

# Funny Bone

Guy Clark

Well, he used to be a pretty good rodeo clown  
People loved to watch him horse around  
When that rank black bucked em all down  
He was a pretty good rodeo clown

Till he met the gal who sold the souvenirs  
He could make her smile from ear to ear  
They stayed up all night drinkin' rodeo beer  
He was a pretty good rodeo clown

He don't laugh much anymore  
Since she locked her trailer door  
Tears and grease paint will not mix  
And old dogs will not learn new tricks  
Hes got that smile painted on,  
Nobody knows something's wrong  
She broke his funny bone  
Broke his funny bone

When that new young bull rider came on the circuit  
Oh in about, eight seconds flat she was gone  
Now he asks himself if she was worth it  
You can hide your heart in a barrel for just so long

He don't laugh much anymore  
Since she locked her trailer door  
Tears and grease paint will not mix  
And old dogs will not learn new tricks  
Hes got that smile painted on,  
And we all knew what was wrong  
She broke his funny bone  
She broke his funny bone couch

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