

Jim Reeves

"Farmer And The Lord"

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While resting one evening by the side of the road
I saw an old farmer in the field he'd just hoed
His face was all brown and wrinkled by the wind
And he was talking to the Lord, just like he'd be talking
to a friend
Well Sir, he said in a voice calm and quiet
Them corn tassels need stackin', but, uh, I got no string
to tie it
Had no rain in so long that the fields are mighty dusty
And it's been so unbearable hot that the kids are even
gettin' fussy
Now that grass down in the pasture should be knee
high
If we could just have a little shower Lord- it might keep
the calf from going dry
Oh- but listen to me talk, an' you'd think I wasn't
grateful
Why if you didn't know me so well Lord you'd think I
was down right hateful
You'd think I'd forgot about the new calf that you sent

And the money in the mail that took care of the rent
Ma's cold's better, and Johnny's home from the navy
And that good Sunday dinner of chicken, dumplings,
and gravy
That new preacher you sent us Lord- he sure is a fine
young man
Why he's just convertin' them sinners to beat the band
Well guess I'll mosey on along, Lord. Won't take no
more your time
Guess there's plenty folks here about waitin' to ring
your line
Evening to you Lord, and watch over us tonight
And don't you worry about us none, Lord, cause
everything is gonna be all right

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