

## **Chris Ledoux** **"Rodeo Trails"**

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You made a few bucks at a show down in Texas  
You rode the train north, threw the sand and the sage  
It took all you had to make entry in Denver  
A cheap hotel room like a cat in a cage

But you hit a good lick when you won the bull doggin'  
Marked eighty points on that old Brahma bull  
The entry fees high up in Utah they tell me  
But your going there with a back pocket full

Get out while you can hoss there ain't nothin' to it  
Some ornery old broncs gonna lame you for life  
It got in your blood so you just gotta do it  
The rodeo trails gonna widder your wife

You drew an old nag that looked easy in Utah  
But he had a temper as bad as his looks  
His high divin' twist was the worst ever you saw  
But all that you took was one for the book

Now ten days have past you're feeling much better  
The bad leg still hurts but your thinkin' bout home  
You use your last buck to mail her a letter  
Says honey my last one is in Old San Anton

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