

Like A John Deere

Sawyer Brown

When a city girl starts takin' back the love she gave away
The good ol' boy with calloused hands
He don't know what to say
He ain't good at giving up, no matter how it hurts
All he knows in this world is how to make things work

Oh, if hearts were built like John Deere tractors
There'd be happy ever afters
Strong, true and tough, and made of steel
They pull through when times get hard
And never fall apart
If hearts were built like a John Deere

All she left was just a trail of dust across the farm
He just turned and shook his head
And walked back to the barn
Well, he's got questions about love
He never thought he'd ask
In his mind when something's made
It should be made to last

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