

Chris Ledoux

"Running Through The Rain"

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Last night we rode our broncs in Seattle,
Me and Bill packed the car in the pourin' rain.
Witch and John were at the beer stand, gettin'
spraddled.
But we got 'em gathered and hit the road again.
Chewin' snoose and spittin' in a bottle.
With country music blastin' off the radio.
Talkin' girls and broncs and gold belt buckles.
Rollin' south to a California rodeo.

Chorus:

Just rollin' down that great American highway,
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.

Well it's rodeo time in Oakdale, California.
And we stumble with the trash out of the car.
And Bill looks at me through whiskers and wild, red
eyeballs,
And says, you know we look more like hobo's than big-
time rodeo stars.
Well we ride our broncs and we all win a little money.
And there's Witch over at the beer stand again.
But look, he's got his arm around a little California
honey.
An' Bill says... Heh, I wonder if that lady there's got any
friends.
Come on.

Just rollin' down that great American highway,
With the mornin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.

Well, the years went by and now we all got families.
Ah, but we still get together every now and then,
Yeah we talk about all the bad broncs and good times.
You know, sometimes I wish we were back on that road
again...

Just rollin' down that great American highway,

With the moernin' sky lit up like a flame.
Chasin' dreams and followin' a rainbow.
Like children runnin' through the rain.

Just chasin dreams and followin' a rainbow...
Like a bunch of crazy kids runnin' through the rain...

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