

Plowboy

Ray Scott

Theres 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 aint nothin that can truly be done Well, Im 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 dont mean to bust your bubble
But boy the way youre thinkings wrong
Go on out and chase that foolish dream of yours
Youll be back before too long 'Cause you a plowboy
You aint no city boy
Yeah, you were born with dirty hands Yeah, you a plowboy
And youre 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
Were gonna need your help come July Cause you a plowboy
You aint no city boy
Yeah, you were born with dirty hands Yeah, you a plowboy
And youre 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
Ive got stocks and bonds and a house with a cement pump
Got a genuine Rolex on my arm Well, Id 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 Im a plowboy
I aint no city boy
Oh, I was born with dirty hands Look at me now, boy
Sure is a pity, boy
I couldnt make ya understand Go milk that cow, boy
And that wood needs splittin, boy
And you best get back to balin hay Yeah, Im a plowboy

Well, now look whos silly, boy
From now on, be careful what you sayYa hear
Yeah, yeah

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