

# 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