

Three Rivers Song

Turnpike Troubadours

Well I come from a place not too far from Texas
A blanket of red oaks and wild loblolly pines
Down somewhere between heaven and no where
Down by the Red River on the Arkansas line
Now my hometown and nothin' much more than a saw mill
A church and a school, and a greasy cafe
Oh but lumber has slowed down
And I fear before long my hometown will dry up and then blow away

So you best buy your permits and round up your cattle
If you're too proud to leave you'll be too poor to stay
And remember the good times, back when you had 'em
Well you know Mr. Weyerhaeuser has the last say

Oh here comes that Texan, he's got the money
Now name your price buddy, I'm willing to pay
He comes up from Dallas and he calls us hillbillies
And then sleeps in that cabin on Broken Bow Lake

So you best buy your permits and round up your cattle
Oh the cow man he's lost and stays on the plain
And remember the good times, back when you had 'em
Well you know Mr. Weyerhaeuser has the last say

Now down on the Glover, there's a spotted wild pony
He ain't never seen a saddle, bridle, or rain
And he stands just as free as the stream that he drinks from
But when all's said or doe he'll be dead or be tamed

So you best buy your permits and round up your cattle
If you're too proud to leave you'll be too poor to stay
And remember the good times, back when you had 'em
Well you know Mr. Weyerhaeuser has the last say