

# Oil And Cattle

Brett Kissel

I come from a land of oil and cattle  
Hard work, blood, sweat, and tears  
My grandpa's grandpa, first broke the land  
That's been ours for one hundred years  
The Feds tried to break us, and the bank tried to take us  
But somehow we stayed in the saddle  
Yeah, I'm proud to be from a land of oil and cattle

I come from a land of wide open prairie  
Blue skies and wheat fields of gold  
They call 'em the flatlands, but to me is the heartland  
The best place that I've ever known  
I don't have much cash, but I ain't a poor man  
God, don't give me more than I can carry  
Yeah, I'm proud to be from a land of wide open prairie

I come from a land at the foot of the Rockies  
Where the eagle protects the sky  
I fished these rivers when I was a child  
And I still do as the traffic drives by  
Now fire took the jack pines but few fought off the coal mines  
The government tried but can't stop me  
I'm proud to be from a land at the foot of the Rockies

I come from a land under one sun  
Where my people, at one time, lived free  
Before there was oil and fences for cattle  
Mother Nature owned all you could see  
The settlers came, and though we were brave  
The healing has not yet begun  
I'll find my place again in this land under one sun

We'll find out place again in this land under one sun