

## Five Generations Of Rock County Wilsons

John Anderson

It seems like overnight the town of Red River  
Was suddenly full of strange men  
Who wore suits in the summer and stood on the dirt roads  
Trying to hold their maps in the wind

And some of them smiled  
And some of them didn't  
And none of them came back again

After five generations of Rock Country Wilsons  
The last fifty acres, apparently didn't  
Mean a damn thing to them

I stood on the hill overlooking Red River  
Where my momma and her momma lay  
And listened to the growling of the big diesel cat  
As they tore up the wood's where I played

And I said, momma forgive me  
That I'm almost glad  
That you're not here today

After five generations of Rock Country Wilsons  
See the last fifty acres in the hands of somebody  
That would actually blow it away

You know the bus station in the town of Red River  
Used to be the general store  
But now they got a new one and you know that's okay  
If a bus is what you're looking for

So early one morning  
When the sun cut red  
I got up with the dawn

After five generations of Rock County Wilsons  
The last one just climbed on a big old gray dog  
And was gone