

Elizabeth Cook

"Blackland 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 blackland farmer

Well, my hands ain't smooth and 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 blackland farm

Breakin' up the new ground early in the day
Gonna plant cotton, I'm gonna plant hay
I love to smell the sweet breeze blowin' through the
corn
Life has sure done me right by my blackland farm

I feel like I'm getting closer to you, God
A pint in the ground and I'm breakin' up the sod
My mind is at ease and I can do no harm
Lord, I owe all to you and my blackland farm

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