

Eric Burdon**"Letter From The Country Farm"**

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Letter from the county farm, letter from the county
Farm

And the wind it has been blowin'

It's been blowin' so strong

They're afraid to raise the flag 'less it gets torn to
Shreds

But God forbid the wind should ever stop blowin'

But if it did

I'm sure we'd all fall down

But sometimes it isn't windy

Like last February

I remember it snowed

And a week later it hailed

And now it looks like raining

Now it looks like raining

I'm convinced that what makes the rain and hail so
Heavy over here

Is that the sherrif has been messing with out minds.

Handin' out questionnaires to the pris'ners who are
Blind

To the pris'ners who are blind

Let me tell you one thing new at the county farm

They've got muzak in the fields

Which makes this life of mine a little more unreal

A little more unreal

But I wish they'd kill the sounds, I wish they'd kill

The sounds

You don't knowwhat it's like to hear Debussy in a
California prison field

And I love

I love to sing while I'm workin'

I love to sing while I'm workin'

And the wind has been blowin'

And the wind has been blowin'

I've given up reading for a time and taken up other
Pastimes

Such as watchin' winos gum their food and epileptics

Havin' bad times

More frequently I've been lost in this game

And it looks like they're gonna make a crim'nal out of

Me
A criminal out of me
But those guys who are down on me winnin'
Lord knows, they take the game so seriously
But what hurts me more, burts me more than anything
Is when I get your mail
When I get your mail, they've cut you
They've cut out the parts and the words that have
Feeling
So I'm left with only part of you
I say I'm only left with part of you
And the wind has been blowin'
And the wind has been blowin'

Oh, play your guitar, baby
Play your guitar, baby,
Get me off this farm, baby, take me away...

And apart from all this crap there is some peace and
Quiet
Except for the screws grumblin' and mumblin' and
Calling me a long hair
I wouldn't mind, but they cut my hair quite some time
Ago
They cut it off when I first came here
Which tells me Indo-China is really here behind this
Wire
And it soon will be dying engulfed in their own fire,
In their own fire
In fact, they tell me that a boy like me shouldn't
Think like that
But this is murder and everybody accepts that.
Lord knows, they all accept it, and everybody knows
Thatt ain't where it's at
So take care, pray for rain and maybe I'll see you
Visiting hours next week
And when the screw, when the screw says no touching,
Lord knows, I'll turn the other cheek.

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