

Sixty Acres

James McMurtry

Turned off the TV
Sat down to dinner
Phone rang, we were saying grace
Grand ma died
Left us sixty acres
The last of the old home place

Sixty acres up on the cap rock
What am I supposed to do with that
Uncle Claude got a eight wheeled tractor
Plow it under in nothing flat
We could plant some maize
We could plant some cotton
We could plant some oats just to see if they'd grow
But I don't like farming
Don't like the hours
Don't like a life that goes so slow

Glory glory
Hallelujah
Right back atcha
Hope that'll do ya
Don't look at me like theres something I shouldn't a'said
Just cause that old bird's dead

Now cousin Clifford
He got the good land
Right on the highway out by Air Base road
Looks like a Wal-Mart waiting to happen
I mean to tell you it's a pot of gold
It's in the city limits, zoned commercial
Got city water and a sewer line
What with the base expanding from consolidation
It's worth a fortune and it oughta been mine

Glory glory
Hallelujah
Right back atcha
Don't she look natural?
Don't look at me like there's
Something growing outta my head
Just cause that old bird's dead