

Where Grass Won't Grow

George Jones

The dirt was clay an' was the color of the blood in me.
A twelve acre farm on a ridge in south Tennessee.
We left our sweat all over that land,
Behind a mule we watched grow old,
Row after row.
Trying to grow corn an' cotton on ground so poor that grass won
't grow.

There was one old store in the holler we all called town.
It belonged to a gentle old man named Henry Brown.
He gave us grits and in the winter time,
So we could live through the cold,
When the winds brought snow.
Trying to grow corn an' cotton on ground so poor that grass won
't grow.

The one I loved walked through those fields with me.
A hard workin' woman, true as one could be.
But then one year, death was goin' round,
And swiftly took it's toll.
Janie had to go.
Now she lies asleep under ground so poor that grass won't grow.

As I stand here looking over this part of Tennessee,
The fields are bare as far as the eye can see.
And over the ground where Janie lies,
There's a beautiful sight to behold,
And no one knows,
Why there's flowers growin' on ground so poor that grass won't
grow...