

# 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

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