

Chris LeDoux, Riding For A Fall

Chris Ledoux

Miscellaneous

Riding For A Fall

Last night you told her, you could never hold her.

'cause a cowboy's just gotta be free.

Her heart was breakin', yours was achin',

But you saddled up to follow your dreams.

Coffee on your campfire, wind through the barbed wire,

You huddle close to the flames.

Though she's far behind you, the night wind reminds you.

It just keeps on whisperin' her name.

You can make a run for the border,

Try to hide up the hole in the wall.

But don't you know your arms are achin' to hold her.

And cowboy even though you're ridin' tall...

Cowboy you're riding for a fall..

Midnight the moons up, hands around your tin cup.

The frost settles in on the sage.

The nights gettin' colder, well, man you're gettin' older.

T'night you're feelin' you're age.

Well, why don't you turn back, just saddle up and backtrack.

You know you'll never find a love quite like hers.

And tell me, on a cold lonesome evenin', what the hell goods your

Freedom?

Don't you think it's time you hung up your spurs?

You can make a run for the border, try to hide up the hole in the wall.

But don't you know your arms are achin' to hold her.

And cowboy even though you're ridin' tall...you're ridin' for a fall.

Cowboy, you're riding for a fall...