

## Trouble In The Fields

Sarah Harmer

Baby, I know that we got trouble in the fields  
And the bankers swarm like locusts out there  
Turning away our yields  
And the trains roll by our silo, silver in the rain  
Leave our pockets full of nothing  
But these dreams of the golden grain  
I can see the folks lined up downtown at the station  
They're all buying their tickets out  
And they're talking a great depression  
Our parents had their hard times, fifty years ago  
When they stood out in these empty fields  
In dust as deep as snow  
And all this trouble in our fields  
If this rain can fall these wounds can heal  
They'll never take our native soil  
And if we sell that new John Deere  
Then we'll work these crops with sweat and tears  
You'll be the mule, I'll be the plow  
Come harvest time, we'll work it out  
There's still a lot of love here in these troubled fields  
There's a book up on the shelf about the dust bowl days  
There's a little bit of you and a little bit of me  
In the photos on every page  
Our children live in the city and they rest upon our shoulders  
They don't want the rain to fall or the weather to get colder  
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