Born to Follow Rodeo

Chris LeDoux

Faded old blue wranglers, dusty cowboy hat
Pair of scuffed up boots upon your feet's
Can of pork n' beans that you opened with your knife
It ain't much but it's all you've got to eatYou think of what your daddy said if your money should run low
Just call I'll send your bus fare to come home
But you're just to proud to take it and home won't be the same
Now you've had a taste of rodeoYou set out on the road to seek your boyhood dreams
To satisfy the hunger in your soul
You wouldn't turn back now even if you could
You were born to follow rodeoAll your money's gone 'cept a twenty dollar bill
But that's your fees to enter old Cheyenne
And all thats in your favor is you and your try
And a deep knawing desperately to winAs you step out on the highway with your thumb up in the air
In your mind a promise has been made
If this way of life don't kill you or you don't starve to death
You swear you'll be the champion somedayYou set out on the road to seek your boyhood dreams
To satisfy the hunger in your soul
You wouldn't turn back now even if you could
You were born to follow rodeoFaded old blue wranglers, dusty cowboy hat
And pair of scuffed up boots upon your feet's
Can of pork n' beans that you open with your knife
It ain't much but it's all you've got to eat

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