

# Taxes on the Farmer Feeds Us All

Ry Cooder

We worked through Spring and Winter, through Summer and through  
Fall

But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all

It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday  
Settled down among us and it never went away

The farmer comes to town with his wagon broken down  
The farmer is the man who feeds us all  
If you only look and see I know you will agree  
That the farmer is the man who feeds us all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man  
He buys on his credit until Fall  
Then they take him by the hand  
And they lead him from his land  
And the merchant is the man who gets it all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man  
He lives on his credit until Fall  
With the interest rates so high  
It's a wonder he don't die  
But the taxes on the farmer feeds us all

Well, the banker says he's broke and the merchant stops and smokes  
But they forget that it's the farmer that feeds them all  
It would put them to the test if the farmer took a rest  
And they'd know that it's the farmer that feeds them all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man  
Lives on his credit until Fall  
Well, his pants are wearing thin  
His condition, it's a sin  
'Cause the taxes on the farmer feeds us all