Daddy Told Me

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One thing I learned for sure,  
A growin’ up here on the plain,  
is what my Daddy told me son,  
Don’t ever cuss the rain.

For the rain makes the bumper crop  
And makes the grasses grow,  
And makes the livestock flourish,  
More than you will ever know.

One thing I learned for sure,  
A growin’ up here on the plain,  
is what my Daddy told me son,  
Don’t ever cuss the rain.

For the rain cleans the air,  
and fills the ponds to drink,  
And the trees and grass will grow so fast,  
You’ll miss it if you blink.

One thing sticks in my mind,  
A growin’ up here on the plain,  
is what my Daddy told me son,  
Don’t ever cuss the rain.

Oh, I know that you’ll be calvin’  
And a workin’ in the muck,  
And you’ll lose a calf and cuss yourself,  
And say that’s just my luck.

One thing I learned for sure,  
A growin’ up here on the plain,  
is what my Daddy told me son,  
Don’t ever cuss the rain.

Oh, I know nineteen fifty-one  
Or even ninety-three,  
Will make you fear the water  
And the lowland’s destiny.

But if you lived through the thirties,  
And dirt sifted through your window pane,  
It will bring you back to what  
Daddy said son,  
Don’t ever cuss the rain.

DADDY TOLD ME

Geff Dawson
January 2010