

## Trent Willmon "The Ropin' Pen"

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Every Friday afternoon, I hitch up the trailer  
Saddle up ol' rock an' ice down the cooler  
Drive that back road until it ends  
At the Ropin' Pen

There's rusted out pick-ups an' fancy rigs  
Twenty-thousand dollar horses then there's my ol' stag  
But we're all the same the minute we ride in  
To the Ropin' Pen

Well, I ain't no Clayo Speed  
But I give her Hell  
Hell, you never can tell  
Some day I just might be

We'll turn a few steers an' tell a few lies  
Kick back in the saddle an' philosophize  
Most of life's problems, we can prob'ly solve 'em  
In the Ropin' Pen

We don't do it for the money, Hell, we're always broke  
Just ask my ol' buddy Nathan what he'd pay to rope  
He lost a couple of wives, half the fingers on his hands  
To the Ropin' Pen

An' it takes a little skill an' a little luck  
An' you can talk smack if you can back it up  
Ah, but we're all friends, no matter who wins  
Here at the Ropin' Pen

Well, I ain't no Clayo Speed  
But I give her Hell  
Hell, you never can tell  
Some day I just might be

We'll turn another pit of steers an' tell a few more lies  
Drink another beer and hypothesize  
Most of life's problems, Hell, we're gonna solve 'em  
In the Ropin' Pen

See y'all again, next weekend  
Here at the Ropin' Pen

At the Ropin' Pen  
Down at the Ropin' Pen  
In the Ropin' Pen

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