

Long Line Rider

Bobby Darin

Wettin' it down, boss
Wet it down
Wipin' it off, boss
Wipe it offDoin' ten to twenty hard
Swingin' twelve pounds in the yard
Every day
Every dayI came in with a group of twenty
There ain't left but half as many
In the clay
In the clayLong line rider, turn awayThere's a farm in Arkansas
Got some secrets in its floor
In decay
In decayYou can tell where they're at
Nothin' grows, the ground is flat
Where they lay
Where they layLong line rider, turn awayAll the records show so clear
Not a single man was here
Anyway
AnywayThat's the tale the warden tells
As he counts his empty shells
By the day
By the dayHey, long line rider, turn awaySomeone screams investigate
Excuse me sir, it's a little late
Let us pray
Let us prayThis kinda thing can't happen here
'Specially not in an election year
Outta my way
Outta my wayHey, long line rider, turn awayThere's a funny taste in the air
Big bulldozers everywhere
Diggin' clay
Turnin' clayAnd the ground coughs up some roots
Wearin' denim shirts and boots
Haul 'em away
Haul 'em awayHey, long line rider, turn awayWell, I heard a brother moan
"Why they plowin' up my home?"
In this way
In this wayI said, "Buddy, shake your gloom
They're just here to make more room
In the clay"

U.S.A.

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