I've rode lots of horses and I've won a few shows Ridin' broncs at the big old rodeos But the dang-dest contraption that I've ever seen Is that bucket of bots called a buckin' machine The kids they were all lined up to give the thing a go And when I first saw it Lord it looked pretty slow It jumped and it kicked then it turned back a twirled Then I got to thinking I'll give it a whirl So I pushed through the crowd and I talked to the man Who had invented this here modified garbage can I said I'm a twister and one of the best I'm a wolf of the world boys I must confess Ill bet you a hundred I said with a grin I'll spur it so hard i ts sides will cave in And the bolts and the screws that hold the dang thing together Will fall down inside it there and short out its motor Well the man he said son I'll take that bet And I won't turn it till you think that you're set So I got my riggin' and I cinched it on down Then I said to old Sam go ahead and turn it on Well it rattled and it groaned, then it started to move I spurred it every jump, and, Lord, it felt mighty smooth The foam rubber was a flyin' right off of its old neck And the tin underneath it was startin' to crack I looked at the man and I started to say I'll win me that hundred fore the end of the day Then he grabbed a big ol' lever with a little sly grin Jammed it up to high gear and locked it right on in With a snatch and a jerk and a sharp stabbin' pain I felt like a hobo tied to an old freight train My head it went to poppin' and I saw all the starts The Big Dipper the Milky Way and the planet they call Mars The next thing I knew I was right there on the ground Just about thirty feet away from that laughin' crowd So I payed up my hundred and I limped on away And the words the man I still remember today So you're a wolf of the world and a real tough twister Well listen real close to some good advise Mister Keep a ridin' them old broncs if you're still feeling mean But you'd better keep clear of Sam's buckin' machine