

## **Michelle Shocked** **"Winter Wheat"**

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I seem to have lost my patience  
Waiting for the clouds of dust the custom cutters bring  
The foreman called to say, he would be here any day  
With his convoy of threshing machines

Now what would make a man make a promise he can't  
keep?  
A custom cutter crew could clear this harvest in a week  
While me on my John Deere would take more than a  
year  
To lay down this harvest of winter wheat

Winter, winter wheat  
The grain is groaning on the stem  
When the custom cutter comes and the harvest is in  
Perhaps I'll find my patience again

I allow as how I have my own frustrations  
I was counting on this crop to lay my mortgage down  
And I admit that there's a limit to my patience  
But damn it all to hell, they should have been here by  
now

It's a hundred days preparing the fields  
And it's a million seeds you sow and scare a thousand  
hungry crows  
But when the harvest moon is in it takes just one cold  
rainy day  
To watch it all get washed away

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