

Neil Young, Last Of A Dying Breed

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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