

Maura O'connell

"Trouble In The Fields"

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Baby, I know that we've got trouble in the fields
When the bankers swarm like locusts they're turning
away our yields
Our dreams roll by our silo, silver in the rain
And leave our pockets full of nothing and our dreams
in the golden grain

Have you sees the folks in line downtown at the
station?
They're all buying their tickets out and they're talking a
great depression
Our parents had their hard times fifty years ago
When they stood out in these empty fields in dust as
deep as snow

And all this trouble in our fields
If this rain can fall, these wounds can heal
They'll never take our native soil
If we sell that new John Deere
Then we'll work these farm with sweat and tears

You'll be the mule, I'll be the plow
Come harvest time, we'll work it out
There's still a lot of love
Here in these troubled fields

There's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl
days
There's a little bit of you and a little bit of me in the
photos in every page
Now our children live in the city and they rest upon our
shoulders
They never want the rain to fall or the weather to get
colder

And all this trouble in our fields
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal
They'll never take our native soil, no
If we sell that new John Deere
Then we'll work these farm with sweat and tears

You'll be the mule, I'll be the plow

Come harvest time, we'll work it out
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