

# Running Through the Rain

[Chris LeDoux](#)

Last night we rode our broncs in Seattle  
Me and Bill packed the car in the pourin' rain  
Winch and John was at the beer stand, gettin' spraddled  
But we got 'em gathered and hit the road again  
Chewin' snooze and spittin' in a bottle  
With country music blastin' on the radio  
Talkin' girls and broncs and gold belt buckles  
Rollin' south to a California rodeo  
Just rollin' down that great American highway  
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame  
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow  
Like children runnin' through the rain  
Well it's rodeo time in Oak dale, California  
And we stumble with the trash out of the car  
And old Bill looks at me through whiskers and wild, red eyeballs  
And says, "We look more like hobo's than big-time rodeo stars"  
Well we ride our broncs and we all win a little  
money  
And there's Winch over at the beer stand again  
But look, he's got his arm around a little California honey  
And Bill says, "I wonder if that lady there's got any friends"  
Just rollin' down that great American highway  
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame  
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow  
Like children runnin' through the rain  
Well, the years went by and now we've all got families  
Ah, but we still get together every now and then  
And we talk about all the bad broncs and the good times  
Lord, sometimes I wish I was back on that road again  
Just rollin' down that great American highway  
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame  
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow  
Like children runnin' through the rain  
Just chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow  
Like a bunch of crazy kids runnin' through the rain

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