

# Where Corn Don't Grow

Travis Tritt

As we sat on that front porch of that old grey house where I was born and raised

Staring at the dusty fields where my Daddy work hard every day

I think it kinda hurt him when I said "Daddy there's a lot that I don't know, but don't you ever Dream about a life where corn don't grow?"

He just sat there silent staring at his favorite coffee cup  
I saw a storm of mixed emotions in his eyes, when he looked up

He said "Son I know at your age, seems like this old world is turning slow, and you think you'll Find the answer to it all, where corn don't grow"

[Chorus]

Hard times are real, there's dusty fields no matter where you go,

But you may change your mind, cause the weeds are high, where corn don't grow.

I remember feeling guilty when Daddy turned and walked back in the house

I was only seventeen back then, but I thought I knew more than I know now.

I can't say he didn't warn me, this city life's a hard road to hold

Ain't it funny how a dream can turn around, where corn don't grow

You may change your mind, whoa the weeds are high, where corn don't grow.