

## Sarah Geronimo

### "Trouble In The Fields"

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Baby, I know that we got trouble in the fields  
And the bankers swarm like locusts out there, turning  
away our yields  
And the trains roll by our silo, silver in the rain  
Leave our pockets full of nothing but these dreams of  
the golden grain

I can see the folks lined up downtown at the station  
They're all buying their tickets out and they're talking a  
Great Depression  
Our parents had their hard times fifty years ago  
When they stood out in these empty fields, in dust as  
deep as snow

And all this trouble in our fields  
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal  
They'll never take our native soil  
And if we sell that new John Deere then we'll work these  
crops with sweat and tears

You'll be the mule, i'll be the plow  
Come harvest time, we'll work it out  
There's still a lot of love here in these troubled fields

There's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl  
days  
There's a little bit of you and a little bit of me in the  
photos on every page  
Our children live in the city and they rest upon our  
shoulders  
They don't want the rain to fall or the weather to get  
colder

And all this trouble in our fields  
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal  
They'll never take our native soil  
And if we sell that new John Deere and then we'll work  
these crops with sweat and tears  
You'll be the mule, i'll be the plow  
Come harvest time we'll work it out  
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