

Dirt

Dean Brody

4 year's old my birthday
Opened presents, ate some cake
I took my tonka straight outside to play
In dirt
Six years old, hard line drive
That ball just sailed on by
Cause I was busy writing that name of mine
In dirt

It was my first love
Good as gold
Heaven was a shovel and a two foot hole
Mama should have bought all my clothes in brown
Cause I'd turn 'em that color anyhow
Even between the car and the front steps of that church
Was dirt

Turned sixteen bought a Chevrolet
Four wheel drive, what a happy day
So even if it rained I could play
In dirt
Couple years later, wouldn't you know
Lost my heart at the rodeo
She fell off her horse and was covered head to toe
In dirt

It was my first love
Good as gold
Heaven was a shovel and a two foot hole
It's the reason I'm out here tilling this land
And that rodeo queen's got a ring on her hand
I don't know where I'd be if it weren't
For dirt

I ain't afraid of growing old
Cause when I die I know where I'll go
There'll be no need to cry for me
I won't need your sympathy
When they cover me up with six feet of earth
It's just dirt

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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