

Chris LeDoux, Rodeo Moon

I took her daddy's old two-horse trailer
I patched a place in the floor that was bare
And then we loaded up her barrel pony
And a riggin' bag is all that I had
We left with our suitcases filled with desire
Four hundred dollars and two good spare tires
Now our windshield's a painting that hangs in our room
It changes each mile like the radio tune
With God up above we'll make it on love
Under the rodeo moon
Sometimes we'd sleep in a motel
When we're ridin' that hot hand of luck
And sometimes, we'd stay at a friend's house
Oh, but most times we just slept in the truck
At nighttime, you'll find us out in the fast lane
Stayin' one step ahead of the snow and the rain
Now our windshield's a painting that hangs in our room
It changes each mile like the radio tune
With God up above we'll make it on love
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