

# Chris LeDoux, Them Bareback Horses

Them bareback horses are the only thing  
They make your back hurt they make your bell ring  
They're hard on tailbones and they make your neck sore  
But when it's all over you're craving some more

Well you drive down the road in a broke down car  
You stop in some town you wonder where in the hell you are  
You get yourself a road map and head out once again  
With only enough for fees so you'd damn sure better win  
You finally make the pitchin' with your entry fees all paid  
You get on another snatcher and he flings you away  
So you head to town broken hearted lookin' for a chance  
To get a little drunk and find some girl and dance  
Well you meet a little girl at the bar all alone  
You whoop some words on her to get her to take you home  
But she's got a big boyfriend who just came from the can  
And he says move on there buddy cause he's her lovin' man  
So you climb back in your car after your little bitty fight  
You're drunk and broken hearted  
And it's twelve o'clock at night  
And you ain't got a dime in your old blue jeans  
But by god you got a half a tank of gas  
And a can of pork and beans

You write a hot check to pay your fees once again  
You got yourself a good one so you ought to win  
The horse is standin' in the chute then he bucks around  
The whistle blows then you're standin' on the ground  
The judges total their markings and they tally up the score  
And you're beatin' everybody by at least ten points or more  
So you climb back in your car with a pocket full of cash  
A good feelin' in your heart and a tank full of gas  
But boys the day finally comes when you get old and grey  
You gotta hang your spurs up and put your riggin' away  
You look back now with a wantin' eye  
But brother it's all gone so you sit and cry