

Brown & Root, Brown & Root

Rodney Crowell

Lord, I worked my hands in wet cement
For the county highway crew
I'm the middle boy from a family of ten
And poor sons-a-bitches were we
Pa was mean when he drank and he always drank
And he never said three words to me

Whooo hoo hoo
Whooo

Lord, it's hell when you're down, don't know one care
And it all looks like uphill down there
Cause you work and you climb and you smell like dirt
And you know you ain't going nowhere

At Brown and Root, Brown and Root
Whooo hoo hoo
Whooo hooo
Whooo hoo hoo
Whooo hooo

Lord, the rain would come and the roof would leak
And the gas company cut off the heat
Cause when it rains, you don't work, which means no pay
Which always means not much to eat
And there are too many ways to get beat

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