

Angola Rodeo

Black Lips

Twenty-five to life deep in the swamps of the LSP
There's no way out but you can have a chance to feel free
Old Burl Cain's been known to put on a show
I'm gonna take my chance at the Angola rodeo

So while I do my time
I'm gonna whoop me some bovines
And be a king for a day
If it's only for a little while

I'll be an all-round cowboy ropin' like Cadillac Jack
Ride a mustang round the ring, no saddle, it's called bareback

And when they open up that chute
I'll take the chit right off that brute
I'll have my commissary stocked
With all my rodeo Loot

Well, I found myself starin' down the nose of a Brahma bull
I got weak in my knees and the sweat started to pool
[?] chasin' me around the ring
I shot up that wall just searchin' for somewhere to cling

I saw blood drippin' down his horn
I knew then that I'd been gored
Hell, anything's better than
Sittin' in a cell bein' bored

I spent sixteen weeks just healin' in infirmary
Compared to Camp J that was quite a luxury
Said, "Doctor please, give me some morphine,
And go easy on me, buddy, 'cause those beasts can't conquer me"

You know I'll be here next year
I got nothin' left to fear
And when you're [?] time
You can shed a couple of tears