylie is one of the best singers no matter the genre. What sets him apart from most of the herd, is he's a 24 carat cowboy. He lives his songs in real life and I'd be plumb proud to trail with him."

— EDDIE KILROY

PROGRAM DIRECTOR, "WILLIE'S PLACE" XM RADIO

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www.wyliewebsite.com



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Bucking Horse Moon

Wylie and the Wild West

Wylie and the Wild West Bucking Horse Moon



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