

## Norma Jean

### "Dusty Road"

Visit "[Dusty Road](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Life gets so lonely when you live down on dusty road  
Down where the fields of the corn and the cotton grows  
It ain't helpin' none cause papa's in trouble with the law  
He's servin' time on a chain gang in Arkansas  
We got rich cousins livin' downtown puttin' on a show  
They don't claim kin to us folks down on dusty road

There's eight of us kids and the youngest one is four  
today  
Heard mama tell sis another one is on it's way  
Lately mama spends a lot of time down at Duffey's bar  
Today she came home drivin' a Chevrolet car hum  
People say Duffey might as well be a diggin' his hole  
For anyday papa might be back on dusty road

Here it is Monday and things have gone from bad to  
worse  
Papa shot a guard and escaped in a prison hearse  
Sis has been sneakin' out with no good Jimmy McClain  
Papa caught 'em parked last night on lover's lane  
Sis cut her wrist and she cried til the Mill whistle blowed  
There's an awful lot of talk down here on dusty road

Papa shot Duffey and he nearly killed Jimmy McClain  
Sheriff took him back to prison on the morning train  
Sis has gone to live with Aunt Bet up in Alabam  
I guess it's just as well cause Jimmy ain't a comin'  
around  
It ain't rained in a month and it looks like the corn won't  
grow  
There's an awful lotta talk down here on dusty road  
There's an awful lotta talk down here on dusty road

Visit [Norma Jean](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.