

Six-year Drought

James McMurtry

I guess you had your reasons
For the way you used to be
Don't why I couldn't please you
You just never had much faith in me
There's fine dust in the tire ruts now
Along the old feed road
They're workin' on a six year drought
Just so you know

I can pull my weight I can hold my own
I can sling that blade all summer long
'Til the thistles fall And the pasture's clear
And the work's all done for another year
I can hold my own

The world was like a distant storm
I could feel it on the breeze
But it made so little difference here
Just a whisper in the trees
Mending fence for room and board
Was mostly all I'd done
For I was still a prisoner here
In 1961

The sucker rod on the windmill creaks
Now and then you hear a car
There's thunderheads across the southern sky
But they won't get this far
There's red ants by the graveyard gate
They're nearly all that moves
And they carry on despite this heat
I bet you'd tell me what that proves
There's fine dust in the tire ruts now
The creeks no longer run
But I am just a visitor here
The drought won't hurt me none