

# Tired

Toby Keith

My name is Jackson, I was named after my father  
Followed in his footsteps, down here to this factory  
I ain't complainin', wouldn't waste my breath to bother  
This work ain't hard, it's only borin' as can be

Married Rebecca back in seventy-seven  
I still love her and I guess she loves me too  
We go to church on Sundays 'cause we want to go to heaven  
Me and my family, ain't that how you're supposed to do

But I'm tired, Lord I'm tired  
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone  
No rest for the weary, ya just move on  
Tired, Lord I'm tired

I've only missed six days in nigh on twenty years o' work  
The money went to taxes and these bills I've paid on time  
The raise I got two months ago don't meet the cost o' living  
Selling my body for these nickels and these dimes

The smell of Becky's coffee rolled me out of bed this morning  
I showered and shaved and dressed and pulled my work boots on  
Walked in the kitchen, she was starin' out the window  
The way she said good morning made me ask is something wrong  
She said I'm tired, woke up tired  
Life is wearin' me smooth down to the bone  
No rest for the weary, ya just move on  
I guess you just keep goin' till your gone  
Tired, Lord I'm tired  
Tired, Lord I'm tired