

# Thirty Years Of Farming

Fred Eaglesmith

There's a little white note on a gate by the road  
That a man put up yesterday  
And when we saw it we all ran out  
Just to see what it had to say  
And when we read it our eyes filled with tears  
And they fell to the cold hard clay  
Something 'bout a mortgage  
Something 'bout foreclosure  
Something 'bout failing to pay  
Oh, and on the post by the general store  
They've put up a little sign  
An auction sale, day after tomorrow  
At the end of the Lincoln Line  
Thirty years of farming  
Thirty years of heartache  
Thirty years of day to day  
Oh, my Daddy stopped talking  
The day the farm was auctioned  
There was nothing left to say  
Oh, my Mama's tears fell freely down  
As she walked amongst the flowers in the yard  
And every number the auctioneer called  
Was like a blow to her precious heart  
And every number the auctioneer called  
Meant another thing was sold that day  
Till everything was auctioned  
And we stood there watching  
As they loaded it and drove it away  
Oh, and on the post by the general store  
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Thirty years of day to day  
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The day the farm was auctioned  
There was nothing left to say  
At the day's first dawning  
We awoke this morning  
There was nothing for us to do  
Nothing in the granary  
No hay in the mow  
No cattle, no tractor, no tools  
So we loaded up the car  
With the clothes that we wore  
And the few things we managed to save  
Mama read from The Book  
We took one last look  
And then we drove away  
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