

# Bad Brahma Bull

Chris LeDoux

I was snappin' out broncs at the Old Flyin' you  
At forty a month a plum good buckaroo  
Well, the boss comes around and he says, hey my lad  
Well, you look pretty good ridin' horses that's bad

You see, I ain't got no more outlaws to break  
But I'll buy you a ticket and I'll give you a stake  
At ridin' them bad ones, well, you ain't slow  
And you might do some good at the big rodeo

While they're puttin' the bull in the chute  
I'm strappin' my spurs to the heels of my boots  
I looks that bull over and to my surprise  
Well, he's a foot and a half in between his two eyes

On top of his shoulders, he's got a big hump  
I lands in his middle and I lets out a scream  
He comes out with a beller and the rest is a dream

Well, he jumps to the left and he lands towards the right  
But I ain't no green horn, I'm still sittin' tight  
The dust starts to foggin' right out of his skin  
He's a wavin' them horns right under my chin

At sunnin' his belly, he couldn't be beat  
He's a showin' the buzzards the soles of his feet  
He's a dippin' so low that my boots filled with dirt  
He's a makin' a whip of the tail of my shirt

He's a snappin' the buttons right off of my clothes  
He's a buckin' and a bawlin' and a blowin' his nose  
The crowd starts to cheerin' both me and that bull  
Well, he needed no help but I had my hands full

Then he goes to fence rowin' and weavin' behind  
My head went poppin', I sorta went blind  
He starts in high divin', I lets out a groan  
We went up together but he come back alone

Up high I turns over and below I can see  
He's a pawin' up dirt just a waitin' for me  
I can picture a grave and a big slab of wood  
Sayin' here lies a twister who thought he was good

I notices somethin' don't seem can be true  
But the brand on his hip was a Big Flyin' you  
When I landed, he charged but I got enough sense  
So I ran that old bull to the hole in the fence

I dives through that hole and I want you to know  
I ain't goin' back to no big rodeo  
At a straddlin' them Brahmas, you can bet I'm all through  
I'm sore footin' it back to the Old Flyin' you