

Daddy Won't Sell The Farm

Montgomery Gentry

His cows get loose and run right through the fast food parking lots
And Daddy gets calls from the mini-malls
When they're downwind from his hogs
When his tractor backs up traffic, the reception ain't too warm
The city's growing around him, but Daddy won't sell the farm You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm He worked and slaved in '68, he bought these fields and trees
He raised his corn and a big red barn and a healthy family
He learned to love the woodlands, he can't stand to do them harm
There's concrete all around him, but Daddy won't sell the farm You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm One day he's gonna leave it all to me
And I'll start my own branch of the family tree
They'll get the message written on the roof of the barn
Daddy won't sell the farm You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm We're gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm
Oh you know a country boy can survive

Songwriters

STEVE FOX, ROBIN BRANDA Published by

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