

This Ain't My Rodeo

Vern Gosdin

You say, you're Mama called and you must go
She's down in the bed and needs you so
And you don't know if you'll be coming home tonight or not
But, honey ain't you're mama sick a lot?

Lately, your head hurts every night
Could it be, you wear your clothes too tight?
Since you don't seem to hear or see a thing I say or do
Then I know, there's nothing I can do for you

This ain't my first rodeo
This ain't the first time this old cowboy's been throwed
This ain't the first, I've seen this dog and pony show
This ain't my first rodeo

You're telling me you lost you're wedding band
Somehow you say, it slipped right off you're hand
When I asked about those boxes, stacked there, by the door
You say, it's just some old things you don't wear no more

I didn't make it all the way through school
But my Mama didn't raise any fool
I may not be the Einstein of our time
But honey, I'm not dumb and I'm not blind

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Honey, this ain't my first rodeo

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