

Bill Anderson

"Concrete"

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CONCRETE

(Bill Anderson)

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To a boy who grew up walking in the woods and the
fields of South Carolina
This big ole city feels hard underneath my feet
And to a kid who ain't never heard a noise a whole lot
louder than a freight train
I get scared sometimes just standing here along the
street
Concrete concrete everywhere I turn there's concrete
Found in the pavement day after day I wanna go home
Where the sun shines and the tall pines and the earth
and the heavens meet
I'd rather starve on a poor dirt farm than to stay here
surrounded by the concrete
Cause it's turnin' me into concrete
My kids ain't never gone wadin' in a creek or cuttin'
down cane for fishing
They've never seen a blackberry growin' wild
Sometimes I get to missin' it so I almost take to crying
I'm cursed with the body of a man and the heart of a
child
Concrete concrete...

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