

# Blackland Farmer

Faron Young

When the Lord made me he made a simple man  
Not much money and not much land  
He didn't make me no baker or legal charmer  
And the Lord made me a blackland farmer

Well my hands ain't smooth my face is rough  
But my heart is warm and my ways ain't tough  
I guess I'm the luckiest man ever born  
Cause the Lord gave me help and a blackland farm

I've been breakin' up the new ground early in the day  
I'm gonna plant some cotton I'm gonna plant some hay  
I love to smell the sweet breeze blowin' through the corn  
Lord you sure done me right on my blackland farm

I feel like I'm gettin' closer to you God  
A plantin' the ground and breakin' up the sod  
My mind is at ease and I could do no harm  
Lord I owe it all to you and the blackland farm