

Tulare Dust
By Merle Haggard

D G
Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
A D
Wonderin where the freight train goes
D G
Standin in a field by the railroad tracks
E7 A
Cursin the strap on my cotton sack
D G
I can see mom and dad with shoulders low
A D
Both of them pickin on a double row
D G
They do it for a livin because they must
A D
That's life like it is on the Tulare dust

E
The California sun was something new
A
That winter we arrived in 42
D G
And I can still remember how my Daddy cussed
A D
The tumbleweeds here in the Tulare dust

Instrumental

E
The valley fever was a common fate
A
To the farm workers here in the golden state
D G
And I miss Oklahoma but I'll stay if I must
A D
And help make a livin in the Tulare dust

Repeat 1st verse