

Ropin' Pen

Trent Willmon

Every Friday afternoon, I hitch up the trailer
Saddle up ol' rock an' ice down the cooler
Drive that back road until it ends
At the Ropin' Pen There's rusted out pick-ups an' fancy rigs
Twenty-thousand dollar horses then there's my ol' stag
But we're all the same the minute we ride in
To the Ropin' Pen Well, I ain't no Clayo Speed
But I give her Hell
Hell, you never can tell
Some day I just might be We'll turn a few steers an' tell a few lies
Kick back in the saddle an' philosophize
Most of life's problems, we can prob'ly solve 'em
In the Ropin' Pen We don't do it for the money, Hell, we're always broke
Just ask my ol' buddy Nathan what he'd pay to rope
He lost a couple of wives, half the fingers on his hands
To the Ropin' Pen An' it takes a little skill an' a little luck
An' you can talk smack if you can back it up
Ah, but we're all friends, no matter who wins
Here at the Ropin' Pen Well, I ain't no Clayo Speed
But I give her Hell
Hell, you never can tell
Some day I just might be We'll turn another pit of steers an' tell a few more lies
Drink another beer and hypothesize
Most of life's problems, Hell, we're gonna solve 'em
In the Ropin' Pen See y'all again, next weekend
Here at the Ropin' Pen
At the Ropin' Pen
Down at the Ropin' Pen
In the Ropin' Pen

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