

# The Doobie Brothers, Texas Lullaby

Tom Johnston

Sittin' by myself in the summertime, when the heat is burnin' down  
Watchin' the golden crops in the field just growin' without a sound  
I was a boy raised in the country and it's still a part of me  
And you see no matter where I go it's a beautiful memory  
Rise with sun at the break of day, lookin' out my window  
It's the same as yesterday

Sittin' under an old oak tree, pickin' my guitar in the shade  
That old tree spreadin' over my head is the closest friend I made

Just me and some lonely wooden music, floatin' through air  
The grass is rustlin' and the birds are singin' and my heart don't have a care  
Still another day finds me in the fields, sweat is soakin' up my ragged clothes  
But I'd rather work than steal

Watchin' the sun settle down over open Texas land, looking at the cattle and the horses runnin' wild  
Life was different in the old days, you just get a day's work done  
When you were finished workin' in the fields, there was chores at home to be done

I was always hearin' music, always wanna play me some  
As a full-time friend or the way to ease the end of a woman that swayed me some  
Hearin' those tunes always had a way of soothin' out my soul  
When times got hard and work got slow it was music that kept me whole  
Sun beatin' down through the trees, gets so hot bring a workin' man to his knees  
Part of my heart, part of my soul, part of a melody  
Hands are clappin' and people swayin' in simple harmony  
Life was different in the old days, you just get a day's work done  
When you finished workin' in the fields there was chores at home to be done

Late in the evenin' on the front porch when the sun is settin' in the west  
Me and the boys pass around the bottle and sing what we like best  
Sing about our wives, sing about our children, singin' out the Delta blues  
We're simple folks and we like it that way, got nothin' left to lose