

# The Matador

Trisha Yearwood

I threw a rose to the matador, not sure who I was cheering for  
My aim was true, my heart was full, I loved the fighter and the  
bull

I loved like only a woman can, a very complicated man  
I bound his wounds, I heard his cries, I gave him truth, I told  
him lies

His rage is made of many things: faithless women, wedding rings  
Snakes and snails and alcohol, his daddy's fist thrown through  
the wall

Ah but he's beautiful when he's in the ring, the devil howls, t  
he angels sing

Sparks fly from his fingertips and words like birds fly from hi  
s lips

Some man is lying in the dirt  
Some woman's crying that he's hurt  
But he's not alive without the thrill  
Without the dance, without the kill  
The lights go down, the people roar  
They're cheering on the matador  
And this is how the story goes  
I knew it when I threw the rose

I come to each and every show: the woman in the second row  
I watch them in their ancient dance and I know I never stood a  
chance  
Cause while other demons prance and clown, it's vanity that tak  
es you down  
I thought that I could be the one but I'm just another hanger-  
on

Some man is bleeding in the dirt  
Some woman's crying that she's hurt  
But who are we without the thrill  
Without the dance, without the kill  
And he is bull and matador  
And I'm the mother and the whore  
And this is how the story goes  
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