

David Allan Coe

"Rough Rider"

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"Well, I drank down the dust, with a bourbon straight-up, on another hot rodeo day. When she sat down beside me, all painted and pretty, a girl of the night you might say. With cool blue eyes and a shanty-town smile, and Lucy, there's fresh morning dew.

She said, you're a sad one, and no doubt a bad one, oh, I know a lot about you.

You are another rough rider, you like your bourbon straight-up, the horses you ride, are the wild killing kind, and good love just ain't enough. Cause there ain't no women that can hold you, tame the wild in your soul, and drive out that twister that's driving you Mister, crazy and out of control.

Well, we went for the night-time, cause morning was coming and I said, I will love you tonight. Then deep in the shadows, where I never traveled, the wild thing inside of me died. I woke looking into those cool blue eyes, and I said, Let me stay with you. Cause you can control, the wild in my soul, like no other women can do.

And she said, You are another rough rider, you like your bourbon straight-up, the horses you ride, are the wild killing kind, and good love just ain't enough. Cause there ain't no women that can hold you, tame the wild in your soul, and drive out that twister that's driving you Mister, crazy and out of control.

You are another rough rider."-David Allan Coe.

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