

Kenny Price, Whiskey Dirt

Livin' on whiskey dirt ain't easy Lord when you're little
You might say it's a mighty rough row to hold
Sometimes you think that you won't get no bigger (but I did)
When you planted in whiskey dirt it's hard to grow

The corn we raised on whiskey farm we stored in a jar and a gunny sack
But it kept us eaten when dad couldn't find any work
It was hard to smile when you knew that folks were laughin' out loud behind your back
It's not much plant to do in the whiskey dirt
Livin' on whiskey dirt...

[steel]

We had to survive so we worked all together everybody had his little thing to do
I had to wash and boil 'em Mason jars
Mama did a fillin' and dad did a diggin' we had to keep it hid when we got through
Later on papa did sell 'em in the wagon yard
Now livin' on whiskey dirt...
Well livin' on whiskey dirt...