

The Chute-Out

- Verse 1* Two thousand pounds of muscle and fight,
There ain't no such thing as amateur night.
Two thousand pounds of muscle and hide,
Daring a cowboy to an eight second ride.
- Verse 2* Out of the chute, it's one-on-one time,
Kicking and bucking, turn on a dime.
Out of the chute, in the blink of an eye,
This ain't no hay-ride. The cowboy knows why.
- Chorus* Bull-riding cowboy – no saddle, no reins.
Bull-riding cowboy on an eight-second train.
- Verse 3* Out of the chute – a cowboy takes hold,
Twisting and turning – it's a full belly roll!
The bull can't be tamed – don't even try.
That's why you win with an eight-second ride.
- Verse 4* A flat-braided rope, holding you strong,
Free hand in the air, guiding you on.
A flat braided rope, hooked with a bell,
Bull-riding cowboy, welcome to hell.
- Chorus* Bull-riding cowboy – no saddle, no reins.
Bull-riding cowboy on an eight-second train.
- Verse 5* The bull has no favorites - ain't nothing to gain.
It's a one-handed ride for fortune and fame.
It's all cowboy muscle and personal pride,
Holding on tight for an eight-second ride...
- Chorus* Bull-riding cowboy – no saddle, no reins.
Bull-riding cowboy on an eight-second train.
- (repeat)* Bull-riding cowboy – no saddle, no reins.
Bull-riding cowboy on an eight-second train.