

## Straw Hat and Old Dirty Hank

### Barenaked Ladies

I tend the wheat field that makes your bread  
I bind the sweet veal, pluck the hens that make your bed  
Mother Nature & Mother Earth  
Are two of three women who dictate what I'm worth

I'm the farmer.  
I work in the fields all day  
Don't mean to alarm her  
But I know it was meant to be this way

You cried a tear, I wiped it dry  
I put you up upon a pedestal so high  
If you should waiver, if you should sway  
I'd catch you, spread my tiny wings and fly away  
You signed your picture with an O and X  
I bet you don't write "love" each time you sign your cheques

I'm the farmer.  
I work in the fields all day  
Don't mean to alarm her  
But I know it was meant to be this way

All of this corn I grow I grow it all for you  
I took a hatchet to the radio I did it all for you  
You could have written back,  
You could have said "thank you"  
I guess you've got better things,  
Better things to do

You say you love me, is that the truth?  
Although they've heard the songs, my friends want living proof  
I know your address, I ring the bell  
I bring you flowers and a .22 with shells

I'm the farmer  
I work in the fields all day  
Never wanted to harm her  
But I know it was meant to be this way