Funny Bone

Errorsmith

Well, he used to be a pretty good rodeo clown
People loved to watch him horse around
When that rank black bucked em all down
He was a pretty good rodeo clown

Till he met the gal who sold the souvenirs
He could make her smile from ear to ear
They stayed up all night drinkin' rodeo beer
He was a pretty good rodeo clown

He don't laugh much anymore
Since she locked her trailer door
Tears and grease paint will not mix
And old dogs will not learn new tricks
Hes got that smile painted on,
Nobody knows something's wrong
She broke his funny bone
Broke his funny bone

When that new young bull rider came on the circuit
Oh in about, eight seconds flat she was gone
Now he asks himself if she was worth it
You can hide your heart in a barrel for just so long

He don't laugh much anymore
Since she locked her trailer door
Tears and grease paint will not mix
And old dogs will not learn new tricks
Hes got that smile painted on,
And we all knew what was wrong
She broke his funny bone
She broke his funny bone couch

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