

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Blackie & The Rodeo King

Blackie and the Rodeo King
they were just good friends
Been to every rodeo
and they rode on every old train
Blackie lived out her life every night
trying to sort out the lies that people would
tell her
and the Rodeo King was an Indian who
found the bottle
a better friend than any old white man

Through twenty years of fighting
with the bramas and the horses and the
women
Blackie picked him up one night
he was laying face down in the gutter
and with her heart on her sleeve
which life tailored for the street
she knew that she could talk to him
and the stories he told her were enough
for him to hold her
and her to hold on to him

Counting scars in one another
as we watched the level of the
bottle go around
Blackie was a beauty
though why she was was very hard to
tell
but the faces the Lord put on us
are the actions of a heart that love
can fill
Heart to heart they're living now
Blackie and the Rodeo King