

The Gulf of Mexico

Steve Earle

Come and gather 'round me people
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of my father and his father
In the days before the spill
With an endless sky above 'em
And a restless sea below
And every blessin' flowing from the Gulf of Mexico

From my Granddad with the shrimp boats
From the time that he was grown
And he scrimped and saved and bought himself
A trawler of his own
He was rough and he was ready
And he drank when he was home
And he made his family's living on the Gulf of Mexico

We were rolling
We were rolling
Past the deep blue water
He was rolling

Well my Daddy drove a crew boat
Hauling workers to the rigs
He was sick of mending nets
And couldn't stand the smell of fish
He drew a steady paycheck
20 years at Texico
When he died they spread his ashes
On the Gulf of Mexico

We were rolling
We were rolling
Past the deep green water
He was rolling

As for me, I think of nothing
Any grander than the day
That I stepped out on the drillin' floor
To earn a roughneck's pay

Then one night I swear I saw the devil
Crawlin' from the hole
And he spilled the guts of hell out in the Gulf of Mexico

We were rolling
We were rolling
'Cross the blood red water
We were rolling