

# Red Mud

Sonny James

It rains and it rains all day and this red mud from work in turns to clay  
And clay ain't nothing but a fancy name for mud red mud  
Red mud (red mud red mud) red mud (red mud red mud)  
I've worked and sweated all my life in red mud  
I'm just a broken hearted old man tryin' to make my living from the soil  
I'm not looking here for fame or gold man just wanna be rewarded for my toil  
Red mud (red mud red mud) red mud (red mud red mud)  
You grieve me but I just can't leave you red mud (red mud)  
The sun grows hotter each day and the sweat keeps on rolling down my face  
My back is bendin' and my hair is grey from work in red mud  
Red mud (red mud red mud) red mud (red mud red mud)  
I've worked and sweated all my life in red mud (red mud) red mud