

Same Ol' Cowboy, Different Rodeo

Josh Ward

It's a worn-out heart from one too many "goodbyes"
It's a midnight smoke, driving-all-night kind of life
It's a "Baby, I miss you, but I gotta go."
Same ol' cowboy, different rodeo

Some sing a song
Some live for eight
Some die young
Some just can't
Living for the ride
Born with a gypsy soul
Another day, another dollar, another place in time
Another tip of the hat to the next fool in line
Same ol' cowboy, different rodeo

It's a dusty Bible full of truth
It's a half-empty bottle in a motel room
It's a dying breed that tends to ride alone
Same ol' cowboy, different rodeo

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