**Dismal Creek**

I was born on Dismal Creek

Down at the end of the lane

Should have stayed in old corn patch

Went out looking for fame

I was born a poor man’s son

Lived on soup from a bowl

Piece of bone. Piece of spud.

Pray to save my soul.

I can hear that old John Deere

Popping down them rows

Shucking corn til darkness sets

Fireflies, frogs and toads.

Jump in the pond for a bath.

Sleep on an old straw tick.

Pick a bit for fun at night.

No time to be slick.

Making love in the hay mow

Hearing the old folks call

Being real quiet oh ya

Finally getting it all

What does it really matter

Where when with who I pray

How many souls have wet their heads

If I mean just what I say

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