

# Night Rider's Lament

[Chris LeDoux](#)

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  
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 Tells me last night he run on to Jenny  
She's married and has a good life  
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  
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 But they aint never seen the Northern Lights  
They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
They've never seen spring on the Great Divide  
They've never heard ole camp cookie sing Well I read up the last of my letter  
Tore off the stamp for black Jim  
Bill he 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  
Why do they ride for short pay  
They ain't a gettin' nowhere and they're loosin' their share  
They all must be crazy back there Cause They ain't never seen the Northern Lights  
They've never seen a hawk on the wing  
They've never seen spring hit the Great Divide  
They've never heard ole camp cookie sing

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