

Black Texas Dirt

Buck Owens

Mama and papa spent the very best years of their life on the west Texas farm
Tryin' to scratch a livin' from the black land dirt that traded them only with storm
From way before sunup to way up to sundown papa walked behind that ol' mule
Until the day that they laid him away he lived by the golden rule
Black Texas dirt you're full of hurt and you won't geow nothing but weeds
You took my mama and papa it's true but you ain't a gonna get me

Yes sun and the rain well they took everything cept the dirt that would fly in my face
I swore that someday that I'd find me a way to take me away from this place
I packed up my belongings for soon I'd be goin' far off to start a new life
And I'd better hurry or I'd have to worry about those dark clouds in the sky
As I reached the gate and turned to take one last look
At the old homeplace where I was born
I thought I could hear voices callin' to me
But then I thought no that just must be the storm
I couldn't get over the feelin' something was wrong
That I was leavin' something behind
I couldn't put my finger on it but I couldn't get that off my mind
It seemed as if the wind was mama's and papa's voices
And that they were pleading with to stay
And that the rain was tears at the skies were shading because I was goin' away
But then like a bow of lightnin' from out the blue
Oh that feelings got over me like a flood
And for the very first time in my life I knew I had black Texas dirt in my blood
Black Texas dirt you're full of hurt and you won't geow nothing but weeds
You took my mama and papa it's true and now you're a gonna take me