

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
**www.traditionalmusic.co.uk**

**Thirty two acres**

I saw the timber for the cabin floor  
I build a plank fence out of locust boards  
I work the corn rows in the early morn  
And raise a family on a poor man's farm

Thirty two acres of bottom land  
Bought and paid for with my own hands  
Worth a fortune to a working man  
Thirty two acres of bottom land

I planted a peach tree now the leaves are dying  
I watered a grape vine, it's no longer mine  
The country's taking everything I own  
Cause it's on the right of way for a four lane road

\* Refrain