Sawyer Brown "Farmer Tan"

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There are tears in the eyes of the scarecrow His head is sinking' low He tends his fields with the best of them Thinkin' love can make it grow

But when the landlord says, "It's over" And the harvest has turned cold There ain't enough to pay the man After the crops have been sold

Tell me, "What do we see when we look in the mirror?" He don't see no money but he sees something clearer There's a man doin' all that he can in the midst of no concern

He ain't in the sun tryin' to get his arms brown He's tryin' to pull a livin' out of that old hard ground These days a man and his dreams can get a little burned

Workin' on a farmer tan, workin' on a farmer tan

The fruits of his labor, have dried up on the vine He don't want for finer things, he's wanting to get by There are fertile fields of compassion, we have yet to turn

We educate and we nominate but will we ever learn

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