

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Last Of His Kind (The

Well I hate to say the farmer  
Was the last of a dying breed  
Living off the land  
And taking what he needs  
Don't say much for the future  
When a family can't survive  
I'd hate to say the farmer  
Was the last of his kind.

In the struggle for parity  
Not one man's voice can sound  
Cause the foundation of the conglomerate  
Is firmly in the ground.  
Yeah, they want to feed the world  
But for power and for greed  
Then they'll cut off the supply  
Until they get what they need.

Well I dreamed I saw a dust bowl  
Where the farmers used to live  
Earth was flying through the sky  
It had nothing left to give  
Tractors were burning  
On the Whitehouse lawn  
Just woke up one morning  
And the farmers all were gone

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