

# Nanci Griffith, Trouble In The Fields

Baby I know that we've got trouble in the fields  
When the bankers swarm like locust out there turning away our yield  
The trains roll by our silos, silver in the rain  
They leave our pockets full of nothing  
But our dreams and the golden grain

Have you seen the folks in line downtown at the station  
They're all buying their ticket out and talking the great depression  
Our parents had their hard times fifty years ago  
When they stood out in these empty fields in dust as deep as snow

And all this trouble in our fields  
If this rain can fall, these wounds can heal  
They'll never take our native soil  
But if we sell that new John Deere  
And then we'll work these crops with sweat and tears  
You'll be the mule I'll be the plow  
Come harvest time we'll work it out  
There's still a lotta love, here in these troubled fields

There's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl days  
And there's a little bit of you and a little bit of me  
In the photos on every page  
Now our children live in the city and they rest upon our shoulders  
They never want the rain to fall or the weather to get colder

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