

## Shooter Jennings "Electric Rodeo"

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It's been sixteen weeks since I've been back home  
I make a lot of money I don't know where it goes  
All I know is the guitar and the bottle

My daddy was a loaded gun  
He said, "It ain't no fun living on the run, son"  
But everywhere I go trouble seems to follow

So I ride  
And I pick my songs at night at the next big show  
My friends they come and they go  
And love moves a little too slow  
When you're riding with an electric rodeo

I can't complain, you know I do alright  
Singing my songs in a different town every night  
Looking for a woman to keep me warm tonight

From California to the dirt of New York  
From Dallas, Texas to the streets of Baltimore  
Wishing I was home with a little girl of my own

And I ride  
I pick my songs at night at the next big show  
My friends they come and they go  
And love moves a little too slow  
When you're riding with an electric rodeo

Oh, this time will be the last time  
Oh, this time will be the last time

So I ride  
Yeah, I pick my songs at night at the next big show  
My friends they come and they go  
And love moves a little too slow  
When you're riding with an electric rodeo  
And you ain't got no place, you can't rest your bones

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