

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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