

Garth Brooks

"Rodeo"

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His eyes are cold and restless
His wounds have almost healed
And she'd give half of Texas
Just to change the way he feels

She knows his love's in Tulsa
And she knows he's gonna go
Well it ain't no woman flesh and blood
It's that damned old rodeo

Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his
knuckles
The gold in the buckle he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo

She does her best to hold him
When his love comes to call
But his need for it controls him
And her back's against the wall

And it's So long girl I'll see you
When it's time for him to go
You know the woman wants her cowboy
Like he wants his rodeo

Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his
knuckles
The gold in the buckle, he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo

It'll drive a cowboy crazy
It'll drive the man insane
And he'll sell off everything he owns
Just to pay to play the game

And a broken home and some broken bones

Is all he'll have to show
For all the years that he spent chasin'
This dream they call rodeo

Well it's bulls and blood, it's dust and mud
It's the roar of a Sunday crowd, it's the white in his
knuckles
The gold in the buckle, he'll win the next go 'round
It's boots and chaps, it's cowboy hats
It's spurs and latigo, it's the ropes and the reins
And the joy and the pain and they call the thing rodeo

It's the broncs and the blood
It's the steers and the mud
And they call the thing rodeo

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