

Chris LeDoux, Hometown Cowboy

He was just a hometown cowboy his belly kind of fat
Acme boots up on his feet and a big U-roll-it hat
He entered in the bull riding he did it on a dare
To please his little sweetheart with the long blond hair

He borrowed himself a bull rope spurs and a riding glove
To prove he was no coward to the girl he loved
His bull was standing in the chute his girl was in the stands
Waiting to hear the name of her brave young man

He climbed down on the back of that big ol' Bramer bull
One of the veteran cowboys came and gave his rope a pull
Someone said are you ready boy he said I guess I am
The bull jumped out and turned back and flung him to the sand

The hometown girl had watched it all and wasn't too impressed
She started looking around for a real man from the west
She looked around the arena and standing by the fence
Was a tall lean cowboy with a big black hat and tight fitting Levi pants

It was Jim a fine young cowboy he rode Broncs and Bramer bulls
He rodeo them quite consistently so his pockets were always full
Somehow he happened to glance up in the stands
And he saw that pretty blond haired girl as she was watching him

Meanwhile the hometown cowboy was back behind the chute
Dabbing blood off his nose and dumping sand from his boots
He got himself together wiped some manure off his shirt
He knew his girl would sloothe him cause he was darn sure hurt

He saw his blond haired girlfriend as he rounded the main grandstand
And his poor heart sank as he saw her leaving with another man
So boys if you don't rodeo leave well enough alone
And don't take your girl to the pitching cause you may not take her home