

Dave Dudley, Soil Bank

Well there once was a time that this farm of mine was plowed by a mule and a man
They worked from dawn till darkness just tryin' to civilize the sand
Spikin' holes then placin' a seed like each one was a friend
Then hope they'd planted it deep enough to survive the dusthole winds
But lots of things have changed since that ol' mule went to the barn
I brought that little ol' house out back inside where it's nice and warm
No more blisters from a walkin' plow or chokin' the weedin' hole
I just leave the land the way it is and watch good money grow
Soil banks and surplus wheat leaves lots of time on my hands
But I'll take time over blisters any week
And live off the fat of the (live off the fat of the) live off the fat of the land
[ac.guitar]

Well as long as they keep payin' me not a work or lift a hand
I'm gonna keep on buyin' up all this money makin' sand
And I guess I'll be real famous soon and that's a matter of fact
They're sayin' they're gonna mention my name in the Farmer's Almanac
And I owe it all to Uncle Sam for a deal you just can't beat
And I moved from old starvation road to live on Easy Street
And I know this golden chain of luck will sooner or later break
But by the time that it finally does I won't have to state
Soil banks and surplus wheat...