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 againChewin' 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 rodeoJust 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 rainWell 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 rainWell, 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 againJust 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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