

Round And Round She Goes

Chris LeDoux

On a cold montana morning
On the road to idaho
I watched her order hot and black to go.
And her boots and spurs and blue jeans
And the lonely in her eyes
Told me just how much she loved the rodeos.

I asked where she was headin',
She said, the boise show.
She took a third in butte just yesterday.
No, she never has been married,
And she probably never will,
'cause silver buckle dreams
Don't leave time for standing still.

Round and round and round she goes
Where she stops nobody knows.
The miles are gettin' longer,
The nights they never end.
Old rodeos and livestock shows

Keep the lady on the go.
Lord, she loves to run those barrels,
And it's the only life she knows.

For now on fifteen seasons
The circuit's been her home,
And at times she misses kids she never had.
But she wouldn't trade a minute
Of the years that she's got in it,
'cause she's had herself some happy,
She's learned to take the sad.
When I looked up from my coffee
I saw boise on her mind,
She had that look of leavin' in her eyes.
As she drove into the morning
It slowly dawned on me
How hard it is to tell a dream goodbye

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