

# Garth Brooks, Night Rider's Lament

One night while I was out a ridin'  
The grave yard shift, midnight 'til 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  
Tell me why do you rope for short pay  
You ain't a'gettin' nowhere  
And you're loosin' your share  
Boy, you must have gone crazy out there

He said last night I ran on 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 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 loosin' his share  
Boy he must've gone crazy out there

Ah 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  
Tell me why do they ride for short pay  
They ain't a'gettin' nowhere  
And they're loosin' their share  
Boy, they must've gone crazy out there  
Son, they all must be crazy out there