

Garth Brooks, Rodeo

His eyes are cold and restless
His wounds have almost healed
And she'd give half of Texas
Just to change the way he feels
She knows his love's in Tulsa
And she knows he's gonna go
Well, it ain't no woman, flesh and blood
It's that damned old rodeo

Well, it's balls and blood
It's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd
It's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle
He'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps
It's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo
It's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain
And they call the thing rodeo

She does her best to hold him
When his love comes to call
But his need for it controls him
And her back's against the wall
And it's So long girl, I'll see you
When it's time for him to go
You know the woman wants her cowboy
Like he wants his rodeo

Well, it's balls and blood
It's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd
It's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle
He'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps
It's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo
It's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain
And they call the thing rodeo

It'll drive a cowboy crazy
It'll drive a man insane
And he'll sell off everything he owns
Just to pay to play her game
And a broken home and some broken bones
Is all he'll have to show
For all the years that he spent chasin'
This dream they call rodeo

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It's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd
It's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle
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It's boots and chaps
It's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo
It's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain

And they call the thing rodeo

It's the broncs and the blood
It's the steers and the mud
And they call the thing rodeo