**Dustbowl Legacy**

**Down a dirt track, off the highway**

**There sits a slat-board shack**

**Roof tiles slippin’ an’ a-squintin’ at the sun**

**Broke John Dere out back**

**There sits a lady name o’ Beulah**

**Been livin’ there mosta her days**

**Don’t take no lip from no mother’s son**

**No sir, no how, no ways**

**Always figured that the dustbowl legacy**

**Was long times gone away**

**But the truth of the matter no one listened no one learned**

**It’s just blowin’ in a different way**

**Her sons are farmers scratchin’ foreheads**

**Wondrin’ what’s the best they can do**

**Crops is either late or they’re early or spoiled**

**It’s a heads or tails ‘n’ you lose**

**Seems it’s this pollution**

**Cars and cattle to blame**

**But she’s a feelin’ it’s more likely t’be dollars and dimes**

**Only called by this different name**

**Always figured….**

**How times have changed, hard days remain**

**Loggers took the timber, miners stripped the land**

**Packed the past away**

**Shoulda learned through time, shoulda spotted the signs**

**People don’t got nothin’ but selfish on their minds**

**What’s yours ain’t yours it’s mine**

**Beulah sits a-rockin’**

**Watchin’ her landscape change**

**City folks buyin’ up and buildin’ then there’s children**

**Then it’s home sweet home on the range**

**This new dustbowl never settles**

**Never sleeps and never rests**

**And there’s no use in raisin’ no objections to the deals**

**Coz Uncle Sam knows best**

**Always figured……**