

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

[Chorus]

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 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

[Repeat Chorus]

How I'd like to be home, Mom
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the fire light shimmers and it shines

[Repeat Chorus]