

The Flood

Logan Halstead

I inherited this plot of land when Mama's daddy died
This little surveyed piece of Earth is where I spent my life
Rainwater is to cornfields like whiskey is to men
Just have enough to keep you standing
Too much will do you in

These rainclouds settled in one early Winter night
The grey of Winter dark is choking out all the sunlight
The little sandy river, she's drowning in her tears
With her, she'll take my good dirt
And a hundred head of steer

The rain keeps on a'falling as I cry out to my Lord
"Won't you spare this land I've broke my heart and backbone for
?"
Well, he don't give me an answer as the rain keeps coming down
I'll fight this flood 'til the bitter end or He washes me out

For forty days, forty nights
You hear Noah built the Ark
And that he rode upon the tide
Lord, I've got no boat
I've run out of time
Nothing left to live for
And the last of my kind

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That muddy water's rising
I can barely see the fence
Lord, it rolls my way like a slow train
Loaded down with death
Son, you can have your share
If she leaves anything behind
Don't bother dragging the river boys
This note is all you'll find

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