

Winner

Chris LeDoux

When he was a boy dreamed of bein' a man
Probably dreamed every thing that a young boy can
He's a lover a fighter a saddle bronc rider an all around hell
of a hand
And the spot lights on the sawdust that shines in his brain
And his dreams are the bones in his soul
And there's rivers of dance halls and wild red eyeballs on the
road to the big rodeo

Well the chutes are all loaded the riggins are set Lord the cow
boy's ready to ride
Well it's pull down his hat and he spit out his chew
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight
The horse in chute eight he's a kickin' the gate
Lord he's big and he's hard and he's crazy
And the chute boss is a hollerin'
Come on boys get on 'em I'm commencin' to think you're all lazy
And the spot lights on the sawdust...
With his spurs in his shoulders the horse comes unglued
It's like ridin' some kind of explosion
And the bronc he starts spinnin' the cowboy's a grinnin'
Doin' fine there in all the commotion
The crowd's on its feet the whistle she blows
And the pickup men rush to his side
As they pull him away he hears one of 'em say
Looks to me like a winnin' ride
And the spot lights on the sawdust that shines in his brain
And his dreams are the bones in his soul
And it's all comin' true right in front of his eyes
Cause he's the feller who won the big rodeo