

# Chris LeDoux, Ten Seconds In The Saddle

Well I'll gladly take ten seconds in the saddle  
For a lifetime of watching from the stands

[ guitar ]

His Stetson was faded and battered and worn  
The stubble of his beard showed flex of gray  
His limp was severe cause a leg had been torn by a bronc in his rodeo days  
He hung round the chutes while we waited to mount  
With a vague look of longing in his eyes  
He spoke very few words but he made 'em count  
He was broken forgotten but wise  
He said life's is just like ridin' broncs its a battle  
Then he rolled a cigarette with shaky hands  
Son I'll gladly take ten seconds in the saddle  
For a lifetime of watching from the stands

[ guitar ]

I noticed the cigarette burns on his vest  
And the rembrandt of a dream left in his eyes  
The boys said he could have well been the best  
Had not fate cheated him of his prize  
Oh but I learned a lesson that I never known  
From this guy who'd been busted so bad  
It's better to ride even if you get throwed  
Than to wind up just wishing you had  
He said life's is just like...  
Yes I'll gladly take ten seconds in the saddle  
For a lifetime of watching from the stands