Electric Rodeo

Jennings, Shooter

It's been sixteen weeks since I've been back home
I make a lot of money I don't know where it goes
All I know is the guitar and the bottle
My daddy was a loaded gun
He said, "It ain't no fun living on the run, son"
But everywhere I go trouble seems to follow
So I ride
And I pick my songs at night at the next big show
My friends they come and they go
And love moves a little too slow
When you're riding with an electric rodeo
I can't complain, you know I do alright
Singing my songs in a different town every night
Looking for a woman to keep me warm tonight
From California to the dirt of New York
From Dallas, Texas to the streets of Baltimore
Wishing I was home with a little girl of my own
And I ride
I pick my songs at night at the next big show
My friends they come and they go
And love moves a little too slow
When you're riding with an electric rodeo
Oh, this time will be the last time
Oh, this time will be the last time
So I ride
Yeah, I pick my songs at night at the next big show
My friends they come and they go
And love moves a little too slow
When you're riding with an electric rodeo
And you ain't got no place, you can't rest your bones

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