**Last Stand Blues**

*January 13, 2015*

Looks Like A Real Bad Case Of Them Last Stand.

Bought To Loose My Land.

Busted. Dusted. Drowned. Burned. Out.

No Hope Blues.

Not Rightly Sure What I Am About To Do.

Been Raining Twenty Four Seven For Neigh.

Ten Hours Six Days And.

A Wet Dog Ass Week.

Water Roaring Pouring Flood Busting High.

Two Feet O'er Banks Of Dismal Creek.

Little Walbash Breached Dam.

At Louisville Country Seat.

Not A Speck Of Old Clay County Dry.

Fields All Drowned Out.

Everything Plumb Dead.

Mudded Up. Beans Done.

Can't Even Cut The Corn To Shock.

Got All The Cows Pigs Horses Too.

Fifty Seven Head. Still Falling Hard.

No Sign. Of When.

It Will Let Up Or Stop.

Lost Truck Garden.

All The Stock And Crop.

Root Cellar Flooded Out.

All Them Stash Goods Are Set To Rot.

Late Year Corn Knee High By Fourth Of July.

N'er Rained One Wet Drop More. Burned Out.

Hurt Too Much To Cry.

Same Music. Sad No Hope Waltz.

Both Years Before.

Like A Walking Death.

Even If I Tried My Best.

Couldn't Get Any Lower.

Further Down Or Any Much Mas Poor.

Wife. Five Kids.

About To Get One More.

Nothing Left To Scrounge Or Eat.

Expect The Sheriff.

Get Out Writ Man.

Will Soon Be Knocking On My Door.

Serving Papers To Kick Us To The Street.

Cause Bank Of St.

Louie Done Called My Note.

Said Son You Got To Face It.

You Are Plum Burn Out And Drowned.

It Is All She Wrote.

You Are Plum Done Out Of Rope.

Can't Give You No More Space Or Grace.

You'll Soon Hear That Lonesome Sound.

Of Heartless Auction Hammer Knocking Down.

Your Old Home Place.

You Are Going On The Block.

You Had Better Get All Your Plows Gear And Trappings Sold.

We Got No Choice.

Protect Our Books And Investors.

Guard The Interest On Our Gold.

You And Family Got No Choice.

Time To Hit The Road.

Searching For Just One Ray Of Hope.

Searching For The Answer.

Just One Way Somehow To Cope.

Just Like Back In Twenty Nine.

My Grand Dad Was Dusted Out.

Had To Hit The California Line.

But Now. Like Then.

Nothing Did Or Will Turn Out Fine.

He Came Back And Plowed All Day.

Grubbed All Night In Danville Mines.

Peabody Dug Up All The Coal There Was To Find.

Pink Slipped. No Pension.

Benefits. Severance Pay.

But Don't Think This Time I'll Give Up The Land.

Them Pols And Bankers Can.

Only Push So Far.

Then If A Man Is Still A Man.

He Has Got To Take A Stand.

Looks Like The Time Has Come.

It's Time. It's So.

This Time I Reckon.

I Won't Cut Run Or Go.

May Be Busted. Burned.

Drowned Out.

But I Am Still Kicking.

Not Yet Done. Over.

Burying Dead. Still Got My Spirit. Soul.

I Got Four Dozen Good Springfield Bolt Actions.

Fifty Thousand Rounds.

Of Ott Six Hard Point Ammo.

Still Got Cache Of Dry Primers Powder.

100 Libs Of Lead. Extra Brass.

Molds. Twelve Cases Dynamite.

Lots Of Loyal Brave Friends.

Won't Back Down. Stand Up Men.

Will Stand And Fight.

They All Got Their Backs To The Wall.

Just Like Me.

They All Think Like I Do.

Bout Rights And Liberty.

If Them Warders. Pols.

Blue Boys. Goons In Black.

Desert Storm Cammo.

Tax Collectors. Pinkertons.

One Tenth Per Centers.

Government. Bankers. Wall Streeters. Capitalists.

Hedge. Trust. Funders.

Think They Got Us.

Want To Take Our Land.

Think Again. Come On.

We Got Another Thought.

We Got Another Plan.

Try And Take It.

Take It If You Can.

Try And Take It.

From Our Cold Dead Hands.