

Taylor Big, The Ballad Of Purvis Greene

Way up on the mountain about a mile from here,
There's some vegetation growing that The People fear,
Cause it makes you laugh,
The laws forbid such fun as that.
It makes you laugh,
The laws forbid such fun as that.
I promised my folks before they died,
That I'd keep the family farm and I've always tried,
But when money's low,
You know what crop this poor man grows.
But when money's low,
You know what crop this poor man grows.
Made just enough to stay ahead of broke,
Without that crop there'da been no hope;
You know it's awful hard,
To make a living off a worn-out hillside farm;
Yeah, it's awful hard,
To make a living off a worn-out hillside farm;
How could it be such a terrible crime,
To help your family and your farm survive?
It hurt no one,
For them that used it, harmless fun.
It hurt no one,
For them that used it, harmless fun.
Off my front porch I seen a helicopter buzz,
The back road's blocked by swat team fuzz,
And they mean me harm,
Imprison me, and take my farm.
And they mean me harm,
Imprison me, and take my farm.
Seized and sold at half its price,
They took my land and my way of life,
And for all they done,
You know locking me up didn't stop it none,
And for all they done,
You know Locking me up didn't stop it none.
Marijuana smoke ain't blowin' away,
I'm here to tell you its around to stay;
So I wanna know,
Why can't they just leave us alone?
So I wanna know,
Why can't they just leave us alone?