

29 Years From Texas

Seals & Crofts

Well when the wind blows down in Cisco, Texas, you know
you better hunt you a hole.
But there's always some mighty friendly faces, waitin' to
greet you at the door.
Hot country biscuits in the mornin' time. "Hello Mr.
Jackrabbit, Mr. Mesquite Tree."
I'm 29 years from Cisco, Texas, but I really haven't gone
anywhere at all.

Come a long, long way from Rankin, Texas. And the day
when my daddy played.
People would come from miles around, bring the food and
just stay and stay.
And every time I think of the days gone by, I can't help
but feel a little sad.
'Cause I think of all the years and miles and the tears,
and I hear the voice of my grandad.

Good country pickin' goin' down every night. Good clean
livin' underneath the starry skies.
I'm 29 years from Rankin, Texas, but I really haven't
gone anywhere at all.
No, I really haven't gone anywhere at all. No, I really
haven't gone anywhere at all.