

The Who, Now I'm A Farmer

I've got a spade and a pick-axe
And a hundred miles square of land to churn about
My old horse is weary but sincerely
I believe that he can pull a plough
Well I've moved into the jungle of the agriculture rumble,
To grow my own food
And I'll dig and plough and scrape the weeds
Till I succeed in seeing cabbage growing through

Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging, digging, digging, digging, digging
Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging, digging, digging, digging, digging
It's alarming how charming it is to be a-farming
How calming and balming the effect of the air

Well, I farmed for a year and grew a crop of corn
That stretched as far as the eye can see
That's a whole lot of cornflakes,
Near enough to feed New York till 1973
Cultivation is my station and the nation
Buys my corn from me immediately
And holding sixty thousand bucks, I watch as dumper trucks
Tip New York's corn flakes in the sea

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Now look here son
The right thing to say
Isn't necessarily what you want to say
The right thing to do
Isn't necessarily what you want to do
The right things to grow
Ain't necessarily what you want to grow
Your own happiness
Doesn't necessarily teach you what you want to know

Well I'm suntanned and deep, so's the horse
And my hands are deeply grained
Old horse is a-grazing, it's amazing
Just how lazily he took the strain
Well my pick and spade are rusty,
Because I'm paid on trust to leave my square of cornfield bare

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When you grow what I grow
Tomatoes, potatoes, stew, eggplants ...
Potatoes, tomatoes ... gourds