Farmer Tan

Sawyer Brown

There are tears in the eyes of the scarecrow
His head is sinking' low
He tends his fields with the best of them
Thinkin' love can make it growBut when the landlord says, "It's over"
And the harvest has turned cold
There ain't enough to pay the man
After the crops have been soldTell me, "What do we see when we look in the mirror?"
He don't see no money but he sees something clearer
There's a man doin' all that he can in the midst of no concernHe ain't in the sun tryin' to get his arms brown
He's tryin' to pull a livin' out of that old hard ground
These days a man and his dreams can get a little burned
Workin' on a farmer tan, workin' on a farmer tanThe fruits of his labor, have dried up on the vine
He don't want for finer things, he's wanting to get by
There are fertile fields of compassion, we have yet to turn
We educate and we nominate but will we ever learnTell me, "What do we see when we look in the mirror?"
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