

Frankie Miller "Black Land Farmer"

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(Whistle)

Giddy-on-up boy

(Humming)

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, 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

(Humming)

Breaking up the new ground early in the day
Gonna plant cotton, I'm gonna plant hay
I love the smell of sweet breeze
Blowin' through the corn
Lord you sho' done me right
By my blackland farm

I feel like I'm a-gettin' closer to you, God
Plowing up the ground and a-breaking up the sod
Well my mind is set at ease and I could do no harm
Lord, I owe it all to you
And my blackland farm

(Humming)

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