

I was born in '37, a sharecropper's son
Out on the great south plains
There in the suburbs of a dryland cotton patch
In the middle of a west Texas rain

And for all of you folks out there in radioland
who don't know what a West Texas rain is,
Well that's what's commonly known as a sandstorm
Remember that, you'll need it later

I guess times were hard but livin' was easy
We always found a way to survive
Fried chicken and gravy and an old tune off the guitar
Was enough to keep a country boy alive

And on Saturday afternoons it was Lester Pruitt's "The Picture Show"
On Saturday's nights is the Grand Ol' Uproar from Nashville Tennessee, take it away boys

Lookin' back now and thinkin' it over
Life was like an old country song
My mama taught me the melody and daddy taught me the chords
I made the words up on my own

And sometimes it didn't rhyme, but they always had a reason,
Even if it was unbeknownst to no one but myself
I guess all that west Texas sand in my crawl, that's what make me so mean
I'd bet I was the only boy ever expelled from Sunday school
Lover, fighter, wild-horse rider, and purty dern good windmill maker
Look out world, here I come