

Great Divide

Jack Ingram

We still listen to high school football
On the radio in West Texas
Lights to shine bright every Friday night
And you can drive ninety miles an hour
Down the highway straight to ' Cisco
The cops are at the ball game, they're getting tight And the sky gets wider and wider
It disappear like the day
Into the great divide you fade away And it's another world all together
Right in the middle of God's country
Smells like money, smells like shit
Yeah, it smells like hell But when the cattle's all together
And the pump jacks all are moving
And the [cartons] are in blooming
It smells like nothing else And the sky gets wider and wider
Just like a brand new day
Out in the great divide you fade away It's the land of my people
My dream is come out here to find a bigger piece of sky
It's all the winners and all the losers
Real good people but just like you and I Hey, but nothing's really changed much
As you drive on down at twenty
Mexicans still work out in the field But everybody's dirty
Man they're all a bunch of gamblers
But some got rich
Yeah, but they're gamblers still And the sky gets wider and wider
The day's gonna be your day
Out in the great divide you fade away And it's the land of my people
My dream is come out here to find a bigger piece of sky
It's all the winners and all the losers
Real good people but just like you and I We still listen to high school football
On the radio in West Texas
Lights to shine bright every Friday night

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