

Merle Haggard, Tulare Dust

Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
Wondering where the freight train goes
Standin' in the field by the railroad track
Cursin' this strap on my cotton sack
I can see mom and dad with shoulders low
Both of 'em pickin' on a double row
They do it for a livin' because they must
That's life like it is in the Tulare dust
The California sun was something new
That when we arrived in '42
And I can still remember how my daddy cussed
The tumbleweeds here in the Tulare dust
The wally fever was a comin' fate
To the farmworkers here in the Golden State
And I miss Oklahoma but I'll stay
If I must and help make a livin' in the Tulare dust
The Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
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Standin' in the field by the railroad track
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