

# Wet Saddle Blankets

**BY GLENDA FARRIER**

I used to make my own good horses  
Back when I was young, spongin' off Mom and Dad.  
Nowadays I have to work for a livin'  
And my horse trainin' efforts just make me mad.

I find 'em all bigger for one thing  
Than they ever used to be.  
Plus it appears they're a lot friskier  
And the fallin' seems farther to me.

I guess part of the problem is their diet.  
We feed 'em so balanced and good.  
Vaccinate and worm 'em so often  
Why, they would get sick if they could.

Then we keep 'em locked up most the time  
Don't want the little dears ta get hurt.  
No grass bellies will swell up on our horses  
And we won't let 'em play in the dirt.

We breed 'em to look purdy 'stead o' hardy  
And hot tempered 'stead o' tolerant and wise.  
We want flashy colors not some dull shade o' brown  
We jus' gotta see the fire in their eyes!

I think the main thing we're missin' now days  
In trainin' these horses just right  
Is to start 'em fresh off in the morning  
And quit 'em at evening's first light.

Few of us have the time anymore  
It takes to make a really fine mount.  
But the greatest thing that we could do  
Is give him more wet saddle blankets than he can count.