

# Great Divide

Jack Ingram

We still listen to high school football  
On the radio in West Texas  
Lights to shine bright every Friday night  
And you can drive ninety miles an hour  
Down the highway straight to ' Cisco  
The cops are at the ball game, they're getting tight And the sky gets wider and wider  
It disappear like the day  
Into the great divide you fade away And it's another world all together  
Right in the middle of God's country  
Smells like money, smells like shit  
Yeah, it smells like hell But when the cattle's all together  
And the pump jacks all are moving  
And the [cartons] are in blooming  
It smells like nothing else And the sky gets wider and wider  
Just like a brand new day  
Out in the great divide you fade away It's the land of my people  
My dream is come out here to find a bigger piece of sky  
It's all the winners and all the losers  
Real good people but just like you and I Hey, but nothing's really changed much  
As you drive on down at twenty  
Mexicans still work out in the field But everybody's dirty  
Man they're all a bunch of gamblers  
But some got rich  
Yeah, but they're gamblers still And the sky gets wider and wider  
The day's gonna be your day  
Out in the great divide you fade away And it's the land of my people  
My dream is come out here to find a bigger piece of sky  
It's all the winners and all the losers  
Real good people but just like you and I We still listen to high school football  
On the radio in West Texas  
Lights to shine bright every Friday night

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