

# 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 now That 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, 'cause Papa 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 The 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 dies What 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, but Papa 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 And 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 me Papa 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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