

The Bull

Kip Moore

Who knows?
I might wind up on the cover of a Rolling Stone
With a pair of shades and a Grammy in my hand
Just a blue jean boy in a great big world of yes
I got my speech already in my head
Then I'll say, then I'll say, yeah I'll say Thank you uncle Dean for teaching me La Bamba on guitar
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart
Thank you mama for the roll and
Thank you daddy for the rock
Most of all, most of all
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off, wooh
Aw hell what if?
I turn the rhymes up in my mind into a hit
Then it played a hundred times a day on the radio
Then it gave a little broken heart somewhere some hope
And I'd jump up on the stage and the chorus would go
Da da da, da da da, da da da Thank you uncle Dean for teaching me La Bamba on guitar
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart
Thank you mama for the roll and
Thank you daddy for the rock
Most of all, most of all
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off, yeah Every knock down in the dirt
Every no I ever heard
Sure feel good to laugh when I look back and flip the bull the bird
Every nail that ripped my shirt
Every no I ever heard
Sure feel good to laugh when I look back and flip the bull the bird
Then I'll say, then I'll say, then I'll say
Thank you uncle Dean for teaching La Bamba on guitar
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart
Thank you Lynchburg for the nights I needed edges took away
Thank you vinyl for the soundtrack to my life it's sure been great
Thank you mama for the roll and
Thank you daddy for the rock
Most of all, most of all
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off
Yeah, most of all
Thank you each and every bull that bucked me off And I say, and I say, and I say, and I say
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>