

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.

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