

Papa Was a Rodeo

The Magic Numbers

I like your twisted point of view, Mike
I like your questioning eyebrows
You've made it pretty clear what you like
It's only fair to tell you now

That I leave early in the morning
And I won't be back till next year
I see that kiss-me pucker forming
But maybe you should plug it with a beer, cause

Papa was a rodeo - Mama was a rock'n'roll band
I could play guitar and rope a steer before I learned to stand
Home was anywhere with diesel gas - Love was a trucker's hand
Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand
Before you kiss me you should know
Papa was a rodeo

The light reflecting off the mirror ball
Looks like a thousand swirling eyes
They make me think I shouldn't be here at all
You know, every minute someone dies

What are we doing in this dive bar
How can you live in a place like this
Why don't you just get into my car
And I'll take you away I'll take that kiss now, but

Papa was a rodeo...

And now it's 55 years later
We've had the romance of the century
After all these years wrestling gators
I still feel like crying when I think of what you said to me

(Boy) Papa was a rodeo...

Before you kiss me you should know - Papa was a rodeo
What a coincidence, your Papa was a rodeo too