

Chris LeDoux, Get Back On That Pony

Seven years old on a gold palomino I sat up tall with my face to the wind
I'd seen the rodeo cowboys in Reno so I dug in my boot heels and pulled on the reins
And Blaze he took off a running he threw me down off the side
Then my Uncle Jim picked me up once again said get back on that pony and ride
Get back on that pony and ride

So lift up your head boy I know how you're feeling
You say you won't ride with a chance you might lose
You fallen from love and your head is still reeling
Your heart and your pride have been shaken and bruised
And like Blaze she took off a running...

I'm not saying forget what you lost I suppose there's a purpose in pain
What we make of ourselves has a cost
And it's paid every time we take hold of the reins

So dust off your blue jeans get back in the saddle losing's a place to start over again
Gettin' back up there is half of the battle
And love like a pony should race with the wind
And like Blaze it takes off a running...