

# 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 theres 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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