

S Lazy H

Corb Lund

I was born in this valley
On this ranch I was raised
I learned to lope, rope, and dally
On the S Lazy H
The roots of my people
They run deep on this place
I am sixth generation
On the S Lazy H

When it came to the future
I never gave it a thought
If there were broncs to be broken
Endless steers to be caught
My youth, it was carefree
For the work was my play
And what I loved would always be there
On the S Lazy H

I had one beloved sister
A few years younger than me
Before a sole cowboy had kissed her
She left for school in the east
Me, I might have gone to college
I might have liked to fly planes
But my dad needed help
To run the S Lazy H

So I worked there alongside him
Put a lot of years in this place
And I gained appreciation
For the lines on his face
And when mom had grown older
And when dad passed away
It fell to me to look after
The S Lazy H

By now my sister, she had married
A sharp attorney at school
We didn't see eye to eye
But I did my best to make peace
What did they see when they over
Over the fence one fine day
They saw a whole lot of value
In the S Lazy H

So after thought and assessment
The court awarded them half
And no cow-calf operation
Carries that kind of cash
Well I worked through the numbers
Worked them every which way
Yeah I went through the numbers
Oh, and boys I'm afraid
I had to sell twenty sections
Of the S Lazy H

Sometimes right isn't equal

Sometimes equal's not fair
There will soon be rows of houses
On that ridge over there
Many lifetimes of labor
Will be all but erased
Shed a tear and look skyward
God help the S Lazy H

The last few years were a struggle
But I gave it my best
And I tried to go forward
On the land that was left
I have lived with the sorrow
And I will die with the shame
For now the bank owns what's left
Of the S Lazy H