National Finals Rodeo

Chris LeDoux

A rodeo's just a rodeo after riding several years
From ol' Cheyenne to Houston, they never cause too much fear
But let me tell you about one that will chill your very soul
It happens in December when it's snowin' and it's coldIn Oklahoma City there's a building of concrete
It's where the toughest stock and men will gather and compete
The points have all been tallied and the stock has all been brought
We've got just two more hours 'cause it starts at eight o'clockIt's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport
Hey rookie, can you take ten head, have you got the heart?
You think you're a tough cowboy, we'll find out in the end
When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the penThe coliseum's quiet except for the sounds
Of cowboys getting ready and the workmen of the grounds
The cowboys ask each other, what each other's got
"Did you draw ol' Necklace or pluck old Double-Ought?"The tension now is mounting as the crowd starts pouring in
A shiver goes all through me like from a cold, cold wind
I hear the horses comin', runnin' down the alleyway
They're snortin' and a blowin' as men shut the sliding gatesIt's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport
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You think you're a tough cowboy, we'll find out in the end
When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the penWe had too much time a while ago but not enough time now
The Anthem is now over, the grand entry's going out
I sit there on my bronc, I'm ready and I wait
I hear a chute gate open so I look out through the gateA horse comes boiling out and blows up at the roof
And then out comes another kicking like a curly wolf
I hear the chute boss holler through the yelling of the crowd
He says, there's one ahead of you so you'd better get screwed downIt's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport
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You think you're a tough cowboy, we'll find out in the end
When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the penI nod my head, I'm in a daze, the horse goes boiling out
I run my spurs into his neck and then I drag 'em out
My mind is in a blur, my eyes are seeing red
The flank catch slams into my back, his rump bangs on my headFrom somewhere in the background I can hear a buzzer sound
My hand's jerked from the riggin' and I crash into the ground
I stumble to my feet and as I stagger to the wall
I wonder to myself, is it really worth it all?It's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport

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