

## The Weeks

### "Citywide Rodeo"

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Citywide rodeo, you set on the stage  
Where all the clowns will go when they feel their age

I know that you think you're not good for anything  
The world makes you feel so small  
Get on your wooden horse  
This is a ride, not a fight  
No need to save face, say goodnight, Grace  
"Good night, Grace."

There's dust on the stadium seats, there's dust in your  
hair  
You wonder how fast you'll go when you hit the air

And oh, isn't it strange how things can change you?  
And oh, isn't it plain that some things unname you  
So don't ask anybody else.

Citywide rodeo, step into your car  
Look up at the indigo and pick out your star.

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