

The Buckingest Horse In The World

Born and bred in those snowy foothills,
Wilder than a scraggly Alberta rose,
I kicked up my foal heels
By my bay momma's dusty sides,

But I not I know those Stampede grounds too well,
Where the stands are packed of noisy fans,
Watching bow-legged cowboys chase their
Sweet ol' rodeo dreams,

I crow-hopped a lot of bad luck,
Sunfished for all I was worth,
They say my high dive made me
The buckingest horse in the world,

Seven seconds till Pete Knight hit the sand,
He stood up a little slow and sore,
Beat dust from his hat and laughed
And gave a crinkly-eyed smiled at that helluva ride,

No one has ridden me to the buzzer,
The creaks in my shoulders I have earned,
Yet I still have the free spirit
Of that wild west that won't ever be won,

Like chinooks that twist through the Rockies,
That's me between saddle and girth,
They say my high dive made me
The buckingest horse in the world.