

## **RODE HARD**

Found me a seat, facing the door  
Waiting to see what the cat would drag in  
Nursing a beer and my wounded pride  
Waiting to see if she lives up to the bragging

This used to be one of our old haunts  
First date, first kiss, first dance and last round  
In the back of my mind I was praying you don't  
Bring her to our old stomping grounds

But the door flew open and I felt the cold  
I raised my eyes and lo and behold

She was rode hard and put away wet  
I don't know but I will take the bet  
That I could find her picture on the faces of Walmart website  
I thought she'd be some beauty queen  
But that ain't the case and that's just the thing  
You're with her and not with me tonight

Way tight jeans and Jerry beads  
Just what pole did you dance on to win those  
Her first stop was that old jukebox  
And our song starting rising in crescendo

My jaw dropped and I saw red  
I rose to my feet and here's what I said

Guess I got their attention  
All eyes are on my  
But I don't give a damn  
Just what they think...