

Porter Wagoner, County Farm

Working in the red hot sun paying for the wrong I done
Work's so hard here at the County farm
My calloused hands that hold the fork pitchin' hay until it's dark
Boy the work is hard here at the County farm
The County farm stretches the summer days so long
Makes me wish I'd never left my country home
Paying for the wrong I done I never meant to harm no one
Boy the work is hard here at the County farm

They told me that they'd show me how to cut his hay and use the plow
I've learnt a lot here at the County farm
I work the fields from sun till sun paying for the wrong I done
Boy the work is hard here at the County farm
The County farm stretches...

I hope my poor old mom and dad don't find out how their boy went bad
Workin' out my sentence on the County farm
My mama's kind and gentle heart and daddy too they tried so hard
To raise me for I'd never work on the County farm
The County farm stretches...
A workin' out my sentence on the County farm