

# Merle Haggard, The Roots Of My Raisin'

I left the four lane highway, took a blacktop seven miles  
Down by the old country school I went to as a child  
Three miles down a gravel road, I could see the proud old home  
A tribute to a way of life that's almost come and gone  
The roots of my rasin' run deep  
I come back for the strength that I need  
And hope comes no matter how far down I sink  
The roots of my raisin' run deep

(spoken)

I pulled into the driveway, Lord, it sure was good to be there  
and through the open door I could see that, Dad was asleep in  
his favorite chair. In his hand was a picture of Mom, and I  
remembered how close they were. So I just turned away, I  
didn't want to wake him, spoil his dreams of her.

A christian Mom who had the strength, for life the way she did  
Then to pull that apron off and do the Charleston for us kids.

Dad, a quiet man, who's gentle voice was seldom heard  
Who could borrow money at the bank, simply on his word

The roots of my raisin' run deep

I've come back for the strength that I need

And hope comes no matter how far down I sink

The roots of my raisin' run deep

The roots of my raisin' run deep