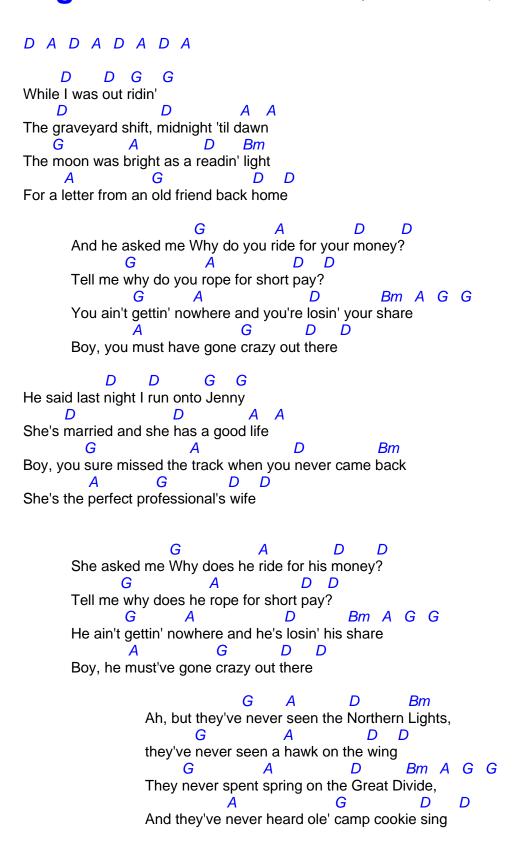
Night Rider's Lament by Michael Burton (1975)



| D D G G Well, I read up the last of my letter, D D A A And I tore off the stamp for black Jim G A D Bm And when Billy rode up to relieve me, A G D D He just looked at my letter and grinned |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| G A D D He said now why do they ride for their money? G A D D Tell me why do they rope for short pay? G A D Bm A G G They ain't gettin' nowhere and they're losin' their share A G D D Boy, they all must be crazy out there |
| G A D Bm Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights, G A D D they've never seen a hawk on the wing G A D Bm A G G They never spent spring on the Great Divide, A G D D And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing |
| Yodel |
| G G D D A A D D G G D D A A D D |
| G A D Bm Ah, but they've never seen the Northern Lights, G A D D they've never seen a hawk on the wing G A D Bm A G G They never spent spring on the Great Divide, A G D D And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing A G D D And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing |