

# FOURTH OF JULY RODEOS

words and music by Chris LeDoux

verse

Bb

Bb

Just a-bout two hun-dred years a-go - they signed that dec-la-

ra-tion, tel-lin' eve-ry-bod-y in the whole wide world they're gon-na

start a brand new na-tion. From that day on the Fourth -

- of Ju-ly - has been a hol-i-day to the rich man, poor man, and

eve-ry-bod-y else but the cow-boys in the R. C. A. (to 2nd verse)

It's the Fourth of Ju-ly on the ro-de-o trail,

- and it-'ll drive you in-sane. My wife's wor-ried home by the

tel-e-phone - I'm on the road a-gain. - It's the

Fourth of Ju-ly on the ro-de-o trail - if I ev-er make it home, I

Fourth of July Rodeos - p. 2

swear I'm gon-na hang up my hat, put up my rig-gin' sack, and for a

month I'm gon-na stay right there. (instrumental)

Well, I've ...

2<sup>nd</sup> verse: Well, I get on the phone, and I call the airlines  
 Rent-a-cars and Greyhound stations  
 'Cause I've entered 'bout thirteen rodeos  
 Out across the great big nation  
 Got the car tuned up, the tank's full of gas  
 I've got money in my hand  
 And if I ain't overdrawed by the end of the week  
 At the bank, I'm a lucky man. - Chorus -

3<sup>rd</sup> verse: Well, I've been on the road about three days now  
 And I haven't had a minute's rest  
 There's dark circles all around my bloodshot eyes  
 And my face is now a whiskered mess  
 Boy, I'd sure like a bath and a home cooked meal  
 But for now I must be satisfied  
 With this double super-duper, half cooked burger  
 And a side of grease soaked french fries.

4<sup>th</sup> verse: Well, the week's nearly over and I wonder to myself  
 Will I ever make it home alive  
 When a brone fell on me up in Calgary  
 When he slipped, tryin' to make his high dive  
 And the plane and the pilot that we rented  
 Looked like surplus from World War I  
 And I thought many times about suicide  
 But I haven't found myself a gun. - Chorus -