

# Night Guard

Stan Rogers

Forty-four's no age to start again,  
But the bulls were getting tough and he was never free  
of pain  
Where others blew their winnings getting tanked,  
Most of his got banked saving for the farm.

He never thought she'd wait for him at all.  
She wanted more than broken bones and trophies on the  
wall;  
But when he quit and finally got the farm,  
She ran into his arms and now they've got a kid.

He was star of all the rodeos but now they rob him  
blind.  
It took eighteen years of Brahma bulls and life on the  
line  
To get his spread and a decent herd,  
But now he spends his time pulling night guard.

He told her that he'd got it for the game,  
A "Winnie" 303 with his initials on the frame  
Riding in the scabbard at his knee. Tonight he's gonna  
see  
Who's getting all the stock.

Seventh one this summer yesterday;  
Half a year of profits gone, and now there's hell to  
pay.  
The cops say they know who, but there's no proof.  
The banker hit the roof, and damn near took the farm.

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He hears the wire popping by the road;  
Sees the blacked out Reo coming for another load.  
This time, it's not one they take but two;  
Two minutes and they're through, and laughing in the  
cab.

And here'll be the end of this tonight,  
'Cause all the proof he needs is lying sready in his  
sights.  
It may be just the worst thing he could do  
But he squeezes off a few, then make his call to town.

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