

Bright Eyes

"Papa Was A Rodeo"

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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
I see that kiss-me pucker forming
But maybe you should plug it with a beer, because

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

(Boy) 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 . . .

Before you kiss me you should know
Papa was a rodeo
What a coincidence, your Papa was a rodeo too

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