

Chris LeDoux, Re-Ride

Since I saw that rodeo in 1965
I had to try to be the greatest bareback rider alive
I went and did some practicing on pa's old ropin' mare
And I thought I'd take that bronc I'd drawed
And really part it's hair
When they opened up the gate he did a double flip

Half way through the second one is when I lost my grip
I hooked my spurs into the dees and hung with all my might
I held my breath he chinned the moon
And sucked back to the right
My boots came off and went asailin' right up in the stands
My belt it broke and shattered my watch I lost my wedding band
I scattered all my cigarettes my shirt ripped down the back.
I sure was gettin' dizzy and I thought my neck would crack
I rode him several jumps with both hands high up in the air
He jumped into an old light pole we parted company there
I landed in some muddy slop he stomped right through my side,
i knew he busted all my ribs and made me wanna die

Nothin' ever busted me like that old pony ride
I couldn't seem to catch my breath I couldn't seem to hide
I hobbled back barefooted just a searchin' for my pride

And I just couldn't believe my achin' ears
When the announcer said RE-RIDE RE-RIDE RE-RIDE
I've had enough for 20 men and he calls up RE-RIDE
RE-RIDE RE-RIDE
You'd think he got me good enough they give him one more try