

Larry Gatlin "Delta Dirt"

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I wandered far away from the place where I was born
and raised
I suffered through the Oklahoma dry lands
And through New York City's cold and rainy days
And these dried up bones of mine are powerful thirsty
Just once again to feel them Mississippi rains
Lord, I got that Delta dirt, Lord
I got that black land Delta dirt down in my veins
In my veins
I'm goin' home this mornin'
If I have to walk, run or fly
I promised me as sure as I was standin'
That I'm never, ever gonna say goodbye
'Cause this heart of mine keeps tellin' me I'm crazy
To keep wearin' the city's ball and chain
Lord, New York is mighty pretty
If you don't mind what you say
But I'd take a hundred acres of black land dirt
Over New York, Detroit and L.A.
I'm goin' home to Delta mama
'Cause she's got everything
Gonna cure my aches and pains
And I got that Delta dirt, Lord
Down in my veins
I got it in my veins
I got it in my veins
Lord, I got it in my veins

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