

## **Trisha Yearwood "Dreaming Fields"**

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Oh, the sun rolls down big as a miracle  
And fades from the Midwest sky  
And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze  
As if to say goodbye

Oh my grandfather stood right here  
As an younger man in 19 an' 43  
And with his sweat and his tears, the rain and the years  
He grew life from a solemn seed

Oh, I'm going down to the dreaming fields  
But what will be my harvest now?  
Where every tear that falls on a memory feels  
Like rain on a rusted plow, rain on a rusted plow

And these fields they dream of wheat in the summer  
time  
Grand children running free  
And the bails of hay at the end of the day  
And the scare crow that just scared me

Now the houses they grow like weeds in a flower bed  
This morning the [Incomprehensible]  
Seems the only way a man can live off a land  
These days is to buy and sell

So I'm going down to the dreaming fields  
But what will be my harvest now?  
Where every tear that falls on a memory feels  
Like rain on a rusted plow, rain on a rusted plow

Like the rain on a roof on a porch by the kitchen  
Where my grandmother sings, I can hear if I listen  
Running down, running down to the end of the water  
low  
This will be my harvest now

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