

Barenaked Ladies, Straw Hat And Old Dirty Hank

I tend the wheat field that makes your bread
I bind the sweet veal, pluck the hens that make your bed
Mother Nature & Mother Earth
Are two of three women who dictate what I'm worth

[Chorus]
I'm the farmer.
I work in the fields all day
Don't mean to alarm her
But I know it was meant to be this way

You cried a tear, I wiped it dry
I put you up upon a pedestal so high
If you should waiver, if you should sway
I'd catch you, spread my tiny wings and fly away
You signed your picture with an O and X
I bet you don't write "love"; each time you sign your cheques

[Chorus]
All of this corn I grow I grow it all for you
I took a hatchet to the radio I did it all for you
You could have written back,
You could have said "thank you";
I guess you've got better things,
Better things to do

You say you love me, is that the truth?
Although they've heard the songs, my friends want living proof
I know your address, I ring the bell
I bring you flowers and a .22 with shells

I'm the farmer
I work in the fields all day
Never wanted to harm her
But I know it was meant to be this way