

S Lazy H

Corb Lund

Well I was born in this valley
On this ranch I was raised
I learned to lope, rope and dally
On the S Lazy H
Well the roots of my people
They run deep on this place
I am sixth generation
On the S Lazy H And when it came to the future
I never gave it a thought
If there were broncs to be broken
Endless steers to be caught
Well my youth it was carefree
For the work was my play
And what I loved would always be there
On the S Lazy H
I had one beloved sister
A few years younger than me
Before a sole cowboy had kissed her
She left for school in the east
Me I might have gone to college
Might have liked to fly planes
But my dad needed help to
Run the S Lazy H So I worked there 'long side him
Put adult years in this place
And I gained appreciation
For the lines on his face
And when mom had grown older
And when dad passed away
It fell to me to look after
The S Lazy H
By now my sister she had married
A sharp attorney back east
We didn't see eye to eye but
I did my best to make peace
What did they see when they looked over
Over the fence one fine day
They saw a whole lot a value
In the S Lazy H So after thought and assessment
The court awarded them half
And no cow / calf operation
Carries that kind of cash
Well I worked through the numbers

Worked them every which way
Yeah I went through the numbers
Oh and boys I'm afraid
I had to sell twenty sections
Of the S Lazy H Sometimes right isn't equal
Sometimes equal's not fair
There will soon be rows of houses
On that ridge over there
Many lifetimes of labour
Will be all but erased
So shed a tear and look skyward
God help the S lazy H The last few years were a struggle
But I gave it my best
And I tried to go forward
On the land that was left
Well I have lived with the sorrow
And I will die with the shame
For now the bank owns what's left of
The S Lazy H

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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