

Don Henley, A Month Of Sundays

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I used to work for Harvester
I used to use my hands
I used to make the tractors and the combines
That plowed and harvested these great lands
But now i see my handiwork on the block, everywhere i turn
And i see the clouds cross the weathered faces
And i watch the harvest burn
I quit the plant in '57
Had some time for farming them
Banks back then was lending money
The banker was the farmer's friend
I've seen dogs day, dusty days
Last spring snows and early fall sleets
Held the leather reins in my hand
And felt the soft ground under my feet
Between the hot dry weather, the taxes and the Cold War
Its been hard to make ends meat
But I always put the clothes on our backs
Always put the shoes on our feet
My grandson he comes home from college
He says "we get the government we deserve"
My son in law just shakes his head and says
"That little punk, he never had to serve"
And i sit here in the shadow of suburbia
And look out across these empty fields
And i sit here in earshot of the by pass
And all night i listen to the rushing of the wheels

The big boys, they all got computers
They got incorporated to
Me, i just know how to raise things
Thats all i ever knew
Now it all comes down to numbers
Now i'm glad that i have quit
Folks these days just don't do nothing
Simply for the love of it
Went into town on the fourth of july
Watched them parade past the union jack
Watched them break out the brass, beat on the drum
One step forward and two steps back
Saw a sign on easy street said "be prepared to stop"
Pray for the independent little man
I don't see next years crop
And I sit here on the backporch in the twilight
And I hear the crickets hum
And I sit and watch the lighting in the distance
But the showers never come
And I sit here listen to the wind blow
And I sit here and rub my hands
And I sit here and listen to the clock strike
And I wonder when i'll see my companion again