

# Grapes of Wrath

Charlie Daniels

In 1927 Oklahoma blew away  
And we started 'cross the country in a beat up  
Chevrolet  
Our backs were to the sunrise and our feet were on the  
path  
We're going out to the promised land and the Grapes of  
Wrath

They called us dirty rednecks and they called us filthy  
bums  
Said we don't want ya'll in our town so why the Hell'd  
you come?  
We ain't scared of anybody we're just running from the  
drought  
And I'm damn proud I'm an Okie so you'd better watch  
your mouth

California you're a faker  
California you're a lie  
'Cause the rich keep getting richer  
While the hungry children cry  
One of these days  
you're going to pay  
For your mistakes

I spent all my younger days just followin' the sun  
I met the only girl I ever loved when I was 21  
And Ruby was the only good thing that I ever had  
Oh Lord, I don't know how thing can turn out so bad

We moved out close to Bakersfield and tried to settle  
down  
I got a job sharecroppin' for the richest man in town  
If he'd a just left us alone we'd a lived a happy life  
But he couldn't keep his eyes off of my wife

He slipped into my house one day when Ruby was alone  
And by the time that I got back the damage had been  
done  
And what I saw when I walked in just filled me full of  
hate  
And she just laid there crying  
Like her heart would break

I grabbed my gun and started out but Ruby begged me  
please  
So I went in town and told the law but they just  
laughed at me  
But thirteen sticks of dynamite that night made quite a  
sound  
And brought a big fine mansion tumbling to the ground

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