

Brave Combo, Junction, Texas 1978

There's a hole in your plan
And it's hard to see
I don't trust all your talk
And your sympathy
When you first came around
And impressed all the farmers
They were struck by your smile
And your promise of better days

Oh, the storm hit us hard
And it left us weak
We can't pay for the loss
And we have to eat
But this land is our soul
And our soul can't be traded
For the trinkets you hold over hope

That has faded
Our despair has created a life
That we hate to live

Give us time, give us time
All we need is time
We're in shock
We're confused and we ache inside
But this land is our soul
And our soul can't be traded
So we'll try to hang on
And we'll see sadness fade
Through despair we'll create a new life
That we love to live