

Chris LeDoux, Bad Brahma Bull

I was snappin' out broncs at the Old Flyin' U
At forty a month a plum good buckaroo
Well, the boss comes around and he says, hey my lad
Well, you look pretty good ridin' horses that's bad
You see, I ain't got no more outlaws to break
But I'll buy you a ticket and I'll give you a stake
At ridin' them bad ones, well, you ain't slow
And you might do some good at the big rodeo
While they're puttin' the bull in the chute
I'm strappin' my spurs to the heels of my boots
I looks that bull over and to my surprise
Well, he's a foot and a half in between his two eyes
On top of his shoulders, he's got a big hump
He's a makin' a whip of the tail of my shirt
He's a snappin' the buttons right off of my clothes
He's a buckin' and a bawlin' and a blowin' his nose
The crowd starts to cheerin' both me and that bull
Well, he needed no help but I had my hands full
Then he goes to fence rowin' and weavin' behind
My head went poppin', I sorta went blind
He starts in high divin', I lets out a groan
We went up together but he come back alone
Up high I turns over and below I can see
He's a pawin' up dirt just a waitin' for me
I can picture a grave and a big slab of wood
Sayin' here lies a twister who thought he was good
I notices somethin' don't seem can be true
But the brand on his hip was a Big Flyin' U
When I landed, he charged but I got enough sense
So I ran that old bull to the hole in the fence
I dives through that hole and I want you to know
I ain't goin' back to no big rodeo
At a straddlin' them Brahmas, you can bet I'm all through
I'm sore footin' it back to the Old Flyin' U