

Blackland Farmer

Faron Young

When the Lord made me he made a simple man
Not much money and not much land
He didn't make me no baker or legal charmer
And the Lord made me a blackland farmer

Well my hands ain't smooth my face is rough
But my heart is warm and my ways ain't tough
I guess I'm the luckiest man ever born
Cause the Lord gave me help and a blackland farm

I've been breakin' up the new ground early in the day
I'm gonna plant some cotton I'm gonna plant some hay
I love to smell the sweet breeze blowin' through the corn
Lord you sure done me right on my blackland farm

I feel like I'm gettin' closer to you God
A plantin' the ground and breakin' up the sod
My mind is at ease and I could do no harm
Lord I owe it all to you and the blackland farm