

## Indianola

Charlie Robison

My little brother was just ten years old  
When we hit bad weather and hid in the hole  
We could see Texas was only a mile  
And oh, little brother, I remember your smile  
At Indianola

My dad built a sawmill of Cypreses and stone  
It was here on Madena that we made our home  
The year 1850 and I sent for my girl  
Oh Fraulein, come meet me in this brand new world  
At Indianola

The war they call civil had barely begun  
Me and my cousins decided we'd run  
Up through Louisianan to meet up with Grant  
But one hundred damn rebels shot us there in the sand  
At Indianola

They said up in New York, the stock market fell  
And the life they was livin' was shot all to hell  
But we ain't seen nothin' no different than dust  
Sept the wheels on the wagon all covered with rust  
At Indianola

And that scrape with old Hitler was over and done  
And I wondered if I could kill kin with my gun  
But we sat there in Paris in a little cafe  
And as they toasted Truman, I drifted away  
To Indianola

But it's fifty years later and nobody cares  
About some old city that ain't even there  
Well, my sons moved to Houston  
And they work in the Gulf  
With seven days on and seven days off

Well I work for the doctor that bought our old ranch  
From first quality federal the foreclosures branch  
And he calls me hillbilly and he laughs at my hair  
But the cancer will get him if anything's fair

And I'll take his ashes and throw from my boat  
As they crossed that ocean I'm going to float  
To find me another Indianola  
Indianola  
Indianola