Bull Rider

Jack Shit

First youâ€™ve gotta wanna get a hold
Bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place
And youâ€™d better trust in you lady love
Pray to God she donâ€™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, youâ€™ll see me lose yourself

By now heâ€™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 itâ€™s something like a hurricane
Dancing with a kite

Well the rodeo this morning rode
Itâ€™s a fact of life and itâ€™s tough to cut in its favorite hats
Itâ€™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

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