

Brothers Four

"Pastures Of Plenty"

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It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your dust Bowl and Westward we rolled
Blue deserts so hot and your mountains so cold

I've wandered all over your green growing land
Where ever your crops are I've lent you my hands
On the edge of your cities, you'll see me and then
I come with the dust and I'm gone with the wind

California, Arizona, I'd worked on your crops
the North up to Washington to gather your hops
I got beets from your ground
I cut grapes from your vines
To sat on our table's and light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the grand Coulee Dam where the water runs
down
Every state of this Union us migrants have been
We come with the dust and we're gone, with the wind

We come with the dust and we're gone, with the wind

And we're gone.. with the wind...

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