

Michelle Shocked, Winter Wheat

I seem to have lost my patience
Waiting for the clouds of dust the custom cutter brings
Well, the foreman called to say
He would be here any day
With his convoy of threshing machines

Now what would make a man make a promise he can't keep?
A custom cutter crew could clear this harvest in a week
While me on my John Deere would take more than a year
To lay down this harvest of winter wheat

Oh winter, winter wheat
The grain is groaning on the stem
When the custom cutter comes and the harvest is in
Perhaps I'll find my patience again

I allow as how I have my own frustrations
I was counting on this crop to lay my mortgage down
And I admit that there's a limit to my patience
But damn it all to hell they should have been here by now

Well it's a hundred days preparing the fields
And it's a million seeds you sow and scare a thousand hungry crows
But when the harvest moon is in it takes just one cold rainy day
To watch it all get washed away

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