

# Bull Rider

Norah Jones

Well first you gotta wanna get off bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place  
And you better trust in your lady luck  
Pray to God that she don't give up on you right now  
Live fast die young bull rider  
One hand hold is all you got it's you and the bull against the clock and a cross crowd  
And once upon a spinnin' ton nothin' else you've ever done can pull this way  
You're just outside the buckin' shoot  
Lose a spur you lose your seat and you lose yourself  
By now he's buckin' mean and dirty  
Slingin' mud and cowboy boots and kickin' clowns  
No fools no fun bull rider

You gotta feel the way he's movin' you gotta watch his head  
And brace yourself for anything that a friend of you might dead  
You know the art of hangin' loose hangin' just as tight  
Well there's something like a hurricane who's dancin' with the kite  
Live fast die young bull rider  
Well the rodeo is more than rough  
It's a fact of life it's tough to cut his fever ass  
It's drinkin' beer and pullin' trailers  
Tighten may on barreled razors and horse's buck  
No fools no fun bull rider  
Live fast die young bull rider

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