

## **Lovett Lyle**

# **"Farther Down the Line"**

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Let's have a hand for that young cowboy  
And wish him better luck next time  
And hope we see him up in Fargo  
Or somewhere farther down the line  
This time he sure drew a bad one  
One that nobody could ride  
But by the way he pulled his hat on  
You knew he'd be there for the fight

And it's the classic contradiction  
The unavoidable affliction  
Well it don't take much to predict son  
The way it always goes  
One day she'll say she loves you  
And the next she'll be tired of you  
And push'll always come to shove you  
On that midnight rodeo

He almost made it to the buzzer  
Somehow he gave up in the end  
He put one hand around the other  
And let that pickup man on in  
And it was his last chance to ride it  
And now he'll have to move along  
But he knows back in his mind that  
He won't be away for long

And it's the classic contradiction  
It's the unavoidable affliction  
It don't take much to predict son  
The way it always goes  
Because one day she'll say she loves you  
And the next she'll be tired of you  
And push'll always come to shove you  
On that midnight rodeo

So let's have a hand for that young cowboy  
And wish him better luck next time  
And hope we see him up in Fargo  
Or somewhere farther down the line

