

Chris LeDoux, Bull Rider

I was sittin' the a barroom one rainy afternoon
Tellin' stories about rodeo and listening to a tune
The rodeo starts tomorrow in this one horse town
So Bill took our names ane put our entries down

I went to the office the next day to see
What bareback horse I had and pay me fees
I looked on the list but my name wasn't found
I thought Bill might have forgot to put me down

I looked on the board and I happened to find
My name was on another list I was in the bull ridin'
My knees began to knock and my face began to sweat
And I heaved and gagged on the rodeo office steps

Well I may be a fool but a coward I'm not
So I borrowed a bull rope with a bell in the knot
I walked in the arena with them other bull ridin' fools
And walked down to the chutes and found my bull

Then I put my rope in the middle of his back
I had some cowboy pull out the slack
And then I wrapped the tail around my hand and back and said
Boy's open the gate just a little bitty crack

Well the bull hit the gate with his head
And I could see over his hump that his eyes were red
He bailed out of there with a big snort and beller
And something inside of me told me I was yeller

Well the dust and hairs and flies come off his hump
It whisp to my nose as he made another jump
And the stink of it all was more than I could stand
So I jerked my wrap and opened my hand

Well he jumped in the air and made one more turn
As the rope slid through my hand it sure did burn
He flang me down in a great big heap and
Right in the middle of me he did leap

With his feet on my belly standin' in place
That dirty old bull blew snot in my face
So them damned old bulls you can run 'em in a chute
And put your ropes on them big galloots
But the closest you're gonna find me to their stinkin' hair
Is to help some other fool get flug in the air

Boy the next time I see Bill I'm gonna break his dang neck
Enter me in the bull ridin'
Shoot I think I'll enter him in the Barrel Racing