

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful ride.
That started from the trailhead gate, with this Las Damas cowgirl tribe.
Our leader said, "I know this trail", with confidence and pride,
But after dozens of twists and turns, some of the group had quit the ride.

Some gals had quit the ride.....

The sun beat down, the snacks ran low, the horses rolled their eyes,
As if to say "we've passed that rock – four times we've ridden by"!

Four times we've ridden by....

Our leader swore she saw a ribbon, another said, "no way!"
'cause every trail looked just the same by the middle of this endless day.

The middle of this endless day...

Now no one knows just where we are, but spirits still are high,
With dusty boots and laughs galore, we'll never pass this by!

We'll never pass this by...

So if you're on a Las Damas ride, you're bound to lose your way,
Trust your leader to finally get you home, just maybe not today!

Just maybe not today...