

Walter Brennan

"The Old Kelly Place"

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I guess there was a time I could have left this old place
As a young man I longed to see more than fields of
corn

I remember once I had a hundred dollars saved
But dad needed it to put in this old farm.

He used to say son you got to put down roots
Just like I done and the Kelly's before me
He'd pick up a handful of that wore out dirty
And I knowed I was in for this familiar old story.

You know that forty acres we got in corn this year
Your great grand daddy cleared that land
With two big mules and sweat and tears
And a good woman who lent him a hand.

And when he give out before his time
Them boys of his hand land of their own
So you see all of this that I call mine
Is more in the neighborhood of just a loan.

From father to son through a hundred years
For generations still unknown
Every Kelly passin' through this way
Will know this place as home.

Yet dad had a way of tellin' that story
Sorta kept me a-lingerin' on
While all my younger brothers drifted away one by one
But I couldn't leave him alone.

And today when that oldest son of mine
Got to talkin' about places he longed to see
I told him once again that old familiar story
Just the way it was told to me.

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Will know this place as home...

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