

Rodeo

Garth Brooks

His eyes are cold and restless
His wounds have almost healed
And she'd give half of Texas
Just to change the way he feels
She knows his love's in Tulsa
And she knows he's gonna go
Well it ain't no woman flesh and blood
It's that damned old rodeo
Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo
She does her best to hold him
When his love comes to call
But his need for it controls him
And her back's against the wall
And it's So long girl I'll see you
When it's time for him to go
You know the woman wants her cowboy
Like he wants his rodeo
Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle, he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo
It'll drive a cowboy crazy
It'll drive the man insane
And he'll sell off everything he owns
Just to pay to play the game
And a broken home and some broken bones
Is all he'll have to show
For all the years that he spent chasin'
This dream they call rodeo
Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his knuckles
The gold in the buckle, he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo
It's the broncs and the blood
It's the steers and the mud
And they call the thing rodeo

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>