

Six Bucks a Day

Ned LeDoux

I've been a rambling out, Montana way
And trying to live, on a cowpuncher's pay
I've been changing them dams, in the new summer hay
Irrigating alfalfa, for six bucks a day

Well out here in the fields, as the water runs down
With the sun high above me, and the sky all around
I'm a dreaming my dreams, of the Canada line
And the places I'd go, if the money were mine

I'd tell you my story, I'd be on my way
But the savings are slow to come
On six bucks a day

Now come a Saturday night, well you draw out some pay
Then you go into town, just to throw it away
And when the end of the month, comes a rolling your way
Well you ain't got much left, at six bucks a day

I'll tell you my story, I'd be on my way
But the savings are slow to come
On six bucks a day

Now if I drew out my time, and I paid off my debts
I couldn't get to great falls, on what I'd have left
But I've got me no choice, when them diesel horns blow
Come the wind from the highway, I got to pick up and go

Yeah money or none at all, they can't hold me this way
For my blankets are rolled and tied
And I'm leaving today