

## C.W. McCall "Night Hawk"

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(Tom McKeon, Ron Peterson)

We'd worked ourselves senseless  
Been bustin' down fences  
Drivin' dry cattle, no water in sight  
As we sat 'round the fire  
And cursed the barbed wire  
A stranger broke into our light

Not knowin' no better  
Some fool went for leather  
But a whispered "I wouldn't"  
Put an end to the fight  
Then he said, "I'm for hire.  
"You need a rider.  
"And I don't mind ridin' at night."

[Chorus]  
Go light on the Night Hawk  
He don't smile, he don't talk  
To strangers, and seldom to friends  
And you'll do well to listen  
When he asks you to leave him alone  
He won't ask you again

Though the man is a myst'ry  
The story is hist'ry  
How a range fire came  
Like a thief in the night  
Took his young wife and babies  
His would-bes and maybes  
And burned out the love in his life

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