

# Spoons, Rodeo

You're in a city of ghosts  
You hide by the fire from the cold  
Under a starless sky tonight  
And now you're riding alone  
You're caught by your heart and your soul  
And a dream and a gun by your side

Whoa...you ride around and around  
In the rodeo  
Whoa...

They find you guilty again  
The marshal can't make up his mind  
And the hangman waits in the rain again  
The wind is calling your name  
And just when you think it's the end  
She rides in  
To the rescue again

Whoa...you ride around and around  
In the rodeo  
Whoa...you end up down in the dirt  
Life's a rodeo  
Whoa...

It feels like hell  
But it's gonna get better  
It feels like hell  
But it's gonna get better  
It feels like hell  
But it always gets better!

Whoa...you ride around and around  
In the rodeo  
Whoa...get up off the ground  
Life's a rodeo  
Whoa...