

Scatter The Ashes

Chris LeDoux

He got busted up bad down in Lubbock
He was taking the greyhound back home.
Though the fire in his eye never flickered,
He knew the best of his good days were gone,
He said I'm thinking a lot about retiring,
But the rodeo life is all that I know,
Saying I don't know what to do with the rest,
But I'm too burned out to go on.
He said,

Scatter the ashes over the road,
Then let a strong wind blow,
When I can't walk away,
It's my time to go.

He said son my road map to heaven
Sometimes leads me out of the way
Through those rodeo towns and those drunken' old sundowns
Someday to an early grave.

He pulled his saddle up over his shoulder,
He said before you throw dirt on my bones,
Hey tell me what do you do with the broken old cowboy.
Who spend his whole life being thrown.
He said,

Scatter the ashes over the road,
Then let a strong wind blow,
When I can't walk away,
It's my time to go.
(3x)