

# The Bull

Kip Moore

Who knows?  
I might wind up on the cover of a Rolling Stone  
With a pair of shades and a Grammy in my hand  
Just a blue jean boy in a great big world of yes  
I got my speech already in my head  
Then I'll say, then I'll say, yeah I'll say Thank you uncle Dean for teaching me La Bamba on  
guitar  
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart  
Thank you mama for the roll and  
Thank you daddy for the rock  
Most of all, most of all  
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off, wooh  
Aw hell what if?  
I turn the rhymes up in my mind into a hit  
Then it played a hundred times a day on the radio  
Then it gave a little broken heart somewhere some hope  
And I'd jump up on the stage and the chorus would go  
Da da da, da da da, da da da Thank you uncle Dean for teaching me La Bamba on guitar  
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart  
Thank you mama for the roll and  
Thank you daddy for the rock  
Most of all, most of all  
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off, yeah Every knock down in the dirt  
Every no I ever heard  
Sure feel good to laugh when I look back and flip the bull the bird  
Every nail that ripped my shirt  
Every no I ever heard  
Sure feel good to laugh when I look back and flip the bull the bird  
Then I'll say, then I'll say, then I'll say  
Thank you uncle Dean for teaching La Bamba on guitar  
Thank you girl from Broken Bow who shot an arrow through my heart  
Thank you Lynchburg for the nights I needed edges took away  
Thank you vinyl for the soundtrack to my life it's sure been great  
Thank you mama for the roll and  
Thank you daddy for the rock  
Most of all, most of all  
Thanks to the bulls that bucked me off  
Yeah, most of all  
Thank you each and every bull that bucked me off And I say, and I say, and I say, and I say  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

