

Merle Haggard

"Tulare Dust"

Visit "[Tulare Dust](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
Wondering where the freight train goes
Standin' in the field by the railroad track
Cursin' the strap on my cotton sack

I can see mom and dad with shoulders low
Both of 'em pickin' on a double row
They do it for a livin' because they must
That's life like it is in the Tulare dust

The California sun was something new
That winter we arrived in '42
And I can still remember how my daddy cussed
The tumbleweeds here in the Tulare dust

The valley fever was a common fate
To the farmworkers here in the Golden State
And I miss Oklahoma but I'll stay if I must
And help make a livin' in the Tulare dust

The Tulare dust in a farm boy's nose
Wondering where the freight train goes
Standin' in a cotton field by the railroad track
Cursin' the strap on my cotton sack

I see mom and dad

Visit [Merle Haggard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.