

## **Barenaked Ladies**

### **"Straw Hat & Ol' Dirty Hank"**

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I tend the wheat field that makes your bread.  
I bind the sweet veal, pluck the hens that make your  
bed.  
Mother nature & mother earth  
Are two of three women who dictate what I'm worth

Chorus:

I'm the farmer.  
I work in the fields all day.  
Don't mean to alarm her,  
But I know it was meant to be this way.

You cried a tear, I wiped it dry  
I put you up upon a pedestal so high  
If you should waiver, if you should sway  
I'd catch you, spread my tiny wings and fly away.  
You signed your picture with an o and x  
I bet you don't write "love" each time you sign your  
cheques.

Chorus

All of this corn I grow I grow it all for you  
I took a hatchet to the radio I did it all for you  
You could have written back,  
You could have said "thank you"  
I guess you've got better things,  
Better things to do.

You say you love me, is that the truth?  
Although they've heard the songs, my friends want  
living proof.  
I know your address, I ring the bell  
I bring you flowers and a .22 with shells.

I'm the farmer  
I work in the fields all day  
Never wanted to harm her  
But I know it was meant to be this way.

