

# Bill Anderson, Concrete

CONCRETE  
(Bill Anderson)  
'75 Stallion Music

To a boy who grew up walking in the woods and the fields of South Carolina  
This big ole city feels hard underneath my feet  
And to a kid who ain't never heard a noise a whole lot louder than a freight train  
I get scared sometimes just standing here along the street  
Concrete concrete everywhere I turn there's concrete  
Found in the pavement day after day I wanna go home  
Where the sun shines and the tall pines and the earth and the heavens meet  
I'd rather starve on a poor dirt farm than to stay here surrounded by the concrete  
Cause it's turnin' me into concrete  
My kids ain't never gone wadin' in a creek or cuttin' down cane for fishing  
They've never seen a blackberry growin' wild  
Sometimes I get to missin' it so I almost take to crying  
I'm cursed with the body of a man and the heart of a child  
Concrete concrete...