

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