

Garth Brooks, Good Ride Cowboy

From the hills of Kaycee, Wyoming
Where life's wooly and wild
There's an Air Force brat in a cowboy hat
And that Copenhagen smile
And from buckin' broncs to honky tonks
He always sang a cowboy's song
We were much too young, havin' too much fun
As we all sang along

We sang Life's a Highway
There's only one way you're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight
And just LeDoux it!
When that whistle blows
And that crowd explodes
And them pickup men are at your side
They tell you good ride cowboy, good ride

From gold buckles to gold records
Once again he was spinnin' 'round
Took the whole world on
And he turned us on to that Western Underground
And from Bareback Jack to This Cowboy's Hat
The songs were stronger than his pain
He would not slow down from town to town
Like children running thru the rain

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When we cross that river Jordan,
With St Peter on the other side
Singin' Good Ride Cowboy, Good Ride!
Say Good Ride Cowboy, Good Ride!