

Roots of My Raising

Merle Haggard

I left a four lane highway took a black top seven miles down by the
old country school I went to as a child. Three miles down the gravel
road I could see a proud old home. A tribute to a way of life that's
almost come and gone. The roots of my raising run deep. I've come back for the strength
that I need. And hope comes no matter how far down I sink.
The roots of my raising run deep. I pulled up in the driveway, and boy is sure was good to be there
and through the open door I could see that dad was asleep in his
favorite chair. In his hand was a picture of mom and I remember
how close they were, so I just turned away. I didn't want to wake
him, spoil his dreams of her. A christian mom who had the strength for life the way she did.
Then to pull that apron off and do the Charleston for us kids.
Dad, a quiet man, whose gentle voice was seldom heard,
who could borrow money at the bank simply on his word.
The roots of my raising run deep. I've come back for the strength
that I need. And hope comes no matter how far down I sink.
The roots of my raising run deep.
The roots of my raising run deep.

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