

Chris LeDoux, He Rides The Wild Horses

Just a [E]rodeo drifter, he [A]comes and he [E]goes,
Like a wild wind that blows in the [B7]night.
The highways and backroads are all that he knows,
Hel be gone with the mornin grey light.

Like a blue norther howlin?like the tumbleweeds blow,
There no way to settle him down.
His spirit as wild as the horses he rides,
His freedom he wears like a crown.

CHORUS

And he rides the wild horses,
The same blood flows through their veins.
Yes he rides the wild horses,
Like the horses hel never be tamed.

Hel never be broke, he won be tied down,
Hel never wear no man brand.
He won fit in with the nine to five crowd
Cause movin all he understands.

CHORUS x 2