

Ranchin', Ridin', Romance (Two Outta Three Ain't Bad)

Corb Lund

Well, I met him in the stockyards sometime back around oh two
He said kid, the weight of the whole world looks like it's upon you
Well, I told him I'm a cowboy just doin' the best I can
But this ranchin', ridin', romance is startin' to kinda kick my ass

He said son, I can show ya how to best not overgraze your land
Give advice on finer points of ridin' broncs like an old hand
And then I'll tell you about the troubles with the ladies that I've had
Ranchin', ridin', romance, well two out of three ain't bad

(Ranchin', ridin', romance)
(Boy don't look so sad)
(A man ain't got but two hands)
(So just do the best you can)
Ranchin', ridin', romance
I've seldom met the man
Who could ranch and ride and romance
But two outta three ain't bad

He said I've weathered some tough winters and been damned near out of hay
And I've climbed aboard some snakey sons of bitches in my day
But most of that was easy next to all courtship demands
Ranchin', ridin', romance, well two out of three ain't bad

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Know thyself my son and always play toward your strengths
For you can tilt at many windmills, you can go any lengths
But no one can do it all, my boy and I've come to understand
That with ranchin', ridin', romance, well two outta three ain't bad

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