

Doug Stone

"Workin' End of a Hoe"

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My daddy was a great believer in the virtue of hard
work
Up and down that piece of farm land that kept his
hands in dirt
Well it's a hard education when your cradle is a cotton
row
And early on I was well acquainted with the workin' end
of a hoe

It was in my 16th summer and I was wearing out old
school
Well daddy knew I was just a fat boy with less sense
than a mule
Well He knew in his wisdom well I would gain some self
control
If I took a lower 40 on a workin' end of a hoe

My shoulders ached
My neck was baked
Cotton was on my tongue
A 3 week war on crabgrass
And the war had just begun
Summer tan
Blistered hands
And there I came to know
My mind was opened on the workin' end of a hoe

Now to raise up a high school drop out
Is a thought that mortifies
But hangin' in the local hardware store for 14.95
Is an almighty answer these hearts would undergo
If they had to spend a long hard summer on the workin'
end of a hoe

Well the shoulders ache
The neck is baked
Cotton is on the tongue
The war on weeds and crabgrass
is a war that's just begun
Summer tan
Blistered hands

And Lord they'll come to know
Bet your mind was opened on the workin' end of a hoe

Summer tan
Blistered hands
And there I came to know
My mind was opened on the workin' end of a hoe

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