

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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