

# S Lazy H

## Corb Lund

Well I was born in this valley  
On this ranch I was raised  
I learned to lope, rope and dally  
On the S Lazy H  
Well the roots of my people  
They run deep on this place  
I am sixth generation  
On the S Lazy H And when it came to the future  
I never gave it a thought  
If there were broncs to be broken  
Endless steers to be caught  
Well my youth it was carefree  
For the work was my play  
And what I loved would always be there  
On the S Lazy H I had one beloved sister  
A few years younger than me  
Before a sole cowboy had kissed her  
She left for school in the east  
Me I might have gone to college  
Might have liked to fly planes  
But my dad needed help to  
Run the S Lazy H So I worked there 'long side him  
Put adult years in this place  
And I gained appreciation  
For the lines on his face  
And when mom had grown older  
And when dad passed away  
It fell to me to look after  
The S Lazy H By now my sister she had married  
A sharp attorney back east  
We didn't see eye to eye but  
I did my best to make peace  
What did they see when they looked over  
Over the fence one fine day  
They saw a whole lot a value  
In the S Lazy H So after thought and assessment  
The court awarded them half  
And no cow / calf operation  
Carries that kind of cash

Well I worked through the numbers  
Worked them every which way  
Yeah I went through the numbers  
Oh and boys I'm afraid  
I had to sell twenty sections  
Of the S Lazy H Sometimes right isn't equal  
Sometimes equal's not fair  
There will soon be rows of houses  
On that ridge over there  
Many lifetimes of labour  
Will be all but erased  
So shed a tear and look skyward  
God help the S lazy H The last few years were a struggle  
But I gave it my best  
And I tried to go forward  
On the land that was left  
Well I have lived with the sorrow  
And I will die with the shame  
For now the bank owns what's left of  
The S Lazy H

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