

# Buckin' Horse Rider

Corb Lund

He's been hung up and stepped on and out-drawed and reduced to tears

He's done his best thinking with his hand in the rigging for years

He's got an old trophy saddle he won back in '75

He's getting too old to travel, he's lucky he's even alive Well he's a buckin' horse rider and he likes 'em a little  
wilder than most

And you can tell just by looking, though he'd be the last one to boast

Unless he's been drinking, but hell he's been dry now for months

He's a buckin' horse rider, he won down in Pendleton once He's rode Moonshine and Three Bars and Hatrack  
and Kessler's whole string

There ain't a sound he likes better than hearing them silver spurs ring

The squeak of the resin and leather and the thump of the hooves

He's a buckin' horse rider and today he's got nothing to lose Well he's a buckin' horse rider and he likes 'em a  
little wilder than most

And you can tell just by looking, though he'd be the last one to boast

Unless he's been drinking, but hell he's been dry now for months

He's a buckin' horse rider, he won up at Calgary once

Yeah, he's a buckin' horse rider, he even won old Cheyenne once

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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