

# Buck Owens, Black Texas Dirt

Mama and papa spent the very best years  
Of their life on the west Texas farm  
Tryin' to scratch a livin' from the black land dirt  
That traded them only with storm.

From way before sunup to way up to sundown  
Papa walked behind that ol' mule  
Until the day that they laid him away  
He lived by the golden rule.

Black Texas dirt you're full of hurt  
And you won't grow nothing but weeds  
You took my mama and papa, it's true  
But you ain't a gonna get me.

--- Instrumental ---

Yes, sun and the rain, well they took everything  
'cept the dirt that would fly in my face  
I swore that someday that I'd find me a way  
To take me away from this place.

I packed up my belongings for soon  
I'd be goin' far off to start a new life  
And I'd better hurry or I'd have to worry  
About those dark clouds in the sky.

As I reached the gate and turned to take one last look  
At the old homeplace where I was born  
I thought I could hear voices callin' to me  
But then I thought no that just must be the storm.

I couldn't get over the feelin' something was wrong  
That I was leavin' something behind  
I couldn't put my finger on it  
But I couldn't get that off my mind.

It seemed as if the wind was mama's and papa's voices  
And that they were pleading with me to stay  
And that the rain was tears that the skies were shedding  
Because I was goin' away.

But then like a bolt of lightnin' from out the blue  
Oh, that feelings got over me like a flood  
And for the very first time in my life, I knew  
I had black Texas dirt in my blood.

Black Texas dirt you're full of hurt  
And you won't grow nothing but weeds  
You took my mama and papa, it's true  
And now you're a gonna take me...