

I like your twisted point of view, Mike  
I like your questioning eyebrows  
You've made it pretty clear what you like  
It's only fair to tell you now

that I leave early in the morning  
and I won't be back till next year  
I see that kiss-me pucker forming  
but maybe you should plug it with a beer, cause

Papa was a rodeo - Mama was a rock'n'roll band  
I could play guitar and rope a steer before I learned to stand  
Home was anywhere with diesel gas - Love was a trucker's hand  
Never stuck around long enough for a one night stand  
Before you kiss me you should know  
Papa was a rodeo

The light reflecting off the mirror ball  
looks like a thousand swirling eyes  
They make me think I shouldn't be here at all  
You know, every minute someone dies

What are we doing in this dive bar  
How can you live in a place like this  
Why don't you just get into my car  
and I'll take you away I'll take that kiss now, but

(boy) Papa was a rodeo...

And now it's 55 years later  
We've had the romance of the century  
After all these years wrestling gators  
I still feel like crying when I think of what you said to me

Papa was a rodeo...

Before you kiss me you should know - Papa was a rodeo  
What a coincidence, your Papa was a rodeo too