

# Brave Combo, Junction, Texas 1978

There's a hole in your plan  
And it's hard to see  
I don't trust all your talk  
And your sympathy  
When you first came around  
And impressed all the farmers  
They were struck by your smile  
And your promise of better days

Oh, the storm hit us hard  
And it left us weak  
We can't pay for the loss  
And we have to eat  
But this land is our soul  
And our soul can't be traded  
For the trinkets you hold over hope

That has faded  
Our despair has created a life  
That we hate to live

Give us time, give us time  
All we need is time  
We're in shock  
We're confused and we ache inside  
But this land is our soul  
And our soul can't be traded  
So we'll try to hang on  
And we'll see sadness fade  
Through despair we'll create a new life  
That we love to live