

Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell**"Bull Rider"**

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First youâ€™ve gotta wanna get a hold
Bad enough to wanna get on him in the first place
And youâ€™d better trust in your lady luck
Pray to God she donâ€™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 of course, the crowd

And once up on a spinning ton
Nothing else you ever done can pull it's weight
Just outside the buckin chute
You lose a spur, you lose your seat, you lose yourself

By now heâ€™s buckin mean and dirty
Slingin shit and cowboy boots and kickin clowns

No fools, no fun
Bull rider

You gotta feel the way he's moving (just feel the way
he's moving)
You gotta watch his head (gotta watch his head)
Embrace yourself for anything
That will render you now dead

You know the art of hangings
Hang on just as tight
Well itâ€™s something like a hurricane
Dancing with a kite

Well the rodeo is more than rough
Itâ€™s a fact of life and itâ€™s tough to cut in it's favorite
hats
Itâ€™s drinking beer and pulling trailers
Idle may on barrel racers and of course the bars

No ridin, no pain

Bull rider

Live fast, die young

Bull rider

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