

Dolly Parton, Where The Grass Won't Grow

Dirt was clay and was the color of the blood in me
A twelve acre farm on the rich south Tennessee
We left our sweat all over that land
Behind a mule we watched go cold
Trying to grow corn and cotton on ground
So poor the grass won't grow
There was one old store in the hot we all called Timmins
It belonged to a gentle old man named Henry Brown
He gave us bread and in the winter time
So we could live through the cold
When the winds caught snow
Tryin' to grow corn and cotton on ground
So poor that grass won't grow

Oh the woman I loved walked through those fields with me
She was a hard workin' woman and true as one could be
Oh but then one year death was goin' round
And swiftly took it's toll

Janie had to go

Now she lies in sleep under ground
So poor that grass won't grow

As I stand here looking over this part of Tennessee
The fields are bare as far as the eye can see

North, the grains where Janie lies
There's a beautiful sun to behold

And no one knows
Now there's flowers is growin' on ground
So poor that grass won't grow

Now there's flower's growin on ground
So poor that grass won't grow