

Levon Helm "Poor Old Dirt Farmer"

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Oh the poor old dirt farmer,
He's lost all his corn
And now where's the money
To pay off his loan?

He lost all his corn
Can't pay off his loan
He lost all his corn.

Well the poor old dirt farmer,
He only grows stones.
He grows them on down
Till they big enough to roll.

He rolls them on down
To the tax man in town.
Ya, he rolls them on down

Now the poor old dirt farmer
He's left all alone.
His wife and his children
They've packed up and gone.

Packed up and gone
He's left all alone
They've packed up and gone

Well the poor old dirt farmer
How bad he must feel.
He fell off his tractor
Up under the wheel.

And now his head
Is shaped like a tread
But he aint quite dead.

Well the poor old dirt farmer
He can't grow no corn.
He can't grow no corn
Cause he aint got a loan.

He aint got no loan

Can't grow no corn
He aint got no loan

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