**Rains of War**

*January 14, 2015*

Been Raining Twenty Four Seven For Neigh.

Ten Hours Six Days And A Week.

Water Roaring Pouring Flood Busting High.

Two Feet O'er The Banks Of Dismal Creek.

Little Walbash Breached Louisville Dam At Old Country Seat.

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 Garden All The Stock And Crop.

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 The Year Before.

Even If I Tried My Best Couldn't Get Any Lower.

Further Down Or Poor. Wife. Five Kids.

About To Get One More. Nothing Left To Ear.

Expect The Sheriff And Get Out Writ Man Will Soon Be Knocking On My Door.

Cause Bank Of St. Louie Done Called My Note.

Said Son You Got To Face It.

You Are Plum Burn Out And Drowned.

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 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.

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 Days And Grubbed All Night In The Mines.

Peabody Dug Up All The Coal There Was To Find.

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

Them Pols And Bankers Can Only Push So Far.

Then A Man. Has Got To Take A Stand.

I Got Three Dozen Good Bolt Actions And Fifty Thousand Rounds

And Lots Of Loyal Friends.

They All Are Back To The Wall Like Me.

They All Think Like Me.

If Them Warders Pols Pinkertons One Tenth Percenters and

Government Want To Take Our Land.

Come On. Try And Take It.

From Our Cold Dead Hands.