

Norah Jones "Bull Rider"

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Well first you gotta wanna get off bad enough to wanna
get on him in the first place
And you better trust in your lady luck
Pray to God that she don't give up on you right now

Live fast die young bull rider

One hand hold is all you got it's you and the bull
against the clock and a cross crowd
And once upon a spinnin' ton nothin' else you've ever
done can pull this way

You're just outside the buckin' shoot
Lose a spur you lose your seat and you lose yourself
By now he's buckin' mean and dirty
Slingin' mud and cowboy boots and kickin' clowns

No fools no fun bull rider

You gotta feel the way he's movin' you gotta watch his
head
And brace yourself for anything that a friend of you
might dead

You know the art of hangin' loose hangin' just as tight
Well there's something like a hurricane who's dancin'
with the kite

Live fast die young bull rider

Well the rodeo is more than rough
It's a fact of life it's tough to cut his fever ass

It's drinkin' beer and pullin' trailers
Tighten may on barreled razors and horse's buck

No fools no fun bull rider
Live fast die young bull rider

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