

## Merle Haggard

### "They're Tearin' The Labor Camps Down"

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(Merle Haggard)

(Spoken)

I guess it's no secret eh that I did a few years in San  
Quentin  
And on my release I noticed that a lot of different  
things had come to pass  
While I was out of circulation  
Like the girls dresses were shorter and the freeways  
were wider  
And the ole steam engines were gone forever  
But the one thing I noticed most of all down through the  
San Joachin valley  
Was the disappearance of so many labor camps  
Where once I'd lived from time to time myself  
I noticed that that one there at Houston California was  
gone  
And the ole crown's camp that lie between Formosa  
and Bakersfield  
Was just a barren spot with a few cottonwood trees  
And surrounded by an olive orchard  
Tho a few still remain like the ole blackburn's camp out  
on weepatch highway  
It was an evident fact that someone was tryin' to do  
away with them all  
And I couldn't help but wonder what's gonna happen to  
the farm workers  
And the fruit pickers who move from town to town  
The man with the big family who can't afford the ole  
high standard of livin'  
And was these thoughts and my mem'ries that inspired  
me to write this song

(Sang)

I came back to this ole town cause my home was here  
And to try to find some things I'd left behind  
Tho' I've only been away for just a few short years  
But I'd forgot about the pace of modern times.

I saw changes all around me and some were good  
But I hardly recognized my side of town

They tore down the swingin' casing from the cottowood  
And that tree was all that marked familiar ground.

Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down  
And I feel a little sentimental shame  
Where's a hungry man gonna live at in this town  
Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down.

--- Instrumental ---

The Hilltop family market had been moved somewhere  
And the name was changed to fit the newer homes  
The folks that I remember were no longer there  
And the cabin that my daddy built was gone.

Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down  
And I feel a little sentimental shame  
Where's a hungry man gonna live at in this town  
Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down.

They're tearin' the labor camps down  
And I feel a little sentimental shame  
Where's a hungry man gonna live at in this town  
Oh, they're tearin' the labor camps down...

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