

# The Dreaming Fields

Trisha Yearwood

Oh, the sun rolls down, big as a miracle  
And fades from the Midwest Sky  
And the corn and the trees wave in the breeze  
As if to say goodbye  
Oh, my grandfather stood right here as a younger man  
In nineteen and forty three  
And with the sweat and his tears, the rain and the years  
He grew life from the soil and seed

Oh I'm goin' down to the dreaming fields  
But what will be my harvest now  
Where every tear that falls on a memory  
Feels like rain on the rusted plow  
Rain on the rusted plow

And these fields they dream of wheat in the summertime  
Grandchildren running free  
And the bales of hay at the end of the day  
And the scarecrow that just scared me

Now the houses they grow like weeds in a flower bed  
This morning the silo fell  
Seems the only way a man can live off the land these days  
Is to buy and sell

So I'm goin' down to the dreaming fields  
But what will be my harvest now  
Where every tear that falls on a memory  
Feels like rain on the rusted plow  
Rain on the rusted plow

Like the rain on the roof on the porch by the kitchen  
Where as my grandmother sings, I can hear if  
I listen  
Running down, running down to the end of the world I loved  
This will be my harvest now

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And fades in the Midwest sky  
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