

## **Henley Don**

### **"A Month Of Sundays"**

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I used to work for Harvester

I used to use my hands

I used to make the tractors and the combines that  
plowed and harvested

this great land

Now I see my handiwork on the block everywhere I turn

And I see the clouds 'cross the weathered faces and I  
watch the harvest burn

I quit the plant in '57

Had some time for farmin' then

Banks back then was lendin' money

The banker was the farmer's friend

And I've seen dog days and dusty days;

Late spring snow and early fall sleet;

I've held the leather reins in my hands and felt the soft  
ground under my feet

Between the hot dry weather and the taxes, and the  
Cold War it's been hard

to make ends meet

But I always kept the clothes on our backs;

I always put the shoes on our feet

My grandson, he comes home from college

He says, "We get the government we deserve."

My son-in-law just shakes his head and says, "That little punk, he never

had to serve."

And I sit here in the shadow of the suburbs and look out across these

empty fields

I sit here in earshot of the bypass and all night I listen to the rushin'

of the wheels

The big boys, they all got computers; got incorporated, too

Me, I just know how to raise things

That was all I ever knew

Now, it all comes down to numbers

Now I'm glad that I have quit

Folks these days just don't do nothin' simply for the love of it

I went into town on the Fourth of July

Watched 'em parade past the Union Jack

Watched 'em break out the brass and beat on the drum

One step forward and two steps back

And I saw a sign on Easy Street, said, "Be Prepared to Stop."

Pray for the independent, little man

I don't see next year's crop

And I sit here on the back porch in the twilight

And I hear the crickets hum

I sit and watch the lightning in the distance but the showers never come

I sit here and listen to the wind blow

I sit here and rub my hands

I sit here and listen to the clock strike, and I wonder  
when I'll see my

companion again

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