

Barenaked Ladies, Straw Hat and Old Dirty Hank

I tend the wheat fields
That make your bread
Bind the sweet veal
Pluck the hens that fill your bed
Mother Nature
And Mother Earth
Are two of three women
Who dictate what I'm worth
And 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 checks
And 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

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
Well, you could have written back
And you could have said thank you
I guess you've got better things
I guess you've got better things
I guess you've got better things
Better things to do
Better things to do
Better things to do
Better things to do
You say you love me
Is that the truth?
Although they've heard the songs
My friends need a living proof
I know your address
I ring the bell
I bring you flowers
And a 22 with shells
And 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
I know it was meant to be this way
I know it was meant to be this way