

A Month Of Sundays

Don Henley

I used to work for Harvester
I used to use my hands
I used to make the tractors and the combines that plowed and harvested
This great land
Now I see my handiwork on the block everywhere I turn
And I see the clouds 'cross the weathered faces and I watch the harvest burn
I quit the plant in '57
Had some time for farmin' then
Banks back then was lendin' money
The banker was the farmer's friend
And I've seen dog days and dusty days;
Late spring snow and early fall sleet;
I've held the leather reins in my hands and felt the soft ground under my feet
Between the hot dry weather and the taxes, and the Cold War it's been hard
To make ends meet
But I always kept the clothes on our backs;
I always put the shoes on our feet
My grandson, he comes home from college
He says, "We get the government we deserve."
My son-in-law just shakes his head and says, "That little punk, he never
Had to serve."
And I sit here in the shadow of the suburbs and look out across these
Empty fields
I sit here in earshot of the bypass and all night I listen to the rushin'
Of the wheels
The big boys, they all got computers; got incorporated, too
Me, I just know how to raise things
That was all I ever knew
Now, it all comes down to numbers
Now I'm glad that I have quit
Folks these days just don't do nothin' simply for the love of it

Songwriters

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