

Rough Ride For A Cowboy

MacKenzie Porter

He's a lone-star Casanova
Puts the south in South Dakota
He ain't ever met a mustang he ain't broke
Put a 90 on a buckner
He's a one-night one-and-doner
He's a runner, but he's running out of rope

He'll lasso 'em in, then turn on a dime
But them tables are turning tonight

Now he's 'bout to learn what lonely looks like
When I cut him loose but his hands are tied
Nothing breaks his heart like breaking his pride
When he ain't got the reigns on goodbye
That's a rough ride for a cowboy
That's a rough ride for a cowboy

In the morning when he wakes up
Yeah, he'll finally get a taste of
His own medicine, a spoonful of bitter
Hell, isn't it ironic
It's freedom that he wanted?
He got it but don't like how it got delivered

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It's his gravel meeting the treads on my tires
The tables are turning tonight

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