

Night Rider's Lament

Garth Brooks

One night when I was out ridin'
The graveyard shift, midnight till dawn
The moon was bright, as a readin' light
With a letter from an old friend back home And 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 there." He said, "Last night, I ran on to Jenny. She's married and she has a
good life.
Boy, you sure missed the track, when you never came back.
She's the perfect professional's wife.
And she asked me, 'Why does he ride for his money? Tell me, why does he rope for short pay?
He ain't a gettin' nowhere, and he's losin' his share.
Boy, he must have gone crazy out there.' "Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never spent spring at the Great Divide
And they've never heard ole Camp Cookie sing So 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 he grinned And he 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 have gone crazy out there
Son, they all must be crazy out there."

Songwriters

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