

Chris LeDoux, Rodeo Trails

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 ornery 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