

Tired

Toby Keith

My name is Jackson, I was named after my father
Followed in his footsteps, down here to this factory
I ain't complainin', wouldn't waste my breath to bother
This work ain't hard, it's only borin' as can be

Married Rebecca back in seventy-seven
I still love her and I guess she loves me too
We go to church on Sundays 'cause we want to go to heaven
Me and my family, ain't that how you're supposed to do

But I'm tired, Lord I'm tired
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone
No rest for the weary, ya just move on
Tired, Lord I'm tired

I've only missed six days in nigh on twenty years o' work
The money went to taxes and these bills I've paid on time
The raise I got two months ago don't meet the cost o' living
Selling my body for these nickels and these dimes

The smell of Becky's coffee rolled me out of bed this morning
I showered and shaved and dressed and pulled my work boots on
Walked in the kitchen, she was starin' out the window
The way she said good morning made me ask is something wrong
She said I'm tired, woke up tired
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone
No rest for the weary, ya just move on
I guess you just keep goin' till your gone
Tired, Lord I'm tired
Tired, Lord I'm tired