

## Kenny Price "Whiskey Dirt"

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Livin' on whiskey dirt ain't easy Lord when you're little  
You might say it's a mighty rough row to hold  
Sometimes you think that you won't get no bigger (but I  
did)  
When you planted in whiskey dirt it's hard to grow

The corn we raised on whiskey farm we stored in a jar  
and a gunny sack  
But it kept us eaten when dad couldn't find any work  
It was hard to smile when you knew that folks were  
laughin' out loud behind your back  
It's not much plant to do in the whiskey dirt  
Livin' on whiskey dirt...

[ steel ]

We had to survive so we worked all together everybody  
had his little thing to do

I had to wash and boil 'em Mason jars  
Mama did a fillin' and dad did a diggin' we had to keep  
it hid when we got through  
Later on papa did sell 'em in the wagon yard  
Now livin' on whiskey dirt...  
Well livin' on whiskey dirt...

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