

## Tired

Fred Eaglesmith

Better take some extra blankets  
Going out past sixty  
They say the wind is cold  
Comin' in off the shell  
Better take some extra flour  
Take some extra biscuits  
Take another bedroll  
And a few more shotgun shells  
Don't you ever get tired of herding up those cattle  
From low to high and high to low  
And always changing ground  
Don't you ever get tired of setting in that saddle  
Starin' at that Western sky watching the sun go down  
They say the blacktop's tore up  
Right up through Topeka  
They're pulling people over  
And the trucks are moving slow  
I got a friend out back  
He knows a couple side roads  
The troopers stay out of there  
And the weigh stations are closed  
Don't you ever get tired of herding up those cattle  
From low to high and high to low  
And always changing ground  
Don't you ever get tired of setting in that saddle  
Starin' at that Western sky watching the sun go down  
They found old Ray McGuire last week up on Jimmy Ridge  
He was wrapped up like a mummy  
Frozen colder than a stone  
They said they found his herd  
He had them fenced and hitched  
He had several different breeds  
And the brands weren't all his own  
Don't you ever get tired of herding up those cattle  
From low to high and high to low  
And always changing ground  
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Starin' at that Western sky watching the sun go down