

Texas Lullaby

The Doobie Brothers

Sittin' by myself in the summertime, when the heat is burnin' d
own
Watchin' the golden crops in the field just growin' without a s
ound
I was a boy raised in the country and it's still a part of me
And you see no matter where I go it's a beautiful memory
Rise with sun at the break of day, lookin' out my window
It's the same as yesterday
Sittin' under an old oak tree, pickin' my guitar in the shade
That old tree spreadin' over my head is the closest friend I ma
de

Just me and some lonely wooden music, floatin' through air
The grass is rustlin' and the birds are singin' and my heart do
n't have a care
Still another day finds me in the fields, sweat is soakin' up m
y ragged clothes
But I'd rather work than steal

Watchin' the sun settle down over open Texas land, looking at t
he cattle
And the horses runnin' wild as they can
Life was different in the old days, you just get a day's work d
one
When you were finished workin' in the fields, there was chores
at home to be done

I was always hearin' music, always wanna play me some
As a full-time friend or the way to ease the end of a woman tha
t swayed me some
Hearin' those tunes always had a way of soothin' out my soul
When times got hard and work got slow it was music that kept me
whole
Sun beatin' down through the trees, gets so hot bring a workin'
man to his knees
Part of my heart, part of my soul, part of a melody
Hands are clappin' and people swayin' in simple harmony
Life was different in the old days, you just get a day's work d
one
When you finished workin' in the fields there was chores at hom
e to be done

Late in the evenin' on the front porch when the sun is settin'
in the west
Me and the boys pass around the bottle and sing what we like be
st
Sing about our wives, sing about our children, singin' out the
Delta blues

We're simple folks and we like it that way, got nothin' left to
lose

Part of my heart, part of my soul, part of a melody
Hands are clappin' and people swayin' in simple harmony
Life was different in the old days, you just get a day's work done
one
When you finished workin' in the fields there was chores at home
to be done
Singing a Lullaby