

## **Chris Ledoux**

### **"Bad Bahama Bull"**

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I was snappin out broncs at the Old Flyin' U  
At fourty a month a plum good buckaroo  
Well the boss came around and he says  
Hey my lad well you look pretty good ridin' horses  
that's bad  
You see, I in't got no more outlaws to break  
But I'll buy you a ticket and give you a stake  
At ridin' them bad ones well you ain't slow  
And you might do some good at the big rodeo

While they're puttin' the bull in the chute  
I'm strappin' my spurs to the heels of my boots  
I looks that bull over and to my suprise  
Well he's a foot and a half in between his two eyes  
On top of his shoulders he's got a big hump  
I lands in his middle and I lets out a scream  
He comes out with a beller and the rest is a dream

Well he jumps to the left and jumps towards the right  
But I ain't no green horn I'm still sittin' tight  
The dust starts to foggin' right out of his skin  
He's a wavin' them horns right under my chin  
At sunnin' his belly he couldn't be beat  
He's showin' the buzzards the soles of his feet  
He's a dippin' so low that my boots filled with dirt  
He's a makin' a whip of the tail of my shirt

He's snappin' the buttons right off of my clothes  
He's a buckin' and a bawlin' and a blowin' his nose  
The crowd starts to cheerin' both me and that bull  
Well he needed no help but I had my hands full  
Then he went to fence rowin' and a weavin behind  
My head went poppin' I sorta went blind  
He starts in high divin' I lets out a groan  
We went up together but he came back alone

Up high I turns over and below I can see  
He's a pawin' up dirt just a waitin' for me  
I can picture a grave and a big slab of wood  
Sayin' here lies a twister who thought he was good  
I notices somethin' don't seem can be true  
But the brand on his hip was a big Flyin' U

When I landed he charged but I got enough sense  
So I ran that old bull to the hole in the fence

I dives through that hole and I want you to know  
I ain't goin' back to no big rodeo  
At a straddlin' them brahmas you can bet I'm all  
through  
So I'm sore footin' it back to the old Flyin' U

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