# Corn

**Chris Janson**

Yeah said the red man said to the white man
If you're gonna survive in this new land
It's gonna take a little more than all the gun powder
And lead you can float on that big Mayflower
It's gonna take more than that flag on this rocky shore
Here's you some corn

Cleared them a field and hoed some rows
He put up a fence and built an old scarecrow
Now here we are four hundred long years later
Yeah we're coast to coast, ten billion acres
From California down to Florida to New York
Yeah we just covered in corn

Yeah we box it, stalk it, microwave and pop it
Boil it after we shuck it out on the front porch
Some steam it, cream it, sack it up and feed it
To the chickens, cows, sows and the wild boars
Ah, thank the Lord for corn

Now white lightnin' struck here in Tennessee
The night a hillbilly stumbled on a recipe
Yeah dropped a cob or two in sugar and water
He boiled it and ran it through a roll of copper
He took a little swig and wound up face down on the floor
Blamed it on the corn

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Ah thank the Lord for corn, ah yeah

Thank God for the corn farmers in this country
And the Co-Op, and the Tractor Supply
And all them Mom and Pop grocery stores
For keepin' us in corn


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