Good Ride Cowboy

The Country Dance Kings

From the hills of Kaycee, Wyoming,
Where life's wooly and wild
Came a Air Force brat, in a cowboy hat
And that Copenhagen smileAnd from buckin' broncs to honky tonks
He always sang a cowboy song
We were much to young, having too much fun
As we all sang alongAnd we sang Life's a Highway
There's only one way you're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist, be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight, and just LeDoux it
When that whistle blows, and the crowd explodes
And them pickup-men are at your side
They tell you "Good ride, cowboy, good ride"(Take a ride)Well gold buckles to gold records
Once again he was spinnin' round
Took the whole world on, and he turned us on
To that Western undergroundAnd from bareback jack to this cowboy's hat
The songs were stronger than his pain
He would not slow down, from town to town
Like children running through the rainAnd he sang Life's a Highway
There's only one way you're gonna get through it
When she starts to twist, be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight, and just LeDoux it
When that whistle blows, and that crowd explodes
And them pickup-men are at your side
They tell you "Good ride, cowboy, good ride"We sang Life's a Highway
There's only one way you're gonna get through it (yeah!)
When she starts to twist, be more like Chris
Pull your hat down tight ("let me have it!"), and just LeDoux it
When that whistle blows, and that crowd explodes
And them pickup-men are at your side
They tell you "Good ride, cowboy, good ride"Then he crossed that River Jordan
With St. Peter on the other side
Singin' "Good ride, cowboy, good ride"
Say "Good ride, cowboy, good ride!"

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