

Mud

Whiskey Myers

Oh, Lord, won't you let me stay in the place where I was born?
In the fields Granddaddy tilled and all my seeds are sown
Ain't no love for a poor dirt farmer, genuine son of the south
And the water's high and the bills are too and the levy tumblin
g down

Daddy owed the banker man
So, we was drowning before the flood
That river washed us all away
Left us right here in the mud
Yeah, in the mud

We built this house upon the Mississippi back in 1879
Over a hundred years my family's been here barely scraping by
We just some good old country folks just trying to weather the
storm
How we gonna pay when the interest rates done got higher than t
he corn?

Ain't no man gonna take it away
'Cause it's deep down in my blood
Step across that old property line
And you'll die
Right here in the mud
Yeah, in the mud

Who's this creeping through the sticks
Let me talk at 'em with my thirty ought six
A couple city guys with suits and ties
Bet they can't feel this crosshair right between their eyes

I got no place to go and no place to run
Just a dirt farmer's boy with his Granddaddy's gun
Step across that line, I'm gonna tell you, son
We're all gonna die right here in the mud,
Yeah, in the mud