

## Farm on the Freeway

Jethro Tull

Nine miles of two-strand topped with barbed wire  
Laid by the father for the son.  
Good shelter down there on the valley floor,  
Down by where the sweet stream run.

Now they might give me compensation  
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.  
Now all I have got is a cheque and a pickup truck.  
I left my farm on the freeway.

They're busy building airports on the south side  
Silicon chip factory on the east.  
And the big road's pushing through along the valley floor.  
Hot machine pouring six lanes at the very least.

They say they gave me compensation  
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.  
Now all I have left is a broken-down pickup truck.  
Looks like my farm is a freeway.

They forgot they told us what this old land was for.  
Grow two tons the acre, boy, between the stones.  
This was no Southfork, it was no Ponderosa.  
But it was the place that I called home.

They say they gave me compensation  
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.  
And what do I want with a million dollars and a pickup truck?  
When I left my farm under the freeway.