

Rodeo Man

[Kylie Frey](#)

A pair of blue eyes, a worn out cowboy hat
Yea, somehow I've always been into that
But you're more than just another rambling man to me
I'd never stand between you and your golden dreams
Before you catch that road to San Antonio
Could you leave this girl a little piece of hope? Hey Rodeo man
I ain't the rope you hold
In the palm of your hand
You can't hang on and let go when you feel the need
But when you're done chasing buckles,
Would you ride on home to me? Took everything I had just to watch you leave
Praying perfect rides and highways would bring you back to me
Well is it me that's hangin' on your mind when the motel's getting cold at night
It's hard to think what you might find
But it won't be a love as good as mine Hey Rodeo man
I ain't the rope you hold
In the palm of your hand
You can't hang on and let go when you feel the need
But when you're done chasing buckles,
Would you ride on home to me? Go win those saddles, go get your glory
Then bring it on home, make me the end of your story Rodeo man...
My Rodeo man... Hey Rodeo man
I won't be rope you hold
In the palm of your hand
You can't hang on and let go when you feel the need
But when you're done chasing buckles,
Well you know right where I'll be Your pair of blue eyes, your worn out cowboy hat
Yea somehow I'll always be into that

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