

Papa Was a Rodeo

The Magnetic Fields

I like your twisted point of view, Mike

I like your questioning eyebrows

You've made it pretty clear what you like

It's only fair to tell you nowThat I leave early in the morning

And I won't be back till next year

I see that kiss-me pucker forming

But maybe you should plug it with a beer, 'causePapa was a rodeo, mama was a rock 'n' roll band

I could play guitar and rope a steer before I learned to stand

Home was anywhere with diesel gas, love was a trucker's hand

Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand

Before you kiss me you should know, papa was a rodeoThe light reflecting off the mirror ball

Looks like a thousand swirling eyes

They make me think I shouldn't be here at all

You know, every minute someone diesWhat are we doing in this dive bar?

How can you live in a place like this?

Why don't you just get into my car?

And I'll take you away I'll take that kiss now, butPapa was a rodeo, mama was a rock 'n' roll band

I could play guitar and rope a steer before I learned to stand

Home was anywhere with diesel gas, love was a trucker's hand

Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand

Before you kiss me you should know, papa was a rodeoAnd now it's 55 years later

We've had the romance of the century

After all these years wrestling gators

I still feel like crying when I think of what you said to mePapa was a rodeo, mama was a rock 'n' roll band

I could play guitar and rope a steer before I learned to stand

Home was anywhere with diesel gas, love was a trucker's hand

Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand

Before you kiss me you should know, papa was a rodeo

What a coincidence, your papa was a rodeo too

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