

Trouble in the Fields

Maura O'Connell

Baby, I know that we've got trouble in the fields
When the bankers swarm like locusts they're turning away our yields
Our dreams roll by our silo, silver in the rain
And leave our pockets full of nothing and our dreams in the golden grainHave you seen the folks in line
downtown at the station?
They're all buying their tickets out and they're talking a great depression
Our parents had their hard times fifty years ago
When they stood out in these empty fields in dust as deep as snowAnd all this trouble in our fields
If this rain can fall, these wounds can heal
They'll never take our native soil
If we sell that new John Deere
Then we'll work these farms with sweat and tearsYou'll be the mule, I'll be the plow
Come harvest time, we'll work it out
There's still a lot of love
Here in these troubled fieldsThere's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl days
There's a little bit of you and a little bit of me in the photos in every page
Now our children live in the city and they rest upon our shoulders
They never want the rain to fall or the weather to get colderAnd all this trouble in our fields
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal
They'll never take our native soil, no
If we sell that new John Deere
Then we'll work these farms with sweat and tearsYou'll be the mule, I'll be the plow
Come harvest time, we'll work it out
There's still a lot of love
Here in these troubled fieldsYou'll be the mule, I'll be the plow
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Songwriters

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