

In My Next Life

Merle Haggard

The Blood Red Sun Beat Down And Baked The Red Clay Ground
Dust Kicked Up Around His John Deere Wheels
No Trace Of Rain In Sight A-gain He'll Lose The Fight
And Have To Watch His Crops Die In The Fields

They Stood There Both In Tears --- His Wife Of Many Years
Said John You Know I Hate To Lose Our Farm
He Looked Into Her Eyes Then Looked Up At The Skies
And Told Her As He Held Her In His Arms

In My Next Life I Want To Be Your Hero
Somethin' Better Than I Turned Out To Be
I've Lived This Life Behind The Plough And Harrow
In My Next Life I'll Make You Proud Of Me

The Muscles In His Arms Just Like His Run Down Farm
Soon Withered And Slowly Disap-peared
One Hard Workin' Man --- Two Hard Workin' Hands
Were Givin' Up After All These Years

His Aging Eyes Grew Dim And The Lady That Worshipped Him
Sat Cryin' On A Chair Beside His Bed
Her Hands Caressed His Brow And She Said It's Alright Now
And As He Slowly Slipped Away He Said

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