

# In My Next Life

[Merle Haggard](#)

The blood red sun beat down and baked the red clay ground  
Dust kicked up around his John Deere wheels  
No trace of rain in sight, again he'll lose the fight  
And have to watch his crops die in the fields They stood there both in tears, his wife of many years  
Said John, "You know I hate to lose our farm"  
He looked into her eyes then looked up at the skies  
And told her as he held her in his arms "In my next life, I want to be your hero  
Somethin' better than I turned out to be  
I've lived this life behind the plough and harrow  
In my next life, I'll make you proud of me" The muscles in his arms just like his run down farm  
Soon withered up and slowly disappeared  
One hard workin' man, two hard workin' hands  
Were givin' up after all these years His aging eyes grew dim and the lady that worshiped him  
Sat cryin' on a chair beside his bed  
Her hands caressed his brow and she said it's alright now  
And as he slowly slipped away, he said "In my next life, I want to be your hero  
Somethin' better than I turned out to be  
I've lived this life behind the plough and harrow  
In my next life, I'll make you proud of me" "In my next life, I want to be your hero  
Somethin' better than I turned out to be  
I've lived this life behind the plough and harrow  
In my next life, I'll make you proud of me  
In my next life, I'll make you proud of me"

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