

Neil Young "Last Of His Kind"

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Well, I hate to say the farmer
Was the last of a dying breed
Living off the land
And taking what he needs

Don't say much for the future
When a family can't survive
I'd hate to say the farmer
Was the last of his kind

In the struggle for parity
Not one man's voice can sound
'Cause the foundation of the conglomerate
Is firmly in the ground

Yeah, they want to feed the world
But for power and for greed
Then they'll cut off the supply
Until they get what they need

Well, I dreamed I saw a dust bowl
Where the farmers used to live
Earth was flying through the sky
It had nothing left to give

Tractors were burning
On the White House lawn
Just woke up one morning
And the farmers all were gone

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