

Merle Haggard

"The Roots Of My Raising"

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I left a four lane highway took a black top seven miles
down by the
old country school I went to as a child. Three miles
down the gravel
road I could see a proud old home. A tribute to a way of
life that's
almost come and gone.

The roots of my raising run deep. I've come back for
the strength
that I need. And hope comes no matter how far down I
sink.
The roots of my raising run deep.

I pulled up in the driveway, and boy is sure was good to
be there
and through the open door I could see that dad was
asleep in his
favorite chair. In his hand was a picture of mom and I
remember
how close they were, so I just turned away. I didn't want
to wake
him, spoil his dreams of her.

A christian mom who had the strength for life the way
she did.
Then to pull that apron off and do the Charleston for us
kids.
Dad, a quiet man, whose gentle voice was seldom
heard,
who could borrow money at the back simply on his
word.

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