

Dan Tyminski

"Making Hay"

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He never went to school beyond the day he turned
sixteen
And I can't say that I know being that poor really means
He wouldn't be mistaken for a man of high degree
But he was just as smart as anyone could be

The first thing I remember till the day I moved away
Up and every morning I don't believe he missed a day
It was always after sundown when he pulled up in the
yard
He would be on a tractor and let me drive into the barn

=Chorus=

While the planter, acre, baler they were all the same to
me
When I grow up a farmer is all I ever wanna be
I know that he was tired but he would sit and watch me
play
In my imagination I was really making hay
=Chorus=

I graduated highschool just before I turned eighteen
Two years into college when I had a change of dreams
I'd wear a dank old necktie like those city fellows do
I'd move out in the suburbs like a million other fools

I met a brown haired beauty who was sweet as she
could be
The day that we were married he stood right there next
to me
I knew that he was tired and he seemed so out of place
He never said a word but it was written on his face

=Chorus=

I couldn't read the signs when she was falling out of
love
The more he turned the lonelier till she'd finally had
enough
So I'd pack up my suits and ties and gave them all
away
And headed for the country just in time for making hay

No I won't be mistaken for a man of high degree
'Cause I was born a farmer and that's all I'll ever be
=Chorus=

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