

Night Rider's Lament

By Michael E. Burton

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music

Last night while I was out a riding
The grave yard shift, midnight 'til dawn
The moon was bright as a reading light
For a letter from an old friend back home

And he asked me
Why do you ride for your money
Tell me why do you rope for short pay
You ain't a'gettin' nowhere
And you're losin' your share
You must have gone crazy out there

He told me last night I run on to Jenny
She's married and has a good life
And you sure missed the track
When you didn't come back
She's the perfect professional's wife

And she asked me
Why does he ride for his money
And tell me why does he rope for short pay
He ain't a'gettin' nowhere
And he's losin' his share
He must've gone crazy out there

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never spent spring on the Great Divide
And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing

Well I read up the last of my letter
And I tore off the stamp for black Jim
And when Billy rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and grinned

He said now
Why do they ride for their money
And why do they rope for short pay
They ain't gettin' nowhere
And they're losin' their share
They must've gone crazy out there