

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
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
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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