

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