## **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 it here and listen to the clock strike And I wonder when I'll see my companion again

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