

Forty Years and Nothin'

David Kuncicky

♩ = 110

A A A Bm C

My

3 D D G G A7 A7

name is Char-lie Beck-er I grew up on the plains I've lived a life of push-in' plow and

6 D D D D G G

toil My folks were Vol - ga Ger-mans came here in eight-y four grew

9 A A7 D D A A

red wheat in that fer - tile Kan-sas soil for for - ty years I farmed un-til the

12 D D A7 A7 D D

dust blew it a - way for - ty years of sun and sweat and pain One

15 A A D G G A

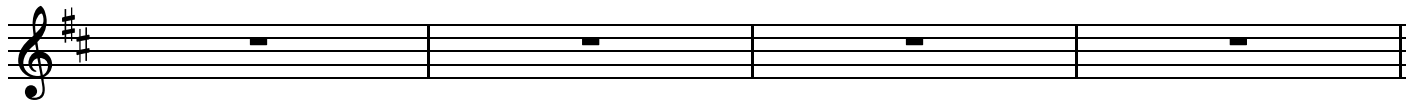
dust storm from the poor house but I still plow the fields and pray to

18 A D D Bm Bm G

God for a drop of rain Plant them seeds in the ground and watch the mon-ey

21 G Bm Bm A Bm Bm A A A A

grow for-ty years and nothin' is all I got show



[Verse]

I got ten calloused fingers, and a farm the bankers own
Empty fields where the black wind blows
Bank man counts his ledger, he won't look me in the eye
My loan is due, I've nothing and he knows

[Verse]

Wet sheets on the windows, momma sweeps the grit away
The wind has washed the color from the sky
Jake and Emma sleeping, their blankets full of dirt
The dusters come and chokes 'em where they lie

[Chorus]

Plant them seeds in the ground and watch the money grow
Forty years and nothin' is all I got to show

[Verse]

My neighbors load their wagons, head west down the road
The dust behind them covers all their tracks
The Bible lays half open, the pages stained with soot
The preacher speaks, his voice begins to crack

[Verse]

My friend said, "Charlie, listen here, you lead an honest life
You should be standing straight and tall
'cause when the good Lord takes you to eternity, my friend
Forty years won't mean nothin' at all."

[Chorus]

Plant them seeds in the ground and watch the money grow
Forty years and nothin' is all I got to show