

# 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