

Katie Kidnell

"The Ole John Deere"

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The song that I'm to sing to you
Remembers the ole John Deere
That spent a night in a hay field
With the forest at it's rear.

The poplar leaves were golden
The air was filled with hay.
The rancher's throat was dry
The tractors coat was grey.

And when the "Deere" coughed out: "I'm dry",
The rancher headed home.
Gas up tomorrow, just for one night
He'd leave the Deere alone.

The rancher greeted the next day
With words I cannot say.
The paper told the countryside
The "wrong deere has died".

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