

If the deed was still in my grandpa's hands
His farm would be where this Walmart stands
But he's as gone as the good old days
'Fore the whitetail left and the progress came

To the front door saying, "Name your price"
Your neighbors all sold, so we thought you might
Want to cut the kind of deal that'd change your life
Man they were right

I could blame my family for wanting to sell
Blame the price of cattle for going to hell
Blame that banker and call him a crook
Blame Uncle Sam for the cut he took

When they cut the trees down and dug up my roots
Now I'm stressed in loafers instead of sweating in boots
The price per acre can't change the truth
My life got rough when my hands got smooth

It was up with the dawn. It was praying for rain
And if it was sunny, we were making hay
The diesel was high, but the smiles were cheap
Like tailgate beers and a good night's sleep
Now the daily grind, it never stops
I got an empty soul and a full inbox
Orange bottles 'round the bathroom sink
To catch a few restless wings

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Now groceries get delivered where they used to get grown
Replaced all of our neighbors with strangers on phones
They keep paving, adding lanes but there ain't no way to make it back home

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