

# This Ain't My Rodeo

Vern Gosdin

You say, you're Mama called and you must go  
She's down in the bed and needs you so  
And you don't know if you'll be coming home tonight or not  
But, honey ain't you're mama sick a lot?

Lately, your head hurts every night  
Could it be, you wear your clothes too tight?  
Since you don't seem to hear or see a thing I say or do  
Then I know, there's nothing I can do for you

This ain't my first rodeo  
This ain't the first time this old cowboy's been throwed  
This ain't the first, I've seen this dog and pony show  
This ain't my first rodeo

You're telling me you lost you're wedding band  
Somehow you say, it slipped right off you're hand  
When I asked about those boxes, stacked there, by the door  
You say, it's just some old things you don't wear no more

I didn't make it all the way through school  
But my Mama didn't raise any fool  
I may not be the Einstein of our time  
But honey, I'm not dumb and I'm not blind

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Honey, this ain't my first rodeo

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Honey, this ain't my first