

Sean Stemaly - Smoke In The Sky

tom:
 You ever wonder where it comes from
 What's on your Sunday table?
 You ever wonder how it got done
 The hard work behind the label?
 Who plants the seeds, turns the ground green?
 Does it ever cross your mind?
 Out past the limits, no you can't miss it
 It's where you're gonna find

Smoke in the sky, boots in the dirt
 Gear shifting down on a dusty tractor
 Copen can, two calloused hands
 Praying for rain in them fields and pastures
 Somewhere out there there's a diesel and an ole boy
 Keeping that dream alive
 Knocking down rows and blowing out smoke in the sky
 Smoke in the sky

Rolls out of bed before the Sun's up
 Pours a pot in the thermos
 Ain't much for change or fancier things

Same shirt, same hat, same Wranglers working away
 Just another day, ain't nothing new
 He's just out there slinging

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Acordes

