

Sammi Smith

"Where Grass Won't Grow"

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(Earl Montgomery)

Well, the dirt was clay and was the color of the blood in
me

A twelve acre farm on a ridge in south Tennessee

We left our sweat all over this ground

Behind a mule we watched grow old row after row

Tryin' to grow corn and cotton in ground so poor that
grass won't grow.

There was one old store in the holler we all called town
It belonged to a gentle old man named Henry Brown
He gave us credit in the winter time to carry us through
the cold

When the wind would blow

Tryin' to raise corn and cotton in ground so poor that
grass won't grow.

Well, the one I loved used to walk those fields with me
A hard working man true as one could be.

But then one year death was goin' round and quickly
took its toll

My Jimmy had to go

Now he lies there a sleepin' under ground so poor that
grass won't grow.

As I stand here looking over this part of Tennessee
The fields are bare as far as the eye can see
And over the grave where my Jimmy lies there's a
beautiful sight to behold

And nobody knows

Why there's flowers growin' in ground so poor that
grass won't grow.

Pretty flowers growin' in ground so poor that grass
won't grow...

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