

Panhandle Poorboy

Kevin Fowler

I was born in the dust bowl,
A land of twister and tumbleweeds
You can drive for forty miles and never see a single tree
Eighty days with no rain in sight
You can smell the feed lot if the wind s just right
If you wanna know who I am
Just look where I'm from
I'm just a panhandle poorboy
Forth generation born and bred
That old West Texas dust is in my blood
It's where they'll lay me when I'm dead
It's just a rough and rugged land but it made me who I am
No matter where this life takes me
I know I'll always be just a panhandle poorboy
It's always boom or bust, either drought or flood
One day your choking on dust
The next day your knee deep in mud
Barb wire and windmills reign
Around here they're still the king
Somethings never change
Including me
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