

## Tulare Dust

Merle Haggard

Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose  
Wondering where the freight train goes  
Standin' in the field by the railroad track  
Cursin' this strap on my cotton sack

I can see mom and dad with shoulders low  
Both of 'em pickin' on a double row  
They do it for a livin' because they must  
That's life like it is in the Tulare dust

The California sun was something new  
That when we arrived in '42  
And I can still remember how my daddy cussed  
The tumbleweeds here in the Tulare dust

The wally fever was a comin' fate  
To the farmworkers here in the Golden State  
And I miss Oklahoma but I'll stay  
If I must and help make a livin' in the Tulare dust

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