

Rain On the Scarecrow

[John Mellencamp](#)

Scarecrow on a wooden cross, blackbird in the barn
Four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm
I grew up like my daddy did, my grandpa cleared this land
When I was five, I walked a fence while grandpa held my hand
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
This land fed a nation, this land made me proud
And son, I'm just sorry, there's no legacy for you now
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
The crops we grew last summer weren't enough to pay the loans
Couldn't buy the seed to plant this spring and the farmers bank foreclosed
Called my old friend Schepman up to auction off the land
He said, "John, it's just my job and I hope you understand"
Hey, calling it your job, ol' hoss, sure don't make it
right
But if you want me to I'll say a prayer for your soul tonight
And grandma's on the front porch swing with a Bible in her hand
Sometimes I hear her singing, "Take me to the promised land"
When you take away a man's dignity he can't work his fields and cows
There'll be blood on the scarecrow,
blood on the plow
Blood on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Well there's ninety-seven crosses planted in the courthouse yard
And ninety-seven families who lost ninety-seven farms
I think about my grandpa, my neighbors and my name
And some nights I feel like dyin' like that scarecrow in the rain
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
This land fed a nation, yeah, this land made me proud
And son, I'm just sorry, they're just memories for you now
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Yeah, this land fed a nation, this land made me so proud
Son, I'm just sorry they're just memories for you now
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow
Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow

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