American Blood

Eli Hundley

In the belly of the bakken, itâ€™s cold and black and deep
You work the hitch survive the time killin what you keep
Some here are forgotten, and some will find their souls
Some will keep on searching digging deeper holes

So here I go, against that cold Dakota wind
I know where I call home but somehow Iâ€™m here again
These fields are my mind and these stains on my skin
They donâ€™t wash off with the mud, itâ€™s in my American blood

Snow is blowing sideways, the interstate shut down
Spent the night outside of Casper in a sleepy motel town
Keep rollin into Texas cause theyâ€™re drilling in the west
But all those rigs out on the flats weigh heavy on my chest

So here I go, against that hot west Texas wind
I know where I call home but somehow Iâ€™m here again
These fields are my mind and these stains on my skin
They donâ€™t wash off with the mud, itâ€™s in my American blood

Well Iâ€™ve worked in North Dakota, Colorado, California
And in every boom thatâ€™s come and gone between
Iâ€™ve been a chainhand and a pithand I hauled oil out of the badlands
No doubt this land was made for you and me
So here we go, feel that spirit in the wind
We may never make it home and itâ€™s back to work again
Our families on our minds and these scars on our skin
They donâ€™t wash off with the mud, itâ€™s in our American blood
Itâ€™s in our American blood

Lyrics Submitted by Sean Berry -Actual Righand

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/