# Indianola

## Charlie Robison

My little brother was just ten years old
When we hit bad weather and hid in the hole
We could see Texas was only a mile
And oh, little brother, I remember your smile
At IndianolaMy dad built a sawmill of cypreses and stone
It was here on Madena that we made our home
The year 1850 and I sent for my girl
Oh Frauline, come meet me in this brand new world
At IndianolaThe war they call civil had barely begun
Me and my cousins decided we'd run
Up through Louisianan to meet up with Grant
But one hundred damn rebels shot us there in the sand
At IndianolaThey said up in New York, the stock market fell
And the life they was livin' was shot all to hell
But we ain't seen nothin' no different than dust
Sept the wheels on the wagon all covered with rust
At IndianolaAnd that scrape with old Hitler was over and done
And I wondered if I could kill kin with my gun
But we sat there in Paris in a little caf
And as they toasted Truman, I drifted away
To IndianolaBut it's fifty years later and nobody cares
About some old city that ain't even there
Well, my sons moved to Houston
And they work in the Gulf
With seven days on and seven days offWell I work for the doctor that bought our old ranch
From first quality federal the foreclosures branch
And he calls me hillbilly and he laughs at my hair
But the cancer will get him if anything's fairAnd I'll take his ashes and throw from my boat
As they crossed that ocean I'm going to float
To find me another Indianola
Indianola
Indianola

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