

# Dave Dudley, Farmer's Prayer

Lord put a hand to the handle of my hoe  
Let me make another step help me go another road  
Even though I'm tired I'd break my back for my wife and kids livin' in the shack

Every morning Lord I I get up and look at the sky  
And I know if I'm gonna work the sun's gotta shine  
I'm gettin' old Lord before my time broke down body and mind  
And some time when I don't see a rain cloud floatin' by Lord I just feel like dyin'  
My pa used to tell me when I was a boy  
He said son them big white fleely clouds ain't nothin' but the cottonfields of the Lord  
So after all these years of plantin' and choppin' and pickin'  
If I do get to the heaven like I've been tryin' and them clouds be what pa said Lord  
I hope your angels know how to use a hoe  
Lord put a hand...

You rememeber the time when the wife said you gotta slow down  
I said honey I gotta make it while I can so I worked three days without stoppin'  
For Miss Simons down the road had would need choppin'  
Ame Merlow over east had hay that needed bailin'  
Ol' man Turner he wanted his hopper fixed  
Before spring plantin' down my back Lord  
But I got it all done before the sky turned black now  
Lord I ain't complainin' but sometime when you see me stumble  
Reach down and lift a hand under my cotton sack  
Make my days a little shorter my nights a little longer  
Make a hammer a little lighter and a dollar a little stronger  
If there's anything I can do for you Lord  
Let me know what's to be done Lord by will be done goodnight Lord  
Lord put a hand...