

Broken Plow
Chris Knight

Capo 5

Am

Load up the old Dodge truck

Fmaj7

Weâ€™ll leave what we canâ€™t sell

Am

Nobody needs a sharecropperâ€™s tools

Fmaj7

or a dust filled well

Am

Take you one last look around

Fmaj7

shed you one last tear

Am

For the broken plow, the broken dreams

Fmaj7

Am

And the life weâ€™re leaving here

Pull the lines down tight

The kids can ride on top of the load

In the cool of the night

They can crawl underneath the tarp

To stay out of the cold

Eleven hundred miles of mountain and sand

Weâ€™ll cross â€™em tired and torn

If this beat up truck can carry us

Far enough away from the storm

Chorus:

F

C

Weâ€™re going to California

G

Thereâ€™s work there for a man

F

C

Too proud to beg for charity

G

F

Too poor to make a stand

G

Pray itâ€™s just the land weâ€™re losing

C

F

Not my lifeâ€™s blood that I leave

Am

On the handles of that broken plow

That haunts me in my dreams

A man at a roadside station
Donâ€™t like dealing with my kind
Heâ€™d beat me out of my last dollar
And never look me in the eye
I heard â€em call us Okies
Hell I donâ€™t know what that means
But something tells me the promised land
Ainâ€™t as promising as it seems

Chorus

Bridge: **F Am**
Fmaj7 **Am**
This restless road is full of strangers
Fmaj7 **Am**
They ainâ€™t no stranger than I am
Fmaj7 **Am**
Hardened faces damn the dust and curse the wind
Am
That drove us from this life and home
Fmaj7 **Am**
Weâ€™ll never know again

Chorus

On the handles of my broken plow that haunts me in my dreams