

# Charlie Daniels Band, Grapes Of Wrath

In 1927, Oklahoma blew away  
And we started cross the country in a beat up Chevrolet  
Our backs were to the sunrise and our feet were on the path  
We're going out to the promised land and the grapes of wrath  
They called us dirty rednecks and they called us filthy bums  
Said we don't want y'all in our town so why the We moved out close to Bakersfield and tried to sett  
I got a job share croppin' for the richest man in town  
If he'd a just left us alone, we'd a lived a happy life  
But he couldn't keep his eyes off of my wife  
He slipped into my house one day when Ruby was alone  
And by the time that I got back the damage had been done  
And what I saw when I walked in just filled me full of hate  
And she just laid there crying like her heart would break  
I grabbed my gun and started out but Ruby begged me please  
So I went in town and told the law but they just laughed at me  
But thirteen sticks of dynamite that night made quite a sound  
And brought a big fine mansion tumbling to the ground  
California you're a faker, California you're a lie  
'Cause the rich keep getting richer while the hungry children cry  
One of these days  
You're going to pay for your mistakes