

Jack Greene, Whiskey Dirt

Livin' on whiskey dirt ain't easy Lord when you're little
When you planted in whiskey dirt it's hard to grow
The corn we grew on whiskey farm we stored in a jar in a gunny sack
But it kept us eaten when daddy couldn't find any work
And it's hard to smile when you know that people
All laughin' out loud behind your back
And there's not much plowin' to do in the whiskey dirt
Livin' on whiskey dirt ain't easy Lord when you're little
You might say it's a mighty tough row to hold
Sometimes you think you ain't a gonna get no bigger
When you planted in whiskey dirt it's hard to grow
[steel]

We had to live so we all worked together and everybody had his little bit to do
I had to wash and boil 'em Mason jars
Mama did the fillin' and brother did the diggin'
We had to keep it hid when we got through
And later on papa did sell 'em in the wagon yard
Livin' on whiskey dirt...
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