

# Radney Foster, Went For A Ride

He was black as the sky on a moonless night  
He was good with horses he never reined em too tight  
He rode with the best hell he rode with me  
and they got it all wrong in that book of history

Chorus

It wasn't cowboys and ponies it was horses and men  
It wasn't school boys and Ladies it was cowtowns and sin  
and there was blood on the leather and tears in her eyes  
we swore at the devil and went for a ride

We told some tales he told em best  
real life can always use a good stretch  
but that don't change the things we did  
cause the truest thing was the life that we lived

Chorus

More than one kind of pain more than one kind of theft  
and its bitter as the night sweet Jesus wept  
She stole my heart age stole the fire  
they stole my praire when they strung all that wire

Chorus