

One More for the Rodeo

UFO

One more for the rodeo, an old-school '60s team
A great new wide awakening spews out at the seams
Laid out cold on the table, a sheet pulled over his head
I turned around to the janitor, asked him just how long you'd been dead
And it's one more for the rodeo, one more for the show
One more pretender who just had to go
All the gods and gurus blowing from the east
So caught up in your principles it eats your mind like a disease
I wish I was invisible, hidden from the crowd
And this cold wind blows down the sidewalk and leaves me wondering how
And it's one more for the rodeo, one more for the show
One more pretender who just had to go
---instrumental---
One more for the rodeo, one more for the show, one more pretender, who just had to go