

Farmer

Coffey Anderson

Come on
We're going down to the farm on this one
Can you smell it?
Yeah

Red Wing boots, blue jeans on
John Deere green keep the green coming home
Ooh, time to get paid

Turning on rows, sipping on cold
Case with the wheel rake, blowing out smoke
Ooh, time to get paid

What you know about that?

Sunburn barn piled high with hay
Loading that silo down with grain
Take his hat off and thank the Lord for rain
The farmer, the farmer, yeah
Harvest that cotton 'cross the southern plains
Waiting on that Midwest corn to change
Plowing for a dollar and his dad's last name
The farmer, the farmer, yeah

Yeah
Till the cows come home
Working down to the bone

Dairy on the farm, chickens in the coop
Feed lot cowboy, ranching land too
Ooh, time to get paid

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