

# Rodeo Clown

Dijon

Well I can't lie, I couldn't wait  
But it's half-past eight and you're late again  
Well, I got those high heels on, and lace  
And I spent two or three hours beatin' my face

So why? Could you explain?  
I can't lie, I'm fed up  
I don't like being stood up  
And hey, hey  
What are you ashamed of?

So what are you so afraid of?  
'Cause you're missing out  
On good, good lovin'  
You're missing out, you're missing out  
You're missing out, you're missing out on

So what are you so afraid of?  
You're missing out  
On good, good loving  
You're missing out, you're missing out  
You're missing out

You ride those rank bulls and get first place  
Eight seconds is all it takes  
You got those silver spurs on  
And chaps 'round your waist  
Calloused hands, and dirt on your face

So why? Could you explain?  
'Cause I can't lie I'm fed up  
Why you always standin' me up?  
And hey, hey  
I still wear the t-shirt that you gave me

So what are you so ashamed of?  
Rodeo could kill ya  
I just wanna kiss ya  
But you won't let me near ya  
But I'm here all the same  
You're missing out on good, good lovin'

So what are you so afraid of?  
Tell me, what are you so afraid of?  
'Cause you're missing out on  
Some good, good lovin'  
You're missing out, you're missing out  
Good, good lovin'

At the rodeo, I  
Put my face on and smile  
And you ride good  
Crowd go wild, claps for you  
I clap too, I'm your biggest fan  
Clap for you  
I'm your biggest fan

At the rodeo, I  
Put my face on and smile  
And I get scared watchin' you  
And the crowd gets wild, run to you  
I run to you, I run to you, I run to you  
I love you, I love you, I