

# Night Rider's Lament

## Don Edwards

Michael BurtonOne 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 homeAnd 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 losin' your share  
Boy, you must have gone crazy out thereHe 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 wifeAnd 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 losin' his share  
Boy he must've gone crazy out thereAh 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 singWell 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 grinnedHe 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 losin' their share  
Boy, they must've gone crazy out there  
    Son, they all must be crazy out there

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