**Rough Ride**

*April 14, 2014*

Why Did She Have To Lasso My Poor Soul.

Hobble Up My Gypsy Spirit.

Hog Tie My Yearning Heart.

Break My Bronco.

So I Can No Longer Buck.

Tear My Love Rodeo Apart.

Fork And Ride My Love Bull.

Give My Chain A Yank.

Drain My Tank.

Stuff My Love Craw Full.

I Gave The Man A Wink And Nod.

Said I Am Cinched Up.

Give The Latch A Pull.

Let Her Go.

Open Up Her Gate.

Don't Need No Spurs.

Quirt. Nor Cattle Prod.

I Can Make Her Buck.

Twist And Jump.

I'll Hold On.

Stick The Hump.

I Can Ride Her Hard For Way Past Eight.

Ride Like A Hobo King.

Who Hops A Fast Rattling Southbound Freight.

Laugh At Love Gods Of Fate.

I Was Cooking Up Love Dinner.

Thinking About Having Warm Dessert.

Riding High.

An All Round Love Cowboy Winner.

Thought I Had Her Broke Branded.

Gentled. Tame.

Then She Kicked Up Her Legs.

Tossed Her Heels And Mane.

Bucked Me Off.

Landed Like A Rag Doll.

Whipped. Limp. Soft.

Hit Me Where It Hurts.

I Was Sucking Wind.

I Was No Longed Savoring.

The Ride. Sweet Victory Pie.

Then I Was Throwed.

Buffaloed. On My Back.

Facing Sky. I Was Eating Dirt.

Never Count Your Winnings.

Till They Sound The Final Whistle.

Fat Lady Sings.

Night Chimes Toll. Knell.

Straight Whiskey.

Broncs. Bulls.

Can't Miss Bets. Easy Money.

Brass Rings. Sure Things.

Hot Cars. Freight Trains.

Fast Pretty Women.

One Can Never Tell.

Some Dogs Just Won't Hunt.

Some Pups Are Born A Runt.

Some Women Are Ne'er Out Front.

Some Lines Stories Goods Pitches Pleas Entreaties.

Just Won't Sell.

If You Are Riding High At High Noon.

High Clover. High Cotton.

First Class. Top Shelf.

Corn Is Knee High In June.

Don't Count Your Chips Too Soon.

The Fates May Call Your Marker.

Blot Out Your Sun.

Rust Up Your Gun.

Dull Your Knife.

Darken You Stars.

Steal Your Horse Or Wife.

Wreck Your Motorcar.

Eclipse Your Moon.

Turn The Tides.

Bust Out Your Ride.

Ring Your Bell.

Pave The Road To Hell.