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