

Don Gibson

"A Month Of Sundays"

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I used to work for Harvester
I used to use my hands
I used to make the tractors and the combines that
plowed and harvested this great land
Now I see my handiwork on the block everywhere I turn
And I see the clouds 'cross the weathered faces and I
watch the harvest burn

I quit the plant in '57
Had some time for farmin' then
Banks back then was lendin' money
The banker was the farmer's friend
And I've seen dog days and dusty days;
Late spring snow and early fall sleet;
I've held the leather reins in my hands and felt the soft
ground under my feet
Between the hot dry weather and the taxes, and the
Cold War it's been hard to make ends meet
But I always kept the clothes on our backs;
I always put the shoes on our feet

My grandson, he comes home from college
He says, We get the government we deserve.
My son-in-law just shakes his head and says, That little
punk, he never
Had to serve.
And I sit here in the shadow of the suburbs and look out
across these
Empty fields
I sit here in earshot of the bypass and all night I listen
to the rushin'
Of the wheels

The big boys, they all got computers; got incorporated,
too
Me, I just know how to raise things
That was all I ever knew
Now, it all comes down to numbers
Now I'm glad that I have quit
Folks these days just don't do nothin' simply for the
love of it

I went into town on the Fourth of July
Watched 'em parade past the Union Jack
Watched 'em break out the brass and beat on the drum
One step forward and two steps back
And I saw a sign on Easy Street, said, Be Prepared to
Stop.

Pray for the independent, little man
I don't see next year's crop
And I sit here on the back porch in the twilight
And I hear the crickets hum
I sit and watch the lightning in the distance
But the showers never come

I sit here and listen to the wind blow
I sit here and rub my hands
I sit here and listen to the clock strike,
And I wonder when I'll see my companion again

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