

John Deere Tractor

Billy Strings

Hey mama, here's a letter from your son
Well, I guess my city days are done, ma
And it ain't been three weeks since you came

Hey mama, I do remember what you said
"Say your prayers before you go to bed, son
And remember city women ain't the same"

I'm like a John Deere tractor
In a half-acre field
I'm tryin' to plow furrows
Where the soil is made of steel

Oh, I wish I was home, ma
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the sweet country girls don't complain

Hey mama, so much perfume I thought I'd drown
And the Lord didn't seem to be nowhere around
Oh, I feel like a flower on the vine

Oh, she was pretty Lord knows
Thought that she would bring me joy
She laughed, and she called me "country boy" boy
And after she had been so kind

I'm like a John Deere tractor
In a half-acre field
I'm tryin' to plow furrows
Where the soil is made of steel

Oh, I wish I was home, ma
Where the blue grass is growin'
And the fire light shimmers and shines