Tired

Willie Nelson

My name is Jackson, I was named after my father
I followed in his footsteps down here to this factory
And I ain't complainin', wouldn't waste my breath to bother
This work ain't hard, it's only borin' as can be
I married Rebbecca back in seventy-seven
And I still love her and I guess she loves me too
We go to church on Sunday 'cause we want to go to heaven
Me and my family, ain't that how you're supposed to do?
But I'm tired, Lord I'm tired
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone
No rest for the weary, ya just move on
And I'm tired
Only missed six days and nights of twenty years of working
Money went to taxes and these bills I've paid on time

Raise I got six months ago don't meet the cost of living
Selling my body for these nickels and these dimes
The smell of Becky's coffee rolled me out of bed this morning
I showered and I shaved and dressed and pulled my work boots on
Walked in the kitchen, and she was starin' out of the window
And the way she said good morning
Made me ask, "Is something wrong?"
She said, "I'm tired, I woke up tired"
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone
No rest for the weary, ya just move on
And I guess we'll just keep goin' till we're gone
And I'm tired, Lord, I'm tired
Said, "I'm tired", Lord, I'm tired

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