

Chris LeDoux, Born To Follow Rodeo

Faded old blue wranglers dusty cowboy hat pair of scuffed up boots upon your feet
Can of pork n beans that you opened with your knife
It aint much but its all you've got to eat
You think of what your daddy said if your money should run low
Just call I'll send your busfare to come home
But you're just to proud to take it and home wont be the same
Now you've had a taste of rodeo
You set out on the road to seek your boyhood dreams
To satisfy the hunger in your soul
You wouldn't turn back now even if you could you were born to follow rodeo

All your money's gone cept a twenty dollar bill
But thats your fees to enter old Cheyenne
And all thats in your favor is you and your try
And a deep knawing desperately to win
Ss you step out on the highway with your thumb up in the air
In your mind a promise has been made
If this way of life don't kill you or you don't starve to death
You swear you'll be the champion someday
You set out on the road...

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