

Our name's been on that mailbox
The last 100 years
We're the walking definition
Of blood, sweat and tears
You ask them who we are
They'll tell you mean and surly
We're the keepers of tradition
That Brightleaf and Burley

We get low down
We get high as a kite
Lord I wish I may
Lord I wish I might
Be singing this song
When I hit the pearly gates
Greetings from Tobacco Town, USA
Greetings from Tobacco Town, USA

I've been wandering these roads
Since I was 3 years old
Watching the men I thought were gods
Turning green leafs into gold
Now the fields they all lay empty
Curing barns are growing cold
All the while another cash crop
Just begging to be sold

Yeah, we got the infrastructure
Lord know's we got the will
But a solution to a problem
Doesn't pay that problem's bills
So they'll keep calling it illegal
Keep pumping us with pills
Tell Roosevelt what the Bible Belt
Went and did to his New Deal

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We could pay for oil
Coal and steel
If the factory work ain't left yet
Bet a dollar that it will
We redefined resilience
We'll make it somehow
But if God was going to save us, he'd have done it by now
If your god was going to save us, he'd have done it by now

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