

Amarillo Sky

John Rich

He gets up before the dawn
Packs a lunch and a thermos full of coffee
It's another day in the dusty haze
Those burnin' rays are wearing down his body And diesel's worth the price of gold
It's the cheapest grain he's ever sold
But he's still holding on He just takes the tractor another round
And pulls the plow across the ground
And sends up another prayer He says, "Lord, I never complain, I never ask why
But please don't let my dream to run dry
Underneath, underneath this Amarillo sky" That hailstorm back in '83
Sure did take a toll on his family
But he stayed strong and carried on
Just like his dad and granddad did before him On his knees, every night he prays
"Please let my crops and children grow"
'Cause that's all he's ever known He just takes the tractor another round
And pulls the plow across the ground
And sends up another prayer He says, "Lord, I never complain, I never ask why
But please don't let my dream run dry
Underneath, underneath this Amarillo sky" And he takes the tractor another round
Another round, another round
And he takes the tractor another round
Another round He says, "I never complain, I never ask why
But please don't let my dreams run dry
Underneath, underneath this Amarillo sky" Underneath this Amarillo sky.

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