

Bull Rider

Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell

First you've gotta wanna get a hold
Bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place
And you'd better trust in you lady love
Pray to God she don't give up on you right now Live fast, die young
Bull rider One hand hold is all you got
But you and the bull against the clock
And of course, the crowd And once upon a spinning turn
Nothing else you ever done can pull this weight
Just outside the buckin' shoe
You lose a spur, you lose, you'll see me lose yourself By now he's buckin' mean and dirty
Slingin' shit in cowboy boots and kickin' clowns No fools, the fun
Bull rider You gotta feel the way (just feel the way)
You gotta watch his head (gotta watch his head)
Embrace yourself for anything
That will render you my friend You know the art of hanging this
Hanging just as tight
Well it's something like a hurricane
Dancing with a kite Well the rodeo this morning rode
It's a fact of life and it's tough to cut in its favorite hats
It's drinking beer and pulling trails
Idle may on barrel racers and of course a buck No ridin', no pain
Bull rider Live fast, die young
Bull rider

Songwriters

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