

Born And Raised In Black And White

Brooks & Dunn

The wind blows hard across the Texas plains
Makes some people go insane
While others quietly pray for rain
That's where we came from
Two boys playing in the burning sun
One with books and one with guns
Mama calls but just one comes
The other one runs
With a Christian sense of wrong and right
We were born and raised in black and white
One learned to pray, one learned to fight
We were born and raised in black and white
Well, my brother took to the gospel road
He spent his whole life saving souls
He looked at me and his blood ran cold
He didn't even try
I had no dreams and I had no plans
But a gun felt good in my right hand
Warden said, "How come you killed that man?"
I said, "I don't know why"
Well, welcome home said the hot moonlight
You were born and raised in black and white
One lives to pray, one waits to die
You were born and raised in black and white
We were born and raised in black and white
Someone handed me a cigarette
They offered me my last request
I asked my moral soul be blessed
By someone close to me
I came to him with trembling hands
I swore I'd never understand
He said it's just what life had planned
It's destiny
So don't waste your tears on me tonight
We were born and raised in black and white
You chose the dark, I chase the light
We were born and raised in black and white
We were born and raised in black and white
Wind blows hard across the Texas plains

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