

Red Dirt Hill

The Tucker Brothers

I was born at the foot of Stone Mountain,
in the Chattahoochee valley, up on Red Dirt Hill.

Just chunk a rock from the Georgia line,
if I had a lick of sense, I'd be livin' there still.

My people wove the cloth in your denim jeans,
now they just make plans that they can't keep.

A big city slicker went & sold their dream,
now they spend their time tryin' to make ends meet.

Weavers & dauphers, they were workin' hard,
pullin' double shifts & doin' fine.
Til a banker & a lawyer caught em off their guard,
now they spend time in the unemployment line.

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I remember fishin' in the Halawaka,
catch about as many as the law abides.
Take a dirt road all the way to nowhere,
slow way to go but a mighty good ride.
Everything from Fairfax to Fredonia,
Langdale, Shawmut, Opelika, Lanett.
Burns like a Plant City church revival,
It's a cob-web of roads that I can't forget.

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Don't know what I'm gonna do when I get there,
All I really know is I gotta go back.

People I know got hit pretty hard,
now they eat from a can, drink from a sack.
People there know how to live off the land,
but you can't buy land with a dollar and change.
You can get a job with a four year degree,

and a ride to Columbus, Opelika, Lagrange.

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Lyrics submitted by Jane Royal Saliba.

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