

Five Generations Of Rock County Wilsons

Dan Seals

It seemed like overnight the town of Red River
Was suddenly full of strange men
They wore suits in the Summer stood on the dirt roads
Trying to hold their maps in the wind
Some of them smiled and some of them didn't,
None of them came back again
After five generations of Rock Country Wilsons and
The last fifty acres apparently didn't mean
A damn thing to them

I stood on the hill overlooking Red River
Where my mama and her mama lay
And I listened to the growling of the big diesel cats
As they tore up the woods where I played
I said mama forgive me I'm almost glad that you're not here today
After five generations of Rock County Wilsons
To see the last fifty acres in the hands of somebody
Who would actually blow it away

You know the bus station in the town of Red River
Used to be the general store
But now they've got a new one I know that's okay
If a bus is what you're looking for
So early one morning when the sun got red
I got up with the dawn
After five generations of Rock County Wilsons
The last one just climbed on a big ole gray dog
And was gone