Where am I from?

I am

From long views and Longview

From paradise between Rocky Mountains and rolling hills

From lush lands cloaked with hay bales

I am

From country bumkins that pitch

“A little bit of dirt before you die”

“Dance like no one’s watching”

and “I love you to the moon and back”

I am

From short but countless canoe rides to home sweet home

From the piercing crackle that rises from the wood stove

From rich violet crocuses springing to bring spring

I am

From eight second rides to glory and fame

From the jingling rowels of Texas spurs

I am

From fighters and believers

From lullabies that told the truth

From cords that sang me to sleep

I was born under a wanderin’ star