

That's Why We Ride

Casey Donahew Band

It's twelve hundred miles from Fort Worth to Vegas
Cowboys love rodeo well that's just the way God made us
I was raised on brimstone and barbwire fences and
Mama used to pray that I'd come to my senses

But I love gold buckles and wild horses and
Spurs that rattle when my boots hit the ground
It's those eight second chances and cowgirl glances
It's the blood and the glory, baby that's why we ride

My heart beats fast when I slide in the saddle
Cowboys with the ranked broncs but I just love the battle
It's those late nights and highways and rigged out on pain pills
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That Sin City rodeo still gives me chills

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Mama said don't waste your time chasing a rodeo
But I never had a choice, it's the only life I'll ever know
And Daddy said you got the heart, now bear down and try
Hold on for two and let 'em fly

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