

Chris LeDoux, Night Rider's Lament

While I was out a ridin' the grave yard shift midnight till dawn
The moon was bright as a readin' light for a letter from an old friend back home
And he asked me why do you ride for your money and why do you rope for short pay
You ain't a gettin' nowhere and you're losin' your share
Boy you must have gone crazy out there

He said last night he runnin' to Jenny she's married and has a good life
And boy you sure missed the track when you never come back
She's the perfect professional's wife
And she asked him 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
Well he must've gone crazy out there

Ah but they've never seen the Northern Lights
They ain't 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 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 you know I wonder why do they ride for their money
Tell me why do they ride for short pay
They ain't a gettin' nowhere and they're loosin' their share
Son, they all must be crazy out there
They ain't never seen the Northern Lights
They ain't 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