

Murray McLaughlin

"The Farmer's Song"

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Dusty old farmer out working your fields, hanging
down over your tractor wheels
The sun beatin' down turns the red paint to orange and
rusty old patches of steel
There's no farmer songs on that car radio, just
cowboys, truck drivers and pain
Well this is my way to say thanks for the meal and I
hope there's no shortage of rain

Straw hats and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a
shoe
Thanks for the meal, here's a song that is real, from a
kid from the city to you
Straw hats and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a
shoe
Thanks for the meal. Here's a song that is real, from a
kid from the city to you

The combines gang up, take most of the bread Things
just ain't like they used to be
Though your kids are out after the American dream
and they're workin' in big factories
Now if I come on by, when you're out in the sun, can I
wave at you just like a friend
These days when everyone's taking so much there's
somebody giving back in

Straw hats and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a
shoe
Thanks for the meal. Here's a song that is real, from a
kid from the city to you
Straw hats and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a
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Thanks for the meal. Here's a song that is real, from a
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