

Chris LeDoux, Running Through The Rain

Last night we rode our broncs in Seattle,
Me and Bill packed the car in the pourin' rain.
Winch and John were at the beer stand, gettin' spraddled.
But we got 'em gathered and hit the road again.
Chewin' snoose and spittin' in a bottle.
With country music blastin' on the radio.
Talkin' girls and broncs and gold beltbuckles.
Rollin' south to a California rodeo.
Just rollin' down that great American highway,
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.
Well it's rodeo time in Oakdale, California.
And we stumble with the trash out of the car.
And ole Bill looks at me through whiskers and wild, red eyeballs,
And says, we look more like hobo's than big-time rodeo stars.
Well we ride our broncs and we all win a little money.
And there's Winch over at the beer stand again.
But look, he's got his arm around a little California honey.
An' Bill says...I wonder if that lady there's got any friends.
Just rollin' down that great American highway,
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.
Well, the years went by and now we've all got families.
Ah, but we still get together every now and then,
And we talk about all the bad broncs and good times.
Lord, somtimes I wish I was back on that road again...
Just rollin' down that great American highway,
With the moernin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.
Just chasin dreams and followin' a rainbow...
Like crazy children runnin' through the rain...