

Murray McLauchlan, Farmer's Song

Dusty old farmer out working your fields
Hanging down over your tractor wheels
The sun beatin' down turns the red paint to orange
And rusty old patches of steel
There's no farmer songs on that car radio
Just cowboys, truck drivers and pain
Well this is my way to say thanks for the meal
And I hope there's no shortage of rain

Straw hats and old dirty hankies
Moppin' a face like a shoe
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
From a kid from the city to you

The combines gang up, take most of the bread
Things just ain't like they used to be
Though your kids are out after the American dream
And they're workin in big factories
Now if I come on by, when you're out in the sun
Can I wave at you just like a friend
These days when everyone's taking so much
There's somebody giving back in

Straw hats and old dirty hankies
Moppin' a face like a shoe
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real
From a kid from the city to you