

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
Quit the plant in '57
Had some time for farmin' then
Banks back then was lendin' money
The banker was the farmer's friend
I've seen dog days and dusty days
Late spring snow and early fall sleet
I've held the leather reins in my hands
I've 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 out backs
I always put the shoes on our feet
My grandson, he comes home from college
He says, "We get the government we deserve"
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
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
I went into town of the fourth of July
Watched 'em parade past The Union Jack
Watched 'em break out the brass and beat on the drum
One step forward and two steps back
And I saw a sign on easy street
Said, "Be prepared to stop"
Pray for the independent, little man
I don't see next year's crop
And I sit here on the back porch in the twilight
And I hear the crickets hum
I sit and watch the lightning in the distance
But the showers never come
I sit here and listen to the wind blow
I sit here and rub my hands
I sit here and listen to the clock strike

And I wonder when I'll see my companion again

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