

Chris Ledoux

"National Finals Rodeo"

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A rodeo's just a rodeo after riding several years
From ol' Cheyenne to Houston, they never cause too
much fear
But let me tell you about one that will chill your very
soul
It happens in December when it's snowin' and it's cold

In Oklahoma City there's a building of concrete
It's where the toughest stock and men will gather and
compete
The points have all been tallied and the stock has all
been brought
We've got just two more hours 'cause it starts at eight
o'clock

It's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport
Hey rookie, can you take ten head, have you got the
heart?
You think you're a tough cowboy, we'll find out in the
end
When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the
pen

The coliseum's quiet except for the sounds
Of cowboys getting ready and the workmen of the
grounds
The cowboys ask each other, what each other's got
"Did you draw ol' Necklace or pluck old Double-Ought?"

The tension now is mounting as the crowd starts
pouring in
A shiver goes all through me like from a cold, cold
wind
I hear the horses comin', runnin' down the alleyway
They're snortin' and a blowin' as men shut the sliding
gates

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Hey rookie, can you take ten head, have you got the
heart?
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end

When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the pen

We had too much time a while ago but not enough time now

The Anthem is now over, the grand entry's going out
I sit there on my bronc, I'm ready and I wait
I hear a chute gate open so I look out through the gate

A horse comes boiling out and blows up at the roof
And then out comes another kicking like a curly wolf
I hear the chute boss holler through the yelling of the crowd

He says, there's one ahead of you so you'd better get screwed down

It's the Finals, the NFR, the Series of the sport
Hey rookie, can you take ten head, have you got the heart?

You think you're a tough cowboy, we'll find out in the end

When that final whistle blows and the stock's all in the pen

I nod my head, I'm in a daze, the horse goes boiling out

I run my spurs into his neck and then I drag 'em out
My mind is in a blur, my eyes are seeing red
The flank catch slams into my back, his rump bangs on my head

From somewhere in the background I can hear a buzzer sound

My hand's jerked from the riggin' and I crash into the ground

I stumble to my feet and as I stagger to the wall
I wonder to myself, is it really worth it all?

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