

## **Jackson Alan**

### **"Job Description"**

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Well, I know sometimes you find it hard  
To understand just what we do out here  
Well, that bus rolls up at home  
And I just disappear

And I sure don't like to leave you  
Couldn't stand for you to think that I don't care  
So I wrote this job description  
Just to tell you what I do when I'm not there

[CHORUS]

I sleep eighty miles an hour  
To the whining of a diesel down the interstate  
Dreaming 'bout my little girls  
The easy chair that sits beside the fireplace  
Then we shut her down in another town  
We shower up  
And do just what we came to do  
Sing for the people  
Count the money  
And the miles back home to you

Well, each night I take the stage  
With a six-piece band and a guitar in my hand  
Singing songs about my life  
All the good times and the bad

And we say goodbye and we load it up  
And head somewhere I've already been  
Then I lay down in that double bed alone  
And I thank the Lord again

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Well, I just sing for the people  
Count the money  
And the miles back home to you

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