

 ***Erath County***

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Windmill turnin' in a Texas sky
Crickets sing a lullaby, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County
Dry winds shake the scrub oak tree
Guess it's still a part of me, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County

Biscuits and a pecan pie
Fried okra, well it tastes just fine
With corn bread, beans, and black-eyed peas
Grandma's dumplin's, fresh iced tea
Grandma's dozin' in a high back chair
My father's face, I see him there
'Though he's been gone so many years
I still can find him here

Boxes of old photographs
Grandma's stories--how I laughed, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County
My little daughters comin' home
To a great-grandma they've never known, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County

Windmill turnin' in a Texas sky
Crickets sing a lullaby, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County
Dry winds shake the scrub oak tree
Guess it's all a part of me, and I'm
Goin' back to Erath County
Sweet memories in Erath County