

Levon Helm "Growing Trade"

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I worked the land to raise a family
Til I was weary to the bone
But hard labor never bothered me
Lord it's all I've ever known

Too many seasons are calamity
And too much ant to rest the whole night long
I'm half the size that I used to be
And half of that is stone

The crops ain't worth the seeding
10 will only get you 5
the last stock ima feedin'
I can hardly keep 'em alive
I gotta do what I can to survive

I know the law wont be forgiving
But that'll be the choice I make
I used to farm for a living
And now I'm in the growing trade

the summer beauty of the cotton field
was like a view from heavens door
my granddaddy said that harvest time
was what the good lord made us for

I guess he'd wonder where's the dignity
In a crop you raise to burn
But this land is my legacy
I got nowhere else to turn
Shotgun on my shoulder
Where a tote sack oughta be
The thieves are getting bolder
And the feds may be watchin' me
I gotta quit this eventually

I know the law wont be forgiving
But that'll be the choice I make
I used to farm for a living
But now I'm in the growing trade

Helicopters in the distance

Coming closer everyday
They're gonna meet some resistance
Aint no price I wouldn't pay
There won't be any difference
When they take it all away
Between the cop in the jail house
And the lay out beneath the clay
I guess there's nothing to do now but pray

I know the law wont be forgiving
But that'll be the choice I make
I used to farm for a living
And now I'm in the growing trade

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