

Porter Wagoner "The Farmer And The Lord"

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While resting the other evening by the side of the
Road I saw an old farmer in the field that he just
Hold His face was all brown and wrinkled by the
Sun and the wind And he was talking to the Lord
Just like he'd be talking to a friend Well he said
With his voice calm and quiet Them corn tassels
Need sucking I got no strength to tie it Had no
Rain in so long that the fields are mighty dusty
And it's been so unbearable hot that the kids were
Even gettin' fussy Now that grass down and the
Pasture it should be knee high If we could just
Have a little shower Lord it might keep the calf
From going dry Oh but listen to me talking you'd
Think I wasn't grateful Why if you didn't know me
So well Lord you'd think I was down right hateful
You'd think I forgot about that new calf that you
Sent And the money in the mail that took care of
The rent Mama's cough's better and Johnny's home
From the navy And that good Sunday dinner of hot
Chicken and dumplings and gravy And that new
Preacher you sent us Lord he's sure a fine young
Man Why he's just convertin' them sinners to beat
The man Well I guess I'll mosey on home now Lord I
Won't take no more your time I guess there's
Plenty folks here about waitin' to ring your line
Evening to you Lord and watch us over tonight
Don't you worry about us now Lord cause everything
Is gonna be all right

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