

I'VE GOT TO BE A RODEO MAN

words and music by Chris Le Poux

verse



Some-times this old road gets so damned lone- some a



way from home, and there ain't no way in sight to get on back:-



And no-bod-y knows the way it feels - to



suf-fer through this liv-in' hell un-less you've been on



down that road your-self. - Lord, you know I ain't



real-ly a bum - I was once a clean cut moth-er's son, and you



know down deep in-side I still - am. But this



ro-de-o life's got its hold on me, and there ain't no way it'll



set me free. - You know I've got to be - a ro-de o man.

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Db Ab Eb
D.C. al Coda
(to 2nd verse)

EB (rubato) Db Ab
CODA
man. (tag) You know I've got to be — a ro-de-o
(tempo) Eb Db Ab Eb Eb
man. — (instrumental - fade out)

2nd verse: Skinny old dog on the rodeo grounds
Scravenging, sniffin', and lookin' around
In a lot of ways, well I'm just like him
'Cause I'm eatin' up scraps off the dinner table
In a greasy cafe until I'm able
To ride them broncs good enough to win.

- Chorus -

- tag -