

Johnny Cash, Bull Rider

Well, first you gotta want to get off,
Bad enough to want to get on in the first place
And you better trust in your lady luck
Pray to God that she don't give up on you right now

Live fast
Die young
Bull rider

One hand hold is all you got
To pit you and the bull against the clock and a course crowd
And once upon a spinning ton
Nothing else you've ever done can pull this way
You're just outside the bucking chute
You lose a spur and you lose your seat and you lose yourself
By now he's bucking mean and dirty
Slinging mud and cowboy boots and kicking clowns

No fools
No fun
Bull rider

You gotta feel the way he's moving, you gotta watch his head
And brace yourself for anything that render you might dead
You know the art of hanging loose is hanging just as tight
Well, it's something like a hurricane that's dancing with a kite

Well, the rodeo is more than rough
It's a fact of life and it's tough to cut and it's beaver hats
It's drinking beer and pulling trailers
Tight lemae on barrel racers and a horse bucking

No rides
No pay
Bull rider

Live fast
Die young
Bull rider

Bull rider.