

Dirt

Chris Knight

Well I woulda bought my Grandpa's farm
But I couldn't raise quite enough cash
Now they're cutting all the timber down
Turning all the rest to ash
Company came in from out of state
To build another stinking factory
Them county politicians think they know
Just exactly what we need

But I sit down by the highway
I hear those big cats growl
Where the quail gonna fly to
Where will the rabbits run now
I watch them tear it all to hell
What used to be my church
Tearing up my Grandpa's land
Treating my Grandpa's land like dirt

A few more jobs and a lot less trees
Gonna put this county in a rat race
Like that's where we want to be
This used to be such a peaceful place
And they'll tell us that they don't pollute
The shit they dump in the river is perfectly safe
But all the talk in the whole wide world
Will never bring back what they laid to waste

There's an ancient oak standing alone
Trying to do the work of a thousand trees
Been here since the Cherokee called this home
But it's standing in the way of a factory