

## Cowboy And Clown

Craig Morgan

As he climbed in the chute, the crowd held it's breath  
He was seconds from glory or moments from death  
They knew with this bull, it could go either way  
He said, "Let her go boys, and pray?  
He hung on for eight but he couldn't get loose  
That's when a clown they call Crazy came to his rescue  
When the dust finally settled, they both walked away  
Yeah, they became best of friends that day  
The cowboy and clown, close as two brothers  
Chips up or down, they could count on each other  
Buckles and beers, winning and losing  
Laughter and tears, broken hearts and bruises  
They lived for the next final round, the cowboy and clown  
From Denver to Dallas, to the Calgary stampede  
They took all those towns, and a few in between  
But it ended one night, in a West Texas town  
The bulls either got faster, or old Crazy slowed down  
Five hundred pick-ups, lights on, driving slow  
A tent on the hill at the end of the road  
When the last bible closed, one cowboy stayed  
He said, "Let her go boys, and pray?  
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