Between the Rows

Blue Highway

I remember my Dad sayin' "Get up this morning, son"
Get your brother too, we've got to get some work done."
We'd dread the next 10 hours then to the fields we go
I'd cuss the mules as Dad was sayin', "son, stay between the rows."

Back when times were good and times were bad
Daylight would fade and we'd always be glad
To get back to our pillows and dream of where we'd go
to find a better way, a little brighter day
Just to find the best times we'd ever had
were out with Dad between the rows.

My Dad worked the farm for sixty years before he died
And even before that day, I'd look at him and cry
Cause I knew he never had that much and probably never would
But now I see he had more than a man now ever could
chorus

repeat chorus

Lyrics submitted by Samdaman.

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