

## Wings

### "Black Land Farmer"

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When the lord made me he made a  
Simple man  
Not much money  
And not much land  
He didn't make me no banker  
Or legal charmer  
When the lord made me he made a black land farmer

Well my hands ain't smooth  
My face is rough  
But my heart is warm and my ways ain't tough  
I guess I'm the luckiest man ever born  
'Cause the lord gave me health  
And a black land farm

Breaking up a new ground  
Early in the day  
Gonna plant cotton  
I'm gonna plant hay  
I love to smell the sweet breeze blowing through the  
corn  
Lord you sure done me right  
By my black land farm

I feel like I'm getting close to you God  
Plowing in the ground and breaking up the sod  
Well my mind is easing  
I could do no harm  
Lord I owe it all to you and my black land farm

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