

## James McMurtry "Six-Year Drought"

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I guess you had your reasons  
For the way you used to be  
Don't why I couldn't please you  
You just never had much faith in me  
There's fine dust in the tire ruts now  
Along the old feed road  
They're workin' on a six year drought  
Just so you know

I can pull my weight I can hold my own  
I can sling that blade all summer long  
'Til the thistles fall And the pasture's clear  
And the work's all done for another year  
I can hold my own

The world was like a distant storm  
I could feel it on the breeze  
But it made so little difference here  
Just a whisper in the trees  
Mending fence for room and board

Was mostly all I'd done  
For I was still a prisoner here  
In 1961

The sucker rod on the windmill creaks  
Now and then you hear a car  
There's thunderheads across the southern sky  
But they won't get this far  
There's red ants by the graveyard gate  
They're nearly all that moves  
And they carry on despite this heat  
I bet you'd tell me what that proves  
There's fine dust in the tire ruts now  
The creeks no longer run  
But I am just a visitor here  
The drought won't hurt me none

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