

# Bull Rider

Emmylou Harris

First youâ€™ve gotta wanna get a hold  
Bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place  
And youâ€™d better trust in you lady love  
Pray to God she donâ€™t give up on you right now

Live fast, die young  
Bull rider

One hand hold is all you got  
But you and the bull against the clock  
And of course, the crowd

And once upon a spinning turn  
Nothing else you ever done can pull this weight  
Just outside the buckin' shoe  
You lose a spur, you lose, youâ€™ll see me lose yourself

By now heâ€™s buckin' mean and dirty  
Slingin' shit in cowboy boots and kickin' clowns

No fools, the fun  
Bull rider

You gotta feel the way (just feel the way)  
You gotta watch his head (gotta watch his head)  
Embrace yourself for anything  
That will render you my friend

You know the art of hanging this  
Hanging just as tight  
Well itâ€™s something like a hurricane  
Dancing with a kite

Well the rodeo this morning rode  
Itâ€™s a fact of life and itâ€™s tough to cut in its favorite hats  
Itâ€™s drinking beer and pulling trails  
Idle may on barrel racers and of course a buck

No ridin', no pain

Bull rider

Live fast, die young

Bull rider

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written by RODNEY CROWELL

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