

Weepies, The "Citywide Rodeo"

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Citywide rodeo, you set on the stage
Where all the clowns will go when they feel their age

I know that you think you're not good for anything
The world makes you feel so small
Get on your wooden horse
This is a ride, not a fight
No need to save face, say goodnight, Grace
"Good night, Grace."

There's dust on the stadium seats, there's dust in your
hair
You wonder how fast you'll go when you hit the air

And oh, isn't it strange how things can change you?
And oh, isn't it plain that some things unname you
So don't ask anybody else.

Citywide rodeo, step into your car
Look up at the indigo and pick out your star.

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