Who
"Now I'm A Farmer"

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I've got a spade and a pick-axe
And a hundred miles square of land to churn about
My old horse is weary but sincerely
I believe that he can pull a plough

Well, I've moved into the jungle
Of the agriculture rumble to grow my own food
And I'll dig and plough and scrape the weeds
Till I succeed in seeing cabbage growing through

Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging
Digging, digging, digging, digging
Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging
Digging, digging, digging, digging

It's alarming how charming it is to be a-farming
How calming and balming the effect of the air

Well, I farmed for a year and grew a crop of corn
That stretched as far as the eye can see
That's a whole lot of cornflakes
Near enough to feed New York till 1973

Cultivation is my station and the nation
Buys my corn from me immediately
And holding sixty thousand bucks, I watch as dumper
trucks
Tip New York's corn flakes in the sea

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Digging, digging, digging, digging
Now I'm a farmer, and I'm digging
Digging, digging, digging, digging

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Now look here, son, the right thing to say
Isn't necessarily what you want to say
The right thing to do
Isn't necessarily what you want to do

The right things to grow
Ain't necessarily what you want to grow
Your own happiness
Doesn't necessarily teach you what you want to know

Well, I'm suntanned and deep, so's the horse
And my hands are deeply grained
Old horse is a-grazing, it's amazing
Just how lazily he took the strain

Well, my pick and spade are rusty
Because I'm paid on trust
To leave my square of cornfield bare

It's alarming how charming it is to be a-farming
How calming and balming the effect of the air

When you grow what I grow
Tomatoes, potatoes, stew, eggplants
Potatoes, tomatoes, gourds

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