

Good Ride Cowboy

Garth Brooks

From the hills to Kaycee, Wyoming
Where life's wooly and wild
Came an Air Force brat
In a cowboy hat
And that Copenhagen smile
And from bucking broncs
To honky tonks
He always sang a cowboy's song
We were much too young
Having too much fun
As we all sang along

(And we sang) Life's a highway
There's only one way
You're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist
Be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight
And just LeDoux it
When that whistle blows
And that crowd explodes
And them pickup men are at your side
They tell you good ride cowboy, good ride

From gold buckles to gold records
Well once again he was spinning 'round
Took the whole world on
And he turned us on
To that Western Underground
And from "Bareback Jack"
To "This Cowboy's Hat"
The songs were stronger than his pain
He would not slow down
From town to town
Like children running through the rain

(And we sang)
Life's a highway
There's only one way
You're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist
Be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight
And just LeDoux it
When that whistle blows
And that crowd explodes
And them pickup men are at your side
They tell you good ride cowboy, good ride

(And we sang)
Life's a highway
There's only one way
You're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist
Be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight
And just LeDoux it

When that whistle blows
And that crowd explodes
And them pickup men are at your side
They tell you good ride cowboy, good ride

I bet he crossed that river Jordan
With St. Peter on the other side
Singing good ride cowboy, good ride
Good ride cowboy, good ride