Bull Rider

Norah Jones

Well first you gotta wanna get off bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place
And you better trust in your lady luck
Pray to God that she don't give up on you right nowLive fast die young bull riderOne hand hold is all you got it's you and the bull against the clock and a cross crowd
And once upon a spinnin' ton nothin' else you've ever done can pull this wayYou're just outside the buckin' shoot
Lose a spur you lose your seat and you lose yourself
By now he's buckin' mean and dirty
Slingin' mud and cowboy boots and kickin' clownsNo fools no fun bull riderYou gotta feel the way he's movin' you gotta watch his head
And brace yourself for anything that a friend of you might deadYou know the art of hangin' loose hangin' just as tight
Well there's something like a hurricane who's dancin' with the kiteLive fast die young bull riderWell the rodeo is more than rough
It's a fact of life it's tough to cut his fever assIt's drinkin' beer and pullin' trailers
Tighten may on barreled razors and horse's buckNo fools no fun bull rider
Live fast die young bull rider

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