

## 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