Plowboy

Ray Scott

There?s a lot of small towns in this world Just like the one that I came from Where any dream you have is just a dream It ain?t nothin? that can truly be done Well, I?m gonna tell y'all a little story About the day I set out to leave As I was loadin? up and sayin? my goodbyes Some redneck Einstein said to me Well, I see ya packed up your suitcase And I seen ya throw it in the truck Headed off to the big town, are ya? Well, son I wish ya luck Now I don?t mean to bust your bubble But boy the way you?re thinking?s wrong Go on out and chase that foolish dream of yours You?ll be back before too long 'Cause you a plowboy You ain?t no city boy Yeah, you were born with dirty hands Yeah, you a plowboy And you?re thinking silly, boy Just tryin? to make ya understand What you better do is, put them over-alls back on Go on out and fix that old barn door Keep your far fetched fantasies to yourself Go fetch a load of feed, down at the country store Better yet, go on, have at it Go see how high you can fly But you best be back when that green leaf comes in, boy We?re gonna need your help come July ?Cause you a plowboy You ain?t no city boy Yeah, you were born with dirty hands Yeah, you a plowboy And you?re thinking silly, boy Just tryin? to make ya understand Well, now here I am, a few years later Come a long way from that old farm I?ve got stocks and bonds and a house with a cement pump

Got a genuine Rolex on my arm Well, I?d like to ask him what the taste of crow is like An? see him face the fact that he was wrong Ya see, I always knew where I was headed But I never forgot where I was from Yeah I?m a plowboy I ain?t no city boy Oh, I was born with dirty hands Look at me now, boy Sure is a pity, boy I couldn?t make ya understand Go milk that cow, boy And that wood needs splittin?, boy And you best get back to balin? hay Yeah, I?m a plowboy Well, now look who?s silly, boy From now on, be careful what you say Ya hear Yeah, yeah

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