

## Steve Earle

# "Gulf Of Mexico"

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Come and gather 'round me people  
And a tale to you I'll tell  
Of my father and his father  
In the days before the spill  
With an endless sky above 'em  
And a restless sea below  
And every blessing flowing from the Gulf of Mexico

Well my Granddad worked the shrimp boats  
From the time that he was grown  
And he scrimped and saved and bought himself  
A trawler of his own  
He was rough and he was ready  
And he drank when he was home  
And he made his family's living on the Gulf of Mexico

He was rolling  
He was rolling  
Cross the deep blue water  
He was rolling

Well my Daddy drove a crew boat  
Hauling workers to the rigs  
He was sick of mending nets  
And couldn't stand the smell of fish  
He drew a steady paycheck  
20 years to Texaco  
When he died we spread his ashes  
On the Gulf of Mexico

He was rolling  
He was rolling  
Cross the deep green water  
He was rolling

As for me I dreamed of nothing  
Any grander than the day  
That I stepped out on the drilling floor  
To earn a roughneck's pay  
Then one night I swear I saw the devil  
Crawlin' from the hole

And he spilled the guts of hell out  
In the Gulf of Mexico

We were rolling  
We were rolling  
Cross the blood red water  
We were rolling

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