

# Down on Penny's Farm

Natalie Merchant

Come here ladies and gentleman  
Listen to my song  
Play it to you right  
But you may think it wrong  
May make you mad  
But I mean no harm  
It's just about the renters  
On Penny's farm  
It's a hard time in the country  
Down on Penny's farm

Go into the fields  
And you work all day  
Deep into the night  
But you get no pay  
Promise you some meat  
Or a little bucket of lard  
It's hard to make a living  
On Penny's farm  
It's a hard time in the country  
Down on Penny's farm

Hear George Penny  
He'll be coming into town  
With a wagon load of peaches  
Not a one of them sound  
Gotta get his money  
Gotta get a check  
Pay you for a bushel  
But you never get a peck  
It's a hard time in the country  
Down on Penny's farm

George Penny's renters  
They be coming into town  
With their hands in their pockets  
And their heads hanging down  
Go to the merchant  
And the merchant he'll say,  
"your mortgage it is due  
And I'm looking for my pay"  
It's a hard time in the country  
Down on Penny's farm

Deep into his pocket  
With a trembling hand,  
"can't pay you what I owe  
But I'll pay you what I can"  
Down to the merchant  
And the merchant make a call  
Put you on the chain gang  
Don't pay at all  
It's a hard time in the country  
Down on Penny's farm