

Marty Robbins, A Hundred And Sixty Acres

I got a hundred and sixty acres in the valley
Got a hundred and sixty acres of the best
Got an old stove there that'll cook three square
And a bunk where I can lay me down to rest.

Up at dawn to greet the sun
I've forgotten what a care or worry means
Head for home when day is done
With my pocket money jinglin' in my jeans.
Ive got a hundred and sixty acres full of sunshine
Got a hundred and sixty million stars above
Got an old paint hoss, I'm the guy who's boss
On the hundred and sixty acres that I love!

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