

# Reverend Horton Heat, Bales Of Cocaine

Well I was workin' on my farm, 'bout 1982  
Pullin' up some corn, and a little carrot, too  
When two low-flyin' airplanes, 'bout a hundred feet high  
Dropped a buncha bales of somethin', 'bout hit me in the eye

So I cut a bale open, and man was I surprised  
A buncha large sized baggies, with big, white rocks inside  
So I took a little sample, and my crazy brother Joe  
Sniffed it up and kicked his heels, said, "Horton, that's someblow!"

(Chorus)

Bales of cocaine, fallin' from low-flyin' planes  
I don't know who done dropped 'em, but I thank 'em just the same  
Bales of cocaine, fallin' like the pourin' rain  
My life changed completely by those low-flyin' planes

I loaded up them bales in my pick 'em up truck  
Headed west for Dallas, where I might try my luck  
I didn't have a notion that I could sell 'em there  
Thirty minutes later I was a millionare

(Chorus)

Now I am a rich man, but I'm still a farmer too  
But I sold my farm in Texas, bought a farm down in Peru  
And when I get so homesick, I think I'm goin' insane  
I travel back to Texas in a low-flyin' plane

(Chorus)