

Growing Trade

Levon Helm

I worked the land to raise a family
'Til I was weary to the bone
But hard labor never bothered me
Lord it's all I've ever known

To many seasons of calamity
And too much interest on a loan
I'm half the size that I used to be
And half of that is gone

The crops ain't worth the seeding
Timber only gets you fire
The last hog I was feeding
I can hardly keep him alive
I got to do what I can to survive

I know the law won't be forgiving
But that will be the choice I made
I used to farm for a living
And now I'm in the growing trade

The summer beauty of the cotton field
Was like a view from heaven's door
My granddaddy said that harvest time
Was what the good Lord made us for

I guess you'd wonder where's the dignity
In a crop you raise to burn
But this land is my legacy
I got nowhere else to turn

A shotgun on my shoulder
Where a tow sack ought to be
The thieves are getting bolder
And the feds may be wise to me
I got to quit this eventually.

I know the law won't be forgiving
But that will be the choice I made
I used to farm for a living
And now I'm in the growing trade

Hell, the copters and the distance?
Coming closer every day.
There gonna meet some resistance
Ain't no price too rich to pay.

There won't be any business
When they take it all away.
Between the cop in the jailhouse
And a bed beneath the clay
I guess there's nothing to do now but pray.

I know the law won't be forgiving
But that will be the choice I made
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I used to farm for a living
And now I'm in the growing trade