

60 Acres

James McMurtry

Turned off the TV, sat down to dinner
Phone rang, we were saying grace
Grandma died left us sixty acres
The last of the old home place Sixty acres up on the cap rock
What am I supposed to do with that
Uncle Claude got a eight wheeled tractor
Plow it under in nothing flat We could plant some maize, we could plant some cotton
We could plant some oats just to see if they'd grow
But I don't like farming, can't take the hours
Don't like a life that goes so slow Glory glory, Hallelujah
Right back atcha, hope that'll do ya
Don't look at me like there's something I shouldn't have said
Just 'cause that old bird's dead Glory glory, Hallelujah
Wish you'll do this, hope that'll do ya
Don't look at me like there's something I shouldn't have said
Just 'cause that old bird's dead Now, cousin Clifford, he got the good land
Right on the highway out by Air Base road
Looks like a Wal-Mart waiting to happen
I mean to tell you it's a pot of gold It's in the city limits and zoned commercial
City water and a sewer line
With the base expanding, consolidation
It's worth a fortune and it oughta been mine Glory glory, Hallelujah
Right back atcha, don't she look natural?
Don't look at me like there's something growing out of my head
Just 'cause that old bird's dead

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