

# Rodeo Trails

Chris LeDoux

You made a few bucks in a show down in Texas  
You rode the train north threw the sand and the sage  
It took all you had to make entry in Denver  
A cheap hotel room like a cat in a cage  
But you hit a good lick when you won the bull doggin'  
Marked eighty points on that old Brahma bull  
The entry fees high up in Utah they tell me  
But your going there with a back pocket full  
Get out while you can hoss there ain't nothin' to it  
Some ornerya old broncs gonna lame you for life  
It got in your blood so you just gotta do it  
The rodeo trails gonna widder your wife  
You drew an old nag that looked easy in Utah  
But he had a temper as bad as his looks  
His high divin' twist was the worst ever you saw  
But all that you took was one for the book  
Now ten days have past your feeling much better  
Your bad leg still hurts but your thinkin' bout home  
You use your last buck to mail her a letter  
Says honey my last one is in San Anton  
Get out while you can...  
Get out while you can hoss there ain't nothin' to it  
The rodeo trails gonna widder your wife

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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