

Spoons, Rodeo

You're in a city of ghosts
You hide by the fire from the cold
Under a starless sky tonight
And now you're riding alone
You're caught by your heart and your soul
And a dream and a gun by your side

Whoa...you ride around and around
In the rodeo
Whoa...

They find you guilty again
The marshal can't make up his mind
And the hangman waits in the rain again
The wind is calling your name
And just when you think it's the end
She rides in
To the rescue again

Whoa...you ride around and around
In the rodeo
Whoa...you end up down in the dirt
Life's a rodeo
Whoa...

It feels like hell
But it's gonna get better
It feels like hell
But it's gonna get better
It feels like hell
But it always gets better!

Whoa...you ride around and around
In the rodeo
Whoa...get up off the ground
Life's a rodeo
Whoa...