

## **Lems Kristin "Farmer"**

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I am a farmer, I been one all my life  
Call me a farmer, and not a farmer's wife  
The plough and hoe left their patterns on my hand  
And now they tell me this is not my land  
We raised two children, they are farmers too  
A crop and garden every year we grew  
Two hundred acres ain't no easy haul  
But it's a good life, no regrets at all  
When Joe turned 50, his back was actin up  
We three took over, so's he could rest up  
My Joe was buried where his daddy lies  
And soon some men came, askin for my price  
I said, "I live here, and here I'm gonna stay  
What makes you think I wanna move away?"

They smiled real sly, said, "Now your farmer's dead.  
This farm ain't yours till you pay the overhead."  
I know we women, we ain't been in the know  
But we're no fools as far as farmin goes  
The crop don't know no woman's work or man's  
There ain't no law can take me from my land  
Cause I'm a farmer, I been one all my life  
Call me a farmer, and not a farmer's wife  
The plough and hoe left their patterns on my hand  
No one can tell me this is not my land,  
This is my land.  
Words and music by Kristin Lems c MCMLXXXIII Kleine  
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