

What Am I Doing Here

[Michael Martin Murphey](#)

Starin' at the south end of north bound cattle
Slavin' in the saddle all day
You've got to be some kind of natural born fool
To want to live your life this way Well it can't be the cooking, it sure ain't the money
The devil made the horse that I ride
The days are too long and the nights are too short
And the boss ain't never satisfied So what am I doing here Lord? What am I doing here?
There's got to be something better up there
So what am I doing here? Sometimes I wonder in the lightning and the thunder
If a cowboy's even got a prayer
And why'd you have to make it so hard down here
When things are so much better up there Now the Lord called His angels all around the throne
Said, "Boys I must be wastin' my time
'Cause I thought I gave the cowboy a pretty good life
Now he's complaining 'til the day he dies"

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