

I CAN'T RIDE THE BRONCS ANYMORE

WORDS + MUSIC by CHRIS LEDOUX

VERSE:

WELL A MAN CAN'T SPEND HIS LIFE IN RE-FLECT-ION JUST
THINK-IN' A-BOU'T THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE— SO I'M
GON-NA TAKE MY-SELF A NEW DI-RECT-ION— AND
MAKE MY-SELF SOME BRAND NEW MEM-O-RIES I
SPENT A LOT OF YEARS OUT ON THE HIGH-WAY—
RID-IN' BECK-IN' HOR-SES FOR MY GUEB— BUT
NOW I MAKE MY LIV-IN' WITH THIS OLD GUITAR— AND
JUST LIKE RO-D-EO IT'S IN MY BLOOD— AND—

CHORUS: G



I'm GON-NA SING my Cow-Boys music WITH A



COUN-TRY FEEL AND A LIT-TLE Touch of Soul AND I



HOPE YOU PEOP-LE TAKE A LIK-IN' TO IT, YES I DO, CAUSE



VERSE: 3

I'D MAKE YOU A WAGER THAT I'VE BEEN IN YOUR HOMETOWN
SPURRING BRONCS AT YOUR BIG RODEO —
NOW THE ONLY TIME YOU'LL EVER SEE THIS COWBOY COME AROUND
IS IF I'M SINGING IN A COUNTRY MUSIC SHOP.

CHO:

TAG.



my BOOYS GET-TIN' TOO DANG TIRED AND SORE AND THERE'S



LOTTA PARTS ON ME THAT DON'T WORK NO MORE