

Poor Old Dirt Farmer

Levon Helm

Oh the poor old dirt farmer,
He's lost lost all his corn
And now where's the money
To pay off his loan?

He lost all his corn
Cant pay off his loan
He lost all his corn.

Well the poor old dirt farmer,
He only grows stones.
He grows them on down
Till they big enough to roll.

He rolls them on down
To the tax man in town.
Ya, he rolls them on down

Now the poor old dirt farmer
He's left all alone.
His wife and his children
They've packed up and gone.

Packed up and gone
He's left all alone
They've packed up and gone

Well the poor old dirt farmer
How bad he must feel.
He fell off his tractor
Up under the wheel.

And now his head
Is shaped like a tread
But he ain't quite dead.

Well the poor old dirt farmer
He cant grow no corn.
He cant grow no corn
Cause he ain't got a loan.

He ain't got no loan
Cant grow no corn
He ain't got no loan