

Montana Rodeo

Chris LeDoux

There's a rodeo in Montana where they come from miles around
Where they throw the hooligan and a bunch of beer cans
All over that little cow town from Friday night to Sunday after
noon

The party goes on nonstop

Ranch hands and rodeo fans are drinking up the very last drop
And they all head for Montana at the foot of the Great Divide
To tie one up or tie one on or to tear it down or ride

So if you're lookin' for a rondavue where the Wild West never d
ies

You best make it on up to Montana on the right day in July

Now there's some college boys for lazuli here school is just le
t out

They got a keg of beer on a tub of ice in the back of a brand n
ew Scout

Well they're all longhorns and as sure as you're born

They'll be checkin' those honey's out

And the girls in the cut off jeans might just show 'em what its
all about

And there's Indians from the ranches all dressed up in cowboy c
lothes

Snap button shirts and silver belt buckles and boots with point
ed toes

Short hair Stetson hats wiggin' on a jug of Yellow Stone

Well they look more like cowboys then the cowboys I have known

And there's some hippies here from God knows where a puffin' up
a cloud of smoke

They got hair down past their shoulders and their clothes are a
national joke

They got beads and leather and bells and feathers and moccasins
for shoes

Well they look more like Indians than the real live Indians do

And then there's barrel racers and a bull riders and bronc stom
pers to boot

Struttin' their stuff like Peacocks out in back of the chutes

Tight Levis fancy chaps spurs with five star rowels

And the bull just stands there chewin' his cut lookin' wiser th
an a tree full of owls

And they all head for Montana...