

Steve Earle, Leroy's Dustbowl Blues

Leroy was a farmer and an honest man
Would have lived in Oklahoma all his days
He just wanted left alone to work a piece of land
But a hard wind come and blew his dreams away
So he headed for the West Coast thought he could not lose
Rollin' down the highway with the dustbowl blues
It's a thousand miles from Broken Bow to Bakersfield
And the highway's paved with heartaches all the way
Leroy drove on lookin' for a better deal
A place a man could settle down and stay
But the police at the state line beat him black and blue
Left him lyin' by the roadside with the dustbowl blues
They say California is a paradise
Hollywood turns night time into day
But up along the San Joaquin those city lights
Might as well be a million miles away
When your kids are cold and hungry wearin' worn out shoes
Standin' in the garden with the dustbowl blues