

J. Holiday

"Brown Dirt"

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Brown dirt, stickin' to my fingers
Brown dirt, clingin' to my feet
Brown dirt, mississippi bottom land
Pickin' that cotton for the man down the street
Brown dirt, raisin' his vegetables
Brown dirt, growin' his grass
Brown dirt, walkin' down the pathway
Pickin' that cotton now I hope it is my last
Brown dirt, somebody told me, be the last place you lay
Brown dirt, cover my body
I'll soon be the cotton that's grown another day
Brown dirt wet, you're sinkin'
Brown dirt dry, you dust
Brown dirt, I've been thinkin'
We'll all come to you and we won't be the first
Brown dirt, somebody told me, be the last place you lay
Cover my body
I'll soon be the cotton that's grown another day
If a stick moves, it's a snake
If a water is still, it's a lake
If you harm yourself, you know it hurts
Final destination, brown dirt

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