

## 60 Acres

James McMurtry

Turned off the tv  
Sat down to dinner  
Phone rang, we were saying grace  
Grandma died  
Left us sixty acres  
The last of the old home place

Sixty acres up on the cap rock  
What am I supposed to do with that  
Uncle Claude got a eight wheeled tractor  
Plow it under in nothing flat  
We could plant some maize  
We could plant some cotton  
We could plant some oats just to see if they'd grow  
But I don't like farming  
Don't like the hours  
Don't like a life that goes so slow

Glory glory  
Hallelujah  
Right back at 'cha

Hope that'll do ya  
Don't look at me like there's something I shouldn't a'said  
Just cause that old bird's dead

Now cousin Clifford  
He got the good land  
Right on the highway out by Air Base road  
Looks like a Wal-Mart waiting to happen  
I mean to tell you it's a pot of gold  
It's in the city limits, zoned commercial  
Got city water and a sewer line  
What with the base expanding from consolidation  
It's worth a fortune and it oughta been mine

Don't she look natural?  
Don't look at me like there's  
Something growing outa my head  
Just 'cause that old bird's dead