

Job Description

Alan Jackson

Well, I know sometimes you find it hard
To understand just what we do out here
Well, that bus rolls up at home
And I just disappear And I sure don't like to leave you
Couldn't stand for you to think that I don't care
So I wrote this job description
Just to tell you what I do when I'm not there I sleep eighty miles an hour
To the whining of a diesel down the interstate
Dreamin' 'bout my little girls
The easy chair that sits beside the fireplace
Then we shut her down in another town
Shower up, do just what we came to do
Sing for the people
Count the money and the miles back home to you Well, each night I take the stage
With a six piece band and a guitar in my hand
Singin' songs about my life
All the good times and the bad Then we say goodbye and we load it up
And head somewhere I've already been
Then I lay down in that double bed alone
And I thank the Lord again I sleep eighty miles an hour
To the whining of a diesel down the interstate
Dreamin' 'bout my little girls
The easy chair that sits beside the fireplace
Then we shut her down in another town
Shower up, do just what we came to do
Sing for the people
Count the money and the miles back home to you Well, I just sing for the people
Count the money and the miles back home to you

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