

Calgary Snow

Bobby Bare

Last Friday she said to me, "Hey, Billy Joe
Did you know either me or the rodeo goes?"
So I packed up and left her in Waco and drove
Up to ride on the bulls in the Calgary snow

Saw a sign that said "Riders" and hauled all my rigging inside
Where the fellers was a bragging and drawing the stock we would
ride
I was doing the same 'til I looked at the name that I'd drawn
Then I stood there and silently cried

Oh, you Calgary snow
I can't let the rodeo go
Hurt more than my pride when a bull I can't ride
Lays me low in the Calgary snow

Well, I knew I was beat in the hat when I drew him
And it started me drinking to think of the brute
'Til I managed to wreck my left knee and my ankle
Between the damn bull and the side of the chute

And I'm thinking out loud as I fly through the clouds to the gr
ound
"Hey, Billy, maybe you ain't the most dynamite rider around
'Cause you're kicking too late coming out of the gate, boy
But you're great coming gracefully down"

Well, I know that I'm blown in the chute on the first go around
So I give them my old what-the-
hell grin as I get off the ground
And right then I'm a thinkin' I ain't taking to Calgary much
Ain't nothing back in my room but a broom I can use for a crutc
h

And it's cold, Lord, it's cold in the Calgary wind
When you're knowing you gotta go ride the day money again
Ain't no whiskey, no ether, no patents, no pills
Gonna deaden the pain and the chill of the Calgary wind

But what more is a broken-down rodeo cowboy to do?
Stove-up in Canada, watching his bruises turn blue
There's only one road gonna lead back to Waco and you
And it runs out of chute number two

Oh, you Calgary snow
I can't let the rodeo go
Hurt more than my pride when a bull I can't ride
Lays me low in the Calgary snow