

Old John Deere

Fred Eaglesmith

This letter that I write to you, Dad
Well, I will not sign my name
Though I did not want to tell you
I felt I had to anyway
It's rained for weeks
And it flooded the creek
And I lost the whole crop of grain
And the man at the bank wouldn't loan me the money
To plant that field again
So today Dad I sold the old John Deere
The man who bought it is gonna fix it up
And put it in a museum
Well I guess that's where this whole thing's gone
A picture for people to pay to look upon
That's how they lived in the old days son
The sheep's in the meadow
Can't find the cows
Little Boy Blue's got a job in town
Yesterday old McAllister came by
Said that he's had enough
Between the government and the subsidies
Well he just couldn't keep up
And if welfare checks was farmin'
Well he'd simply just rather not
And I didn't say nothin' Dad
As I watched him drive off
But today Dad I sold the old John Deere
The man who bought it is gonna fix it up
And put it in a museum
Well I guess that's where this whole thing's gone
A picture for people to pay to look upon
That's how they lived in the old days son
The sheep's in the meadow
Can't find the cows
Little Boy Blue's got a job in town
Mary says it will be okay
If nothing else goes wrong
And she got a job at the five-and-dime
And the hours ain't too long
I hope this letter finds you well
I'm sorry how it just goes on
But I had to tell somebody Dad
And you were the only one
And today Dad I sold the old John Deere