FARMER'S SONG—Murray Mclaughlin

3/4 123 123

Intro: / / / / X2

G   G6  G   G6

Dusty old farmer out working your fields, hanging down over your tractor wheels

D7  D9  D7  D9  D7  D9  G  G5

The sun beatin' down turns the red paint to orange and rusty old patches of steel

G   G5  G   G6  G   G6  C

There's no farmer songs on that car radio, just cowboys, truck drivers and pain

D7  G  Em  Am7  D7  G  G6  G  G6

Well this is my way to say thanks for the meal, and I hope there's no shortage of rain

Chorus:

G   G6  G   G6  G   G6  D7  D9

Straw hat and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a shoe

D7  D9  D7  D9  D7  D9  G  G5

Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real, from a kid from the city to you
(Repeat chorus)
The combines gang up, take most of the bread, things just ain't like they used to be
Though your kids are out after the American dream and they're workin' in big factories
If I come by, when you're out in the sun, can I wave at you just like a friend
These days when everyone's taking so much, there's somebody giving back in

Chorus:
Straw hat and old dirty hankies, moppin' a face like a shoe
Thanks for the meal here's a song that is real, from a kid from the city to you
(Repeat chorus)