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THE LAST RODEO

The arena is silent and empty. The crowds have all gone home
He sits in the darkness and silence, hurtin', tired and alone
There's bruises all over his body from where that bull stomped on him head to toe
Though he's been here before, this time he knows for sure
That this is his last rodeo

Chorus:

Out there in the real world, what will you do?
A broken-down, hand-me-down cowboy like you?
Your home is a horse-box, so where will you go?
When you ride away from your last rodeo?

And he thinks back to when he first started,
When his youth and strength burned like a fire
When failure and fear were both strangers,
And he took every ride right down to the wire
When his grip on the strap never loosened, and his free hand never fell
When if they'd thrown a strap around Lucifer's back
He'd have rode him all the way down to Hell

But now there's too many fifth and sixth placings,
Too many bruises and scars
Too many hopes and dreams fadin', too many so-near-yet-so-fars
Now there's more fear than fire inside him,
And he knows it's beginning to show
Time to saddle up and ride with what's left of his pride
Away from his last rodeo.