

# John Deere Tractor

## The Judds

Dear mama, well, here's a letter from your girl  
Well, I think my city days are done, mom  
And it ain't been three weeks since I came And mama, do remember what you said  
Say your prayers before you go to bed, child  
And remember city boys ain't the same I'm like the John Deere tractor  
In a half acre field  
Tryin' to plow a furrow  
Where the soil is made of steel How I wish I was home, mom  
Where the blue grass is growin'  
And the sweet country boys don't complain And, mama, so much perfume I thought I'd drown  
And the Lord didn't seem to be nowhere around  
Hey, I felt just like a flower from the vine I'm like the John Deere tractor  
In a half acre field  
Tryin' to plow a furrow  
Where the soil is made of steel How I'd like to be home, mom  
Where the blue grass is growin'  
And the fire light shimmers and it shines I'm like a John Deere tractor  
In a half acre field  
Tryin' to plow a furrow  
Where the soil is made of steel How I wish I was home, mom  
Where the blue grass is growin'  
And the sweet country boys

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