

Where Is The D.A.R. When You Really Need Them

Jerry Jeff Walker

Well I was raised on a little farm
Off a dirt road on RD#3
And once a week we'd go to town
Just to see what there was there that was going down
Then behind the barn watching trains go by
Until the day I jumped up caught one on the fly
Goodbye farm life
This tow headed kid is city bound

I came to town through yellow factory smog
Slowly choking from the smoke
Honking cars caused me to curse the skies
As I picked those busted fender cinders from my eyes
And twelve people knocked me off my feet
And sent me helter-skelter through a garbage heap
Then the street sweeper swept me up
And dumped me on the road to the farm

By the time I could walk back home
Someone had paved that road
And cleared the land for a hamburg stand
And down the street they'd built a neat trailer camp
A drive-in show, a home for mink
A gu-gu golf course, and a roller rink
Now they left me no choice but to go and dig a hole in the sand

So here I am on the edge of land
Looking towards the scummy sea
The sky is filled with airplanes
And power boats and yachts are coming dead at me
In tractor trucks, campers, cars and buses
People everywhere are caught in traffic rushes
Running from the farm
To the town to a hole in the ground

Well I guess we finally done it
We've gone and made a society
That has just too much of everything
But remember, use your liver