There's a little envelope on the table unopened He already knows what it says He's known it for years Still his hands shook with fear When he picked it up in town yesterday It ain't like it seems You can't run a farm on dreams Still he thought they might let him carry on Carry on 'till the dream is even gone And he'd go out and plough But the tractor's broken down The day is almost spent, anyway He pours himself a drink Sets on the porch to think Whatever are the neighbours going to say Drinking don't take the place The banker does with an empty face He tells you 'bout a job up the road Leave the keys in the mailbox when you go There's a patch on the north side It's early and it's dry It's probably the best there is around But when they sell it off They won't even bring it up Hell, who cares anymore about the ground Some sour face city kid's lawyer puts in the bid For a run down, tax shelter hobby farm Who's to blame anybody, anymore And he'd go out and plough But the tractor's broken down The day is almost spent, anyway He pours himself a drink Sets on the porch to think Whatever are the neighbours going to say Drinking don't take the place The banker does with an empty face He tells you 'bout a job up the road Leave the keys in the mailbox when you go It's a good thing she ain't here To see the bitter tears Spill down his coveralls on to the floor It's a good thing she ain't alive To see how they've taken his pride And turned it like a crop beneath the soil God bless this house the kitchen says And even when the bills aren't paid Be thankful for the things that you have Even just the shirts on your backs And he'd go out and plough But the tractor's broken down The day is almost spent, anyway He pours himself a drink Sets on the porch to think Whatever are the neighbours going to say Drinking don't take the place The banker does with an empty face He tells you 'bout a job up the road

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