

# 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 blook 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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