

# Blackland Farmer

Elizabeth Cook

When the Lord made me, he made a simple man  
Not much money and not much land  
He didn't make me no banker or legal charmer  
When the Lord made me, he made a blackland farmer Well, my hands ain't smooth and my face is rough  
But my heart is warm and my ways ain't tough  
I guess I'm the luckiest man ever born  
'Cause the Lord gave me health and a blackland farm Breakin' up the new ground early in the day  
Gonna plant cotton, I'm gonna plant hay  
I love to smell the sweet breeze blowin' through the corn  
Life has sure done me right by my blackland farm I feel like I'm getting closer to you, God  
A pint in the ground and I'm breakin' up the sod  
My mind is at ease and I can do no harm  
Lord, I owe all to you and my blackland farm

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>