

Craig Morgan, Cowboy And Clown

As he climbed in the chute, the crowd held it's breath:
He was seconds from glory or moments from death.
They knew with this bull, it could go either way.
He said: "Let her go boys, an' pray."

He hung on for eight but he couldn't get loose:
That's when a clown they call Crazy came to his rescue.
When the dust finally settled, they both walked away.
Yeah, they became best of friends that day.

The cowboy an' clown, close as two brothers.
Chips up or down, they could count on each other.
Buckles an' beers, winnin' an' losin':
Laughter an' tears, broken hearts an' bruises.
They lived for the next final round:
The cowboy an' clown.

From Denver to Dallas, to the Calgary Stampede:
They took all those towns, an' a few in between.
But it ended one night, in a West Texas town:
The bulls either got faster, or ol' Crazy slowed down.

Five hundred pick-ups, lights on, drivin' slow.
A tent on the hill at the end of the road.
When the last Bible closed, one cowboy stayed.
He said: "Let her go boys, and pray."

The cowboy an' clown, close as two brothers.
Chips up or down, they could count on each other.
Buckles an' beers, winnin' an' losin':
Laughter an' tears, broken hearts an' bruises.
They lived for the next final round:
The cowboy an' clown.