

Brooks & Dunn, Born & Raised In Black & White

(don cook/john barlow jarvis)

The wind blows hard across the texas plains
Makes some people go insane
While others quietly pray for rain
The's where we came from

Two boys playing in the burning sun
One with books and one with guns
Mama calls but just one comes
The other one runs

With a christian sense of wrong and right
We were born and raised in black and white
One learned to pray, one learned to fight
We were born and raised in black and white

My brother took to the gospel road
Spent his whole life saving souls
When he looked at me and his blood ran cold
He didnt even try

I had no dreams and I had no plans
But a gun felt good in my right hand
Warden said 'how come you killed that man? '
I said 'i don't know why'

Welcome home sayd the hot moonlight
We were born and rasied in black and white
One lives to pray, one wants to die
We were born and rasied in black and white
We were born and rasied in black and white

Someone handed me a cigarette
They offered me my last request
I asked my moral soul be blessed
By someone close to me

I came to him with trembling hands
I swore I'd never understand
He said it's just what life had planned
It's destiny

So don't waste your tears on me tonight
We were born and rasied in black and white
You chose the dark, I chase the light
We were born and rasied in black and white
We were born and rasied in black and white

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