

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
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