

John Deere Tractor

[Larry Sparks](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Dear mama, well, here's a letter from your girl
Well, I think my city days are done, mom
And it ain't been three weeks since I came And mama, do remember what you said
Say your prayers before you go to bed, child
And remember city boys ain't the same I'm like the John Deere tractor
In a half acre field
Tryin' to plow a furrow
Where the soil is made of steel How I wish I was home, mom
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the sweet country boys don't complain And, mama, so much perfume I thought I'd drown
And the Lord didn't seem to be nowhere around
Hey, I felt just like a flower from the vine I'm like the John Deere tractor
In a half acre field
Tryin' to plow a furrow
Where the soil is made of steel How I'd like to be home, mom
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the fire light shimmers and it shines I'm like a John Deere tractor
In a half acre field
Tryin' to plow a furrow
Where the soil is made of steel How I wish I was home, mom
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the sweet country boys

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