

Lyle Lovett, Farther Down The Line

(Lyle Lovett)

Let's have a hand for that young cowboy
And wish him better luck next time
And hope we see him up in Fargo
Or somewhere farther down the line
This time he sure drew a bad one
One that nobody could ride
But by the way he pulled his hat on
You knew he'd be there for the fight

And it's the classic contradiction
The unavoidable affliction
Well it don't take much to predict son
The way it always goes
One day she'll say she loves you
And the next she'll be tired of you
And push'll always come to shove you
On that midnight rodeo

He almost made it to the buzzer
Somehow he gave up in the end
He put one hand around the other
And let that pickup man on in
And it was his last chance to ride it
And now he'll have to move along
But he knows back in his mind that
He won't be away for long

And it's the classic contradiction
It's the unavoidable affliction
It don't take much to predict son
The way it always goes
Because one day she'll say she loves you
And the next she'll be tired of you
And push'll always come to shove you
On that midnight rodeo

So let's have a hand for that young cowboy
And wish him better luck next time
And hope we see him up in Fargo
Or somewhere farther down the line