

Plowboy

Ray Scott

There's a lot of small towns in this world,
Just like the one that I came from,
Where any dream you have is just a dream,
It ain't nothin' that can truly be done

Well I'm gonna tell yall a little story,
About the day I set out to leave,
As I was loadin' up and sayin' my goodbyes
Some redneck Einstein said to me:
Well I see ya packed up your suitcase,
And I seen ya throw it in the truck,
Headed off to the big town are ya?
Heh, well, son I wish ya luck.
Now I don't mean to bust your bubble,
But boy the way you're thinking's wrong
Go on out and chase that foolish dream of yours
Heh, you'll be back before too long.

'Cause You a plowboy
You ain't no city boy
Yeah, you were born with dirty hands
Yeah, you a plowboy
You're thinking silly boy
Just tryin' to make ya understand

What you better do is put them over-alls back on,
Go on out and fix that old barn door,
Keep your far fetched fantasies to yourself,
And fetch a load of feed down at the country store,
Better yet, go on, have at it,
Go see how high you can fly,
But you best be back when that green leaf comes back in, boy,
We're gonna need your help come July

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Well now here I am a few years later,
I've come a long way from that old farm,
I've got stocks and bonds and a house with a cement pond,
Got a genuine Rolex on my arm,
Well I'd like to ask him what the taste of crow is like,
An' see him face the fact that he was wrong,
Ya see, I always knew where I was headed,
But I never forgot where I was from

Yeah I'm a plowboy
I ain't no city boy
Oh, I was born with dirty hands
Look at me now, boy
Sure is a pity, boy
I couldn't make ya understand
Go milk that cow, boy

And that wood needs splittin', boy
And you best get back to balin' hay
Yeah I'm a plow boy
Well now look who's silly, boy
From now on, be careful what you say
Ya hear
Yeah, yeah