

High - Speed Feed

Read Southall Band

You can't blame me none, I've waiting on the rain
Did my dances, prayed my prayers, but hell it never came
A quonset barn and a cotton farm, no water to irrigate
A 4020 diesel and a half full anhydrous tank

It's granddaddy's land and I got one more trick up my sleeve
Going to save the farm in that quonset barn with a little southern chemistry

Raining three days straight and the waters sinking through my soil
I've got a batch I started up last week and I just can't let it spoil
Word on that county road Mr. Carters on my trail
If that southwestern wind it keeps blowing in hell they'll probably place my smell

One more for that corner store and that's all I'll really need
Then I'll call it quits, those late night shifts, cooking that high-speed feed

The grass is looking green and I can see it for myself
Twice a day, when they swing those gates and they finally ring that bell
They tried to stick a dime on me, but a nickels all they could prove
I sent that quonset up in flames when they finally made their move

So if you're going to farm then turn your dirt and plant your seeds
And don't you go grinding those teeth cooking that high-speed feed