

# Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Long Hard Road (The Sharecropper's Dream)

Way back in my memory there's a scene that I recall  
Of a little run-down cabin in the woods  
Where my dad never promised that our blue moon would turn gold  
But he laid awake nights wishin' that it would.  
When the world was on our radio, hard work was on our minds.  
We lived our day-to-day in plain dirt fashion,  
With ol' overalls and cotton balls all strapped across your back  
Man, it's hard to make believe there ain't nothing wrong.  
But momma kept the Bible read and daddy kept our family fed,  
And somewhere in between I must have grown  
Cause someday I was dreamin' that a song that I was singin'  
Takes me down the road to where I want to go.  
Now I know, it's a long hard road  
Sometimes I remember when I stay up late at night,  
When the sun-up came, we got up and went  
In the shadows of a working' day, our moonlight hours spent  
Singin' songs along with Gramma's radio.  
Now I'm beatin' down a ol' blacktop road, sleepin' in a sack,  
Livin' in my memories all in vain  
'Cause those city lights ain't all that bright, compared to what its like  
To see lightning bugs go dancin' in the rain.  
Momma played the guitar then, and daddy made the saw blade bend,  
And raindrops played the tin roof like a drum.  
But I just kept on dreamin' that a song that I was singin'  
Takes me down the road to where my name is known.  
Now I'm gone, and its a long hard road  
Yes, I know, Its a long hard road.