

# J.J. Cale, Brown Dirt

(J.J. Cale)

Brown dirt, stickin' to my fingers  
Brown dirt, clingin' to my feet  
Brown dirt, Mississippi bottom land  
Pickin' that cotton for the man down the street  
Brown dirt, raisin' his vegetables  
Brown dirt, growin' his grass  
Brown dirt, walkin' down the pathway  
Pickin' that cotton now I hope it is my last  
Brown dirt, somebody told me, be the last place you lay  
Brown dirt, cover my body  
I'll soon be the cotton that's grown another day  
Brown dirt wet, you're sinkin'  
Brown dirt dry, you dust  
Brown dirt, I've been thinkin'  
We'll all come to you and we won't be the first  
Brown dirt, somebody told me, be the last place you lay  
Cover my body  
I'll soon be the cotton that's grown another day  
If a stick moves, it's a snake  
If a water is still, it's a lake  
If you harm yourself, you know it hurts  
Final destination, brown dirt