

Tulare Dust

Album: Someday We'll Look Back / I Love Dixie Blues

Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
Wonderin' where the freight train goes
Standin' in a field by the railroad track
Cursin' this strap on my cotton sack

I can see Mom and Dad with shoulders low
Both of 'em pickin' on a double row
They do it for a livin' because they must
That's life like it is in the Tulare dust

Spoken:

The California sun was somethin' new
That winter we arrived in '42

Sung:

And I can still remember how my Daddy cussed
The tumbleweeds here in the Tulare dust

Spoken:

The valley fever was a common fate
For the farm workers here in the Golden State

Sung:

And I miss Oklahoma but I'll stay if I must
And help make a livin' in the Tulare dust

The Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
Wonderin' where the freight train goes
Standin' in a field by the railroad track
Cursin' this strap on my cotton sack