

# Round And Round She Goes

Chris LeDoux

On a cold montana morning  
On the road to idaho  
I watched her order hot and black to go.  
And her boots and spurs and blue jeans  
And the lonely in her eyes  
Told me just how much she loved the rodeos.

I asked where she was headin',  
She said, the boise show.  
She took a third in butte just yesterday.  
No, she never has been married,  
And she probably never will,  
'cause silver buckle dreams  
Don't leave time for standing still.

Round and round and round she goes  
Where she stops nobody knows.  
The miles are gettin' longer,  
The nights they never end.  
Old rodeos and livestock shows

Keep the lady on the go.  
Lord, she loves to run those barrels,  
And it's the only life she knows.

For now on fifteen seasons  
The circuit's been her home,  
And at times she misses kids she never had.  
But she wouldn't trade a minute  
Of the years that she's got in it,  
'cause she's had herself some happy,  
She's learned to take the sad.  
When I looked up from my coffee  
I saw boise on her mind,  
She had that look of leavin' in her eyes.  
As she drove into the morning  
It slowly dawned on me  
How hard it is to tell a dream goodbye

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