

It Ain't The Years, It's The Miles

Chris LeDoux

I walked behind the chute, stapped my spurs to my boots
At that big Rodeo in Cheyenne.
Feelin' tired and sore for a ride the day before,
And a thousand other rides since I began.

As I climbed up the gate I heard that young cowboy sayin',
Well, that ole man ain't gonna ride, and I had to smile.
I said son it ain't age that makes me look this way,
It ain't the years boy...it's the miles.

It ain't the years that I've known that have taken their toll,
'Cause they've been few.
If you took all the mashin's, the draggin's and the crashin's,
You'd probably look the same way I do.

It's the million miles of road, and gettin' snatched around and
throwed,
That finally put the cramp in my style.
It ain't the years boy...it's the miles.
Went on and made my ride, only scored a 65.

But you know what really made my day complete,
Was when I looked up just in time to see that young cowboy goin'
' flyin',
And land in a pile at my feet.
And as the first aid came to haul him away, I said son you'll be

Allright in a little while.
He's on his way to findin' out what it's all about.
It ain't the years boy...it's the miles.
It ain't the years that I've known that've taken their toll.

'Cause they've been few.
If you took all the mashin's, the draggin's, and the crashin's,
you'd
Probably look the same way I do.
It's the million miles of road of gettin' snatched around and throwed,

That finally put the cramp in my style.
It ain't age that made me look this way,
It ain't the years boy, it's the miles.
It ain't age that makes me look this way,

It ain't the years boy, it's the miles.