

# 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