

Five Generations Of Rock County Wilsons

John Anderson

It seems like overnight the town of Red River
Was suddenly full of strange men
Who wore suits in the summer and stood on the dirt roads
Trying to hold their maps in the wind

And some of them smiled
And some of them didn't
And none of them came back again

After five generations of Rock Country Wilsons
The last fifty acres, apparently didn't
Mean a damn thing to them

I stood on the hill overlooking Red River
Where my momma and her momma lay
And listened to the growling of the big diesel cat
As they tore up the wood's where I played

And I said, momma forgive me
That I'm almost glad
That you're not here today

After five generations of Rock Country Wilsons
See the last fifty acres in the hands of somebody
That would actually blow it away

You know the bus station in the town of Red River
Used to be the general store
But now they got a new one and you know that's okay
If a bus is what you're looking for

So early one morning
When the sun cut red
I got up with the dawn

After five generations of Rock County Wilsons
The last one just climbed on a big old gray dog
And was gone