

Dirt Road Dollars

The Lacs

Monday morning rooster, cock a doodle doo
Clock squakin' on the night stand
Slapping the the alarm off
Stumble to the pot, got coffee on the stove top
Button up the blue collar, time to make the boots walk
Out the front door
Yeah, sun ain't even up yet Sonny
But we sure are yeah, 'cause time is money

And we makin' them dirt road dollars
Way out yonder, out in them hollers
Doin' it like our fathers
Up on them tractors out in them pastures
Makin' it rain like water, farm boy dough
Twenty-four carat gold corn rows
Lunch break bite, couple sweet tea swallers
Right back to makin' them dirt road dollars

Aching, peelin', shuck stacks
Diggin', tillin', swing that
Hammer at the two-by
Forty hours well passed
Racking in the grain cash
Stacking up the hay stacks
Red clay paid 'cause we ain't afraid to break backs
Or a good sweat
Nah, sun ain't gone down yet Sonny
So we ain't done yet
Hell nah, 'cause time is money

And we making them dirt road dollars
Way out yonder out in them hollers
Doing it like our fathers
Up on them tractors out in them pastures
Makin' it rain like water, farm boy dough
Twenty-four carat gold corn rows
Lunch break bite, couple sweet tea swallers
Right back to makin' them dirt road dollars

Yeah, uh-huh
I be up and at it by your first break
I be work the whole day
I ain't into role play
Catch me in the role cage chillin' just a chewin' up that black dirt
Plowin', plantin', croppin' I ain't stoppin' 'til my ass hurt
Silver queens shucking with the farm all truckin'
With them ace 55s boy, y'all ain't seen nothing
I be gettin' with the pickin' nearly all day
Doing it all the way croppin' 'til we all pay, hey
There's a long hard road 'til the next one starts
Buddy you don't wanna know what the tractor parts cost
I can get you up a figure for a rig and plow
I got some heifers in the back but I don't sell holy cows
Man that old Ferguson burnin' about 2.50 a gallon
My head churnin' up dirt and I'm up turnin' to plowin', you dig?
Probably do but on your own time
I keep the young-in's supper comin' down the lunch line

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Come Saturday night I take my baby out on the town
And on Sunday it's church, then lay around the house

And we making them dirt road dollars
Way out yonder out in them hollers
Doing it like our fathers (Like our fathers)
Up on them tractors out in them pastures
Makin' it rain like water, farm boy dough
Twenty-four carat gold corn rows
Lunch break bite, couple sweet tea swallers
Right back to makin' them dirt road dollars