

40 Acres

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Got 40 acres of rocky land
Got 40 hours and my two hands
It's been me and my brother on this farm for so long
There's just one place I'd rather be, and that one place is gone
I'm like a little child dreaming of running away
I'd pack my bags and run away

I told my father I've come of age
And I won't grow old here, can't make me stay
He said son in the city is no place you belong
They got a fast way of living, and that living is wrong
I said I can't keep on watching time passing away
So I packed my bags and moved away

Don't cry for me, I'm not thinking of you
There's just too many things I can do

Spent 40 days there, and the famine came
After 40 more there, nothing remained
I took a job doing some unspeakable things
And my body is broken but my spirit still sings
For the face of my father and the call of the land
I will go back home as his hired hand

Don't cry for me, I'm no longer your son
There's just too many things I have done

From the farthest hill he saw me
He must have waited there every day
He put a ring upon the finger
Of the child who had run away
At the feast thrown in my honor
My brother indulged in my shame
I have a robe upon my shoulders
A lifetime wiser though not much older
And I could not be any closer to my father's love