

## Photo Finish

Chris LeDoux

At seven this morning I got on the phone  
And said to hold my Bronc as long as you can  
My car broke down in Billings and they just got it back together  
I'll be photo finishing in to old Cheyenne

We'll here I am in Sheridan and its 9 o'clock in the morning  
And times a going fast  
I just pulled her over had some coffee  
And a doughnut and I bought the car a brand  
New tank of gas

Well I don't know if I'm gonna make it, its nine-fifteen  
I'll be lucky if I ever get there  
By god what it that I hear, is it a siren,  
Sure enough he got me on his radar  
He pulled up behind me and turned on those flashing lights a sign that I knew

Meant pull it over  
So I stomped on my brakes and as I skidded to a halt,  
I wiped out three  
Reflector posts along the shoulder  
He got out of his car and was a walking real slow  
So I jumped out and met him

Half-way  
He jerked out his gun and said mister are you crazy,  
I ain't never seen nobody  
Drive that way  
I told him take it easy and he could put up that cannon  
The way he was shaking

It just might go off  
He put up the gun as I explained my situation  
He listened to my story then he coughed  
He wrote me out a ticket, that seemed to take forever.  
I took it and as I

Headed for my car  
That cop he hollered after me and said hey cowboy  
You better slow down cause  
You can't outrun this radar!  
As I rolled on down the road I was a cursing  
About the ticket that I had just acquired

I wondered if I ought to pay it our just throw it out the window, but I might  
Just set the damn thing afire  
So I gunned it once again and was a traveling down the highway with the gas  
Pedal a mashed to the floor

When I came around a curve and right there in the highway there was more damn  
Sheep than I ever seen before  
I'm going to fast to ever stop, so I just close my eyes as the car rolls on  
Through the herd

When I opened up my eyes again there's a sheep on the fender and that and th  
at  
Herds saying some mighty awful words  
The sweats a dripping off my hands as I barrel through old Wheatland I'm a  
Nervous wreck and I must be a sight

The flies inside this old car are buzzing all around me  
Guess my 24-hour deodorant quit last night  
60 50 40 30 20 miles more the rodeo starts in another 18 minutes  
I pull in through the main gate and I hear the anthem playing,

I can't believe it thank God I finally made it  
There's only one more obstacle a standing in my way.  
Its a nitwit with a weekend badge  
He standing by the gate and as I slide her to a halt,

He yells where in the hell you going so dog gone fast  
I tell him that I'm entered and I ain't got time to talk  
My horse is in the chute and I'm late  
He says I need to get a pass from the secretary my eyes get red my heart fil  
ls

Up with hate.  
I yell you dirty so and so you better let me through he asked if I'd repeat  
That once again  
So I whacked him in the mouth and a left him lying there on his back a kicki  
ng

In the sand  
I got there just in time to see my Bronc come running out his head and tail  
was  
A held way up high  
I swear he looked right straight at me and grinned and gave horse laugh and  
me  
I just stood there and cried I turned around feeling helpless and fairly

Dumbfounded I looked and what did I see 3 highway patrolmen  
And a gate man with a fat lip  
And they were all a looking right at me  
Sitting in the cell now I've done a lot of thinking  
About that wild run I made a month ago

I'm sorry that I'm in this rotten situation  
If I could do it again I wouldn't have drove so slow  
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