

Jason Aldean, Amarillo Sky

He gets up before the dawn;
Packs a lunch an' a thermos full of coffee.
It's another day in the dusty haze;
Those burnin' rays are wearin' down his body.
The diesels worth the price of gold;
It's the cheapest grain he's ever sold,
But he's still holdin' on.
He just takes the tractor another round,
An' pulls the plow across the ground,
And sends up another prayer.
He says: "Lord, I never complain, I never ask: 'Why?'
"Please don't let my dreams run dry,
"Underneath, underneath this Amarillo Sky."
That hail storm back in '83,
Sure did take a toll on his family.
But he stayed strong and carried on,
Just like his Dad and Granddad did before him.
On his knees every night,
He prays: "Please let my crops and children grow,"
'Cause that's all he's ever known.
He just takes the tractor another round,
An' pulls the plow across the ground,
And sends up another prayer.
He says: "Lord, I never complain, I never ask: 'Why?'
"Please don't let my dreams run dry,
"Underneath, underneath this Amarillo Sky."
[Instrumental Break]
An' he takes the tractor another round. (Another round.)
Another round. (Another round.)
Another round.
An' he takes the tractor another round, another round.
He says: "I never complain, I never ask: 'Why?'
"Please don't let my dreams run dry,
"Underneath, underneath this Amarillo Sky.
"Underneath this Amarillo Sky."