Lone Star Blues

George Strait

At a truck stop in San Angelo
I saw a billboard about this rodeo
This weekend out in El Paso
So I signed up to ride

I drew a bull called Original Sin
I heard he'd killed a couple of men
Thinkin' this was somethin' I could win
Cause the devil was on my side

I was havin' myself one hell of a ride
But I ended up disqualified
That danged old bull just up and died
Before they blew the whistle

With them north Texas blues
Thought I'd paid all my dues
Then them south Texas blues
Told me son you ain't through
Had the east Texas blues
And the west Texas too
I've done all I know to do
Tryin' to lose, tryin' to lose
These old lone star blues

Well I got laid off at Brown & Root
Then on my way back to Cut and Shoot
I lost my wristwatch and my boots
Shootin' dice with a dude from Houston

Well there ain't no jobs here workin' cattle
So I got on part time haulin' gravel
With some outfit from Seattle
Down here buildin' custom homes

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Well I gassed my truck and I packed my clothes
Turned in the key and hit the road
I said Cowtown's where I'll go
You never know I might get lucky

Well I got a friend there turning knobs
At a place called Billy Bob's
Said he could get me a job there
Workin' as a bouncer

First night on the job was just insane
Some ol' boy got all deranged

Hit me in the head with a Harley chain
To this day my ears still ring

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