Bury Me At The Rodeo

The Dirty Nil

July tried to take my mind with bourbon and disease
August gonna kill me if she can
But eighty-five hundred K west of here,
theres a place so true and dear: Colorado,
my ties for you, it's trueGot a temper and an eye for truth
Got a shot to shit sweet toothAnd I don't need a day job where I'll wither every day
Heading for the mountains where I think i'm gonna stayBury me at the rodeo show
The only home I'll ever know
Where the rivers run with rye
Grass is fine and you can burn like inferno
Till all hell seems the lesser
Dead dreams at the rodeo show

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

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