

The Fields Have Turned Brown

The Stanley Brothers

I left my old home to ramble this country
My mother and dad said, "Son don't go wrong
Remember that God will always watch over you
And we will be waiting for you here at home"

"Son, don't go astray", was what they both told me
"Remember that love for God can be found"
But now they're both gone, this letter just told me
For years they've been dead, the fields have turned brown

For many long years I traveled in sorrow
No thoughts of the day when I would return
Now as I go home and find no one waiting
The price I have paid to live and to learn

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For years they've been dead, the fields have turned brown