

## Remember The Ride

Perfect Stranger

He spent his days with horses  
And his nights with Rosalee  
He spent his pay on whiskey  
That was made in Tennessee  
As I was growing up  
He spent a lot of time with me  
When I'd ask him about women  
He'd just grin  
He said son I know horses  
Like the back of my hand

He said some were born to run  
Some will stomp you just for fun  
And some have got the devil in their eyes  
There's some that you can trust  
Some will leave you in the dust  
And the wild ones will shake you up inside  
But you'll always remember the ride

Like him I rode some horses  
Some were fast and some were slow  
I've known my share of women  
I've seen 'em come  
I've seen 'em go  
The horses I could handle  
But the women got me thrown  
Now I smile when I remember that old man  
Because he knew more than horses  
Like the back of his hand

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