

# Johnny Cash, Bull Rider

Well, first you gotta want to get off,  
Bad enough to want to get on in the first place  
And you better trust in your lady luck  
Pray to God that she don't give up on you right now

Live fast  
Die young  
Bull rider

One hand hold is all you got  
To pit you and the bull against the clock and a course crowd  
And once upon a spinning ton  
Nothing else you've ever done can pull this way  
You're just outside the bucking chute  
You lose a spur and you lose your seat and you lose yourself  
By now he's bucking mean and dirty  
Slinging mud and cowboy boots and kicking clowns

No fools  
No fun  
Bull rider

You gotta feel the way he's moving, you gotta watch his head  
And brace yourself for anything that render you might dead  
You know the art of hanging loose is hanging just as tight  
Well, it's something like a hurricane that's dancing with a kite

Well, the rodeo is more than rough  
It's a fact of life and it's tough to cut and it's beaver hats  
It's drinking beer and pulling trailers  
Tight lemae on barrel racers and a horse bucking

No rides  
No pay  
Bull rider

Live fast  
Die young  
Bull rider

Bull rider.