

Caitlin Rose

"Learning To Ride"

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Learning to ride, oh, learning to ride
I get knocked down when I'm learning to ride
A few broken bones for a place to hide
I get knocked down when I'm learning to ride.

When I was young used to ride the wild ones
They were lots of fun but they almost took my life
Now all I need is a simple steed
To take me where I need without putting up a fight.

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Tennessee Stud took me for a blooming bud
He chewed me up, spit me out just the same, oh
He took my words, spilled my beans in to the herd
Now they all look at me with courage and disdain.

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Little-boy Lost, he's a real coin toss
And could I pay the cost of even heading for a fall?
Born in June, he could learn to run too soon
He's a real summer's child, with two heads about it all.

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