

Harold Wilson

Fred Eaglesmith

Harold Wilson is my name, son
Why don't you sit a spell
I live right here on the Fergusson Road
At the Paradise Motel
And though you do not know me
There's a story I like to tell
It's a story that I'm sure you know well
It's a story that I'm sure you know well
I had me a place on Thunder Ridge
In a doomsday shack
My wife had left and took the kids
A couple of years back
And I spent most of my mornings
Thinking about that
And my afternoons trying to figure out what to plant
I spent my afternoons trying to figure out what to plant
Did you ever try to farm a farm
With a pick and a shovel
Try to put a field into corn
Just wouldn't grow nothin'
Starin' down across the town
You wonder why I even bother
When up the road there's a vacant room
Climate control and colour
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
There wasn't money in corn
And there wasn't money in beans
They took my telephone, shut off my electricity
Then a letter came in the mail
Saying there's taxes owed by me
If I was ever going to pay
Well, I had three weeks
If I was ever going to pay
Well, I had three weeks
Did you ever try to farm a farm
With a pick and a shovel
Try to put a field into corn
Just wouldn't grow nothin'
Starin' down across the town
You wonder why I even bother
When up the road there's a vacant room
Climate control and colour
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
Well, they sold that farm to some fool for ten cents on the dollar
I saw him out there last week, I was on my way to visit my daughter
And that son of a gun was out there
Trying to hook a windmill up to water
When he heard me laugh, well, he turned and I swear he hollered
When he heard me laugh, well, he turned, I swear he hollered
Did you ever try to farm a farm
With a pick and a shovel
Try to put a field into corn
Just wouldn't grow nothin'
Starin' down across the town
You wonder why I even bother

When up the road there's a vacant room
Climate control and colour
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
And you could stay there by the month for a hundred dollars
Now the government cheques come down the pike
As regular as rain
And I sit outside most nights
'Cept when the June bugs drive me in
Harold Wilson is my name, son
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At the Paradise Motel