

Travis Tritt, Where Corn Don't Grow

(Roger Murrah/Mark Alan Springer)

As we sat on the front porch
Of that old grey house where I was born and raised
Starin' at the dusty fields
Where my daddy worked hard every day
I think it kinda hurt him when I said Daddy
There's a lot that I don't know
But don't you ever dream about a life
Where corn don't grow
He just sat there silent
Staring at his favorite coffee cup
I saw a storm of mixed emotion in his eyes
When he looked up
He said Son I know at your age
Seems like this ol' world is turning slow
And you think you'll find the answer to it all
Where corn don't grow
Hard times are real
There's dusty fields
No matter where you go
You may change your mind
'Cause the weeds are high
Where corn don't grow
I remember feeling guilty
When Daddy turned and walked back in the house
I was only seventeen back then
But I thought that I knew more than I know now
I can't say he didn't warn me
This city life's a hard row to hoe
Ain't it funny how a dream can turn around
Where corn don't grow
Hard times are real
There's dusty fields
No matter where you go
And you may change your mind
'Cause the weeds are high
Where corn don't grow
You may change your mind
Oh the weeds are high
Where corn don't grow