Winter Wheat

Michelle Shocked

I seem to have lost my patience
Waiting for the clouds of dust the custom cutters bring
The foreman called to say, he would be here any day
With his convoy of threshing machinesNow what would make a man make a promise he can't keep?
A custom cutter crew could clear this harvest in a week
While me on my John Deere would take more than a year
To lay down this harvest of winter wheatWinter, winter wheat
The grain is groaning on the stem
When the custom cutter comes and the harvest is in
Perhaps I'll find my patience againI allow as how I have my own frustrations
I was counting on this crop to lay my mortgage down
And I admit that there's a limit to my patience
But damn it all to hell, they should have been here by now

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