

Story Of The Hired Hand

Ned LeDoux

Well, he drives a beat up duelly truck, that's seen it's better
days
Nearly every mile he's put on that rig, hauled at least a bale
of hay
His hands are worn and tattered, knees are shot his back is sor
e
From the years of busting horses and time spent in the rodeo

Now he's tender to his caring wife, playful with his kids
Does his best to do what's right, simple life to live
He's had his share of hard times but the good outweighs the bad
The lines on his face tell the history, of the life he's had

This ranch well it ain't his, he's just the man for hire
When the job called for an expert, a cowboy's what they require
Started here as a young man, stacking hay and stretching barb w
ire
The boss could tell from the get-go, he's the man for hire

No man I know is stronger, to this life he was born
Given not much to work with, as he shoulders through the storm
The world owes him no favors, he rarely asks for help
He'll blaze his own trail, along the way he'll figure it out

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Now he'd like to know what's over the hill, he's got things to
do
If you see him standing still, he's just thinking it all throug
h
Paints a pretty good picture, of the hard-working man
The way of life for a cowboy, story of a hired hand

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Now there's a silhouette of him on horseback, set in picture fr
ames
Hanging on walls in cafes, no one knows his name