

I am from

Tom Farrar

I am from buckeyes

From overcooked green beans and fried chicken

I am from the city and country, fast, slow, music in my ears

I am from azaleas, blooming when we moved south

I'm from guitars and singing

From Ruel and Frieda

I'm from the musician and trucker

From the backwoods and city streets

I'm from Tennessee and Ohio

Christmas cookies, sweet potatoes

From the broken wagon wheel

The stolen boat ticket,

Great Grandmas house in the city,

My love for music and tradition