

# Garth Brooks, Midnight Sun

Ain't no hay left upon the ground  
Gonna join the sun in sitting down  
My last bale and well my tail is dragging  
Cotton shirt, Cotton mouth  
Cold ones waiting at the house  
It's time for me to get down off the wagon

Hose me down and dress me up  
Fire up that old pickup truck  
Out the gate and let them horses run  
A jukebox and swinging doors  
Soft and pretties on a hardwood floor  
A cowboy's work just ain't never done  
In the land of the midnight sun

Find a looker, have her hold my keys  
And tell her later we'll be needing these  
Grab a cold one, turn it upside down  
To that honky tonkin' sound

Hose me down and dress me up  
Fire up that old pickup truck  
Out the gate and let them horses run  
'Cause eight o' clock comes twice a day  
And either way you'll find me chasing strays  
A cowboy's work just ain't never done  
In the land of the midnight sun

Shoot the breeze while shooting pool  
Dance 'til you're sweating like a rented mule  
Getting loud with all my cowboy friends  
The party never ends

Hose me down and dress me up  
Fire up that old pickup truck  
Out the gate and let them horses run  
Looky there who waits for me  
Smiling sweetly, holding up my keys  
A cowboy's work just ain't never done  
In the land of the midnight sun  
In the land of the midnight sun