

Diggin in the Dirt
By
Clive Romney

I'm a mason by trade but when I first came west
I couldn't live by the trade that I knew best
Cause ya can't eat stone but ya sure gotta eat
So I'm scratchin' the earth beneath my feet

I'm diggin' in the dirt all day long
Diggin' in the dirt while I sing this song
My life's a dance with a shovel and plow
It's not what I planned for but now
I'm diggin' in the dirt.

I'm a tailor by trade but I must conclude
There's no sense in sewin' when ya can't buy food
So like everyone else I'm growin' my own
Sweatin' and prayin' 'til the crops are grown

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I'm a teacher by trade and I teach fine art
I teach what's near and dear to my heart
But ya can't eat canvass and ya can't eat paint
And we're all so hungry we're about to faint

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Sure wish I'd paid more attention to the garden mama made
How to plant and water do the things I outta
With a shovel, hoe, and spade cause now

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