

Yellow Barley Straw

Fred Eaglesmith

He's got a heart made of yellow barley straw
All wrapped up in calico patches
And plum chuck full of love
He looks out over the fields
Every year's losses
Every year's yields
Every year's dreams
A hundred bushels to an acre
And tomorrow you know
The bank is gonna come and take it
Take it all away
He got a letter in the mail
It was only
Why it was only yesterday
But he just goes on believin'
And you can't sow crops if the ground ain't even
So he tills the soil
He drills the seed till dawn
His heart is made of yellow barley straw
Barley straw