

# Marty Robbins, My Own Native Land

In this troubled world today  
We're asked to lend a hand  
Which I will, but first with me  
Comes my own native land  
Gladly will I help this world  
And give all that I can  
It isn't selfishness but first  
Comes my own native land

Is it right that we should give  
And give until it hurts  
To a foreign land that treats us  
Just like so much dirt  
Those who lead us have forgotten  
Love is in the soul  
Love cannot be purchased with  
The promise of more gold

Giving brings a lot of joy  
And this I do believe  
But aren't the ones who give so much  
Entitled to receive  
Why do we keep on giving  
Is it right that we should please  
The very ones who'd like to see  
Our country on her knees

If we must give then we should use  
A different policy  
And give to only those who treat us  
Fair and honestly  
We give to those who quickly take it  
Posing as a friend  
Then just as quickly turn and bite  
The hand that's feeding them

I'll be accused but I don't feel  
I'm acting selfishly  
'Cause I believe the country that  
Remains strong will stay free  
To give is great but are we giving  
More than we can stand  
I question this, cause first with me  
Comes my own native land  
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