

It Ain't the Years, It's the Miles

[Chris LeDoux](#)

I walked behind the chute, strapped my spurs to my boots
At that Big Rodeo in Cheyenne
Feelin' tired and sore for a ride the day before
And a thousand other rides since I began
As I climbed up the gate I heard that young cowboy sayin'
Well, that ole man ain't gonna ride and I had to smile
I said son it ain't age that makes me look this way
It ain't the years boy it's the miles
It ain't the years that I've known that have taken their toll
'Cause they've been few
If you took all the mashings the draggings and the crashings
You'd probably look the same way I do
It's the million miles of road and gettin' snatched around and trowed
That finally put the cramp in my style
It ain't age that makes me look this way, it ain't the years boy it's the miles
Went on and made my ride only
scored a sixty-five
But you know what really made my day complete
Was when I looked up just in time to see that young cowboy goin' flyin'
And land in a pile at my feet
And as the first aid came to haul him away I said
"Son you'll be alright in a little while"
He's on his way to findin' out what it's all about
It ain't the years boy it's the miles
It ain't the years that I've known that've taken their toll
Cause they've been few
If you took all the mashings the draggings and the crashings
You'd probably look the same way I do
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