Down On the Farm

Charley Pride

Looking back a hundred years
On daughters and sons of the land
Who're standing here, holding a fistful of dirt
Watching it slip through my handsSee the fields of sweat and tears
Where we labored in love
We cursed the wind and we prayed for rain
But never thought of giving it upOh, down on the farm
Oh, somebody's dreams are ending
When a way of life can be auctioned off
There's more than one fence that needs bendingIt looks like to me, this country still needs
A muscle and two strong arms
If we can send a man up to the moon
We can keep a man down on the farmStaring out of this factory window
Trying to make sense of it all
I remember on this very spot, corn standing ten feet tall
America, America, who do we blame it on?
It was only the family fund, who really cares if it's goneOh, down on the farm
Oh, somebody's dreams are ending
When a way of life can be auctioned off
There's more than one fence that needs bendingIt looks like to me, this country still needs
A muscle and two strong arms
If we can send a man up to the moon
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America, America, who do we blame it on?

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