

# Bobby Darin, Long Line Rider

Wettin' it down, boss  
Wet it down  
Wipin' it off, boss  
Wipe it off.  
Doin' ten to twenty hard  
Swingin' twelve pounds in the yard  
Every day  
Every day.  
I came in with a group of twenty  
There ain't left but half as many  
In the clay  
In the clay.  
Long line rider, turn away.

There's a farm in Arkansas  
Got some secrets in its floor  
In decay  
In decay.  
You can tell where they're at  
Nothin' grows, the ground is flat  
Where they lay  
Where they lay.  
Long line rider, turn away.

All the records show so clear  
Not a single man was here  
Anyway  
Anyway.  
That's the tale the warden tells  
As he counts his empty shells  
By the day  
By the day.  
Hey, long line rider, turn away.

Somone screams investigate  
'scuse me sir it's a little late  
Let us pray  
Let us pray.  
This kinda thing can't happen here  
'specially not in an election year  
Outta my way  
Outta my way.  
Hey, long line rider, turn away.

There's a funny taste in the air  
Big bulldozers everywhere  
Diggin' clay  
Turnin' clay.  
And the ground coughs up some roots  
Wearin' denim shirts and boots  
Haul 'em away  
Haul 'em away.  
Hey, long line rider, turn away.

Well I heard a brother moan  
Why they plowin' up my home  
In this way  
In this way.  
I said, buddy, shake your gloom  
They're just here to make more room  
In the clay.  
U.S.A