

The Bull Rider

Chris LeDoux

I was sittin' in bar room one rainy afternoon
Tellin' stories about rodeo and listening to a tune
The rodeo starts tomorrow in this one horse town
So joe (or name of your choice) took our names and put our entr
ies down. i went to the office the next day to see
What bareback horse I had and to pay my fees.
I looked on the list but my name wasn't found
I thought joe might of forgot to put me down.
Well, I looked on the board and I happened to find,
My name was on another list, I was in the bull riding.
My knees began to knock and my face began to sweat,
Then I heaved and gagged on the rodeo office steps.
Well, I may be a fool but a coward I'm not,
So I borrowed a bull rope with a bell in the knot.
I walked in the arena with them other bullridin' fools,
Walked down the chutes, and found my bull.
Then I put my rope in the middle of his back,
Then had some cowboy pull up the slack,
Then I wrapped the tail around my hand and back,
And said "boys, open the gate just a little bitty crack!".
Well, the bull hit the gate with his head
And I could see over his hump that his eyes was red.
He bailed outta there with a big snort and a beller'
And somethin' inside me told me I was yeller'
The dust and hair and flies from off his hump,
Did whisk to my nose as he made another jump.
And the stink of it all was more than I could stand,
So I jerked my wrap, and opened my hand.
Well, he jumped through air as he made one more turn,
That rope slid through my hand it sure did burn.
He flang me down in a great big heap,
And right in the middle of me he did leap.
With his feet on my belly, standing in place,
That dirty ole' bull, blew snot in my face.
Well, them danged ole bulls you can run 'em the chutes,
Put your ropes on them big gallutes,
But the closest your gonna find me to their stinkin' hair,
Is to help some other fool get flung in the air.