

Straw Hat and Old Dirty Hank

Barenaked Ladies

I tend the wheat field that makes your bread
I bind the sweet veal, pluck the hens that make your bed
Mother Nature and Mother Earth
Are two of three women who dictate what I'm worth I'm the farmer
I work in the fields all day
Don't mean to alarm her
But I know it was meant to be this way You cried a tear, I wiped it dry
I put you up upon a pedestal so high
If you should waiver, if you should sway
I'd catch you, spread my tiny wings and fly away
You signed your picture with the O and X
I bet you don't write love each time you sign your cheques I'm the farmer
I work in the fields all day
Don't mean to alarm her
But I know it was meant to be this way All of this corn I grow, I grow it all for you
I took a hatchet to the radio I did it all for you
You could have written back
You could have said, "Thank you"
I guess you've got better things
I guess you've got better things
I guess you've got better things, better things to do
Better things to do yeah
Better things to do, better things to do You say you love me, is that the truth?
Although they've heard the songs my friends want living proof
I know your address, I ring the bell
I bring you flowers and a .22 with shells I'm the farmer
I work in the fields all day
Never wanted to harm her
But I know it was meant to be this way I know it was meant to be this way
I know it was meant to be this way

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>