

# 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 machines Now 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 wheat Winter, 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 again I 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>