

# Charley Pride, Down On the Farm

Looking back a hundred years  
On daughters and sons of the land  
Who're standing here, holding a fistful of dirt  
Watching it slip through my hands  
See the fields of sweat and tears  
Where we labored in love  
We cursed the wind and we prayed for rain  
But never thought of giving it up  
Oh, down on the farm  
Oh, somebody's dreams are ending  
When a way of life can be auctioned off  
There's more than one fence that needs bending  
It looks like to me, this country still needs  
A muscle and two strong arms  
If we can send a man up to the moon  
We can keep a man down on the farm

Staring out of this factory window  
Trying to make sense of it all  
I remember on this very spot, corn standing ten feet tall  
America, America, who do we blame it on?  
It was only the family fund, who really cares if it's gone  
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Oh, somebody's dreams are ending  
When a way of life can be auctioned off  
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It looks like to me, this country still needs  
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America, America, who do we blame it on?