

Trouble In The Fields

Sarah Harmer

Baby, I know that we got trouble in the fields
And the bankers swarm like locusts out there
Turning away our yields
And the trains roll by our silo, silver in the rain
Leave our pockets full of nothing
But these dreams of the golden grain
I can see the folks lined up downtown at the station
They're all buying their tickets out
And they're talking a great depression
Our parents had their hard times, fifty years ago
When they stood out in these empty fields
In dust as deep as snow
And all this trouble in our fields
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal
They'll never take our native soil
And if we sell that new John Deere
Then we'll work these crops with sweat and tears
You'll be the mule, I'll be the plow
Come harvest time, we'll work it out
There's still a lot of love here in these troubled fields
There's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl days
There's a little bit of you and a little bit of me
In the photos on every page
Our children live in the city and they rest upon our shoulders
They don't want the rain to fall or the weather to get colder
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