

# WHERE IS THE GLORY

words and music by Chris LeDoux

verse

When I was a lad - an old cow-boy told me, "Well  
son, you're sure rid-in' well. - There's fame and there's  
for-tune an' glo-ry wait-in' at the end of the ro-de-o trail!"  
So I packed up my stuff in my old pick-up truck to  
fol-low my ro-de-o dreams. Now I'm fin-ally on top, but I  
feel like a flop, 'cause I've spent all the for-tune I've seen.  
Now, where is the glo-ry in driv-in' all night down a  
high-way that's head-ed to no-where. What good's the fame  
- when the for-tune's all gone and the dreams turned

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in-to a night-mare. Like Ed Bruce said, Ma-ma's, don't  
 let your ba-bies grow up to be cow-boys." I'm in-  
 clined to a-gree - but if you ask me, you know I'd go  
 through it a-gain. —

2<sup>nd</sup> verse : Now, what does it take to be a rodeo cowboy  
 I guess I'm a expert at that  
 Takes a whole lot of guts and old lady luck  
 But not too much under his hat  
 Well, he thrives on the crowds yellin' real loud  
 For him to face dyin' again  
 But the good lord takes care of children and fools  
 He's no kid, so what's that make him.

Chorus - repeat and fade