

Joad'e The Rodeo Clown

Chris LeDoux

Gather round boys and a tale I will tell about Joade the rodeo clown
This happy feller keep the cowboys together after they hit the ground
He once was a fighter and a saddle bronc rider and all around hell of a hand
But a bull got him down away from the clown he lived but not ride again
But rodeo was burned deep in his soul and his heart just wouldn't let go
He didn't want cowboys hooked by the bulls so he took to clownin' the show
With grease paint and red nose and baggy old clothes
His track shoes barreled and bloomed
He earned his keep a fightin' the bulls and savin' us hard ridin' fools
I was down in the well and hung in my rope in a show in old west Texas town
The man who saved me from chain and hells was Joade the rodeo clown
The bull gored old Joade with his terrible old horns
Then stomped and mauled him around
One of my buddies dragged me away but Joade lay dead on the ground
The preacher they found for the funeral well he didn't have a whole lot to say
He didn't know Joade or about rodeo life so all he could do was to pray
There's many a cowboy that owes him his life and the children all loved him too
There were lines on his face and each one was a trace
Of the laughter the miles and the blues
So barkeep get with it and set em up again I'm buyin' this next round
And if there's any man here who can't drink to old Joade
Then he better just get the hell out