

Theyre Tearin The Labor Camps Down

I came back to California cause my home was here
 To look up my old sweetheart just for fun
 Mom and Dad had both passed on in two short years
 While my patriotic chores bein' done

I saw changes all around me and some were good
 But I hardly recognized my side of town
 They tore down the swingin' casing from the cottowood
 And that tree was all that marked familiar ground.

Chorus:

Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down
 And I feel a little sentimental shame
 Where's a working man gonna live at in this town
 Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down.

The Hilltop family market had been moved somewhere
 And the name was changed to fit the newer homes
 The things that I remember were no longer there
 And the cabin that my daddy built was gone.

Chorus