

Jason's Farm

Conway Twitty

He bought three hundred acres ten miles south of town
A drifter who decided it was time to settle down
There was no sea he had not sailed nor a sky he had not flown
And the only place he'd never been was a place he could call his own

He broke the soil and planted seed but the land refused to yield
And the loneliness he felt at night was the kind no man should feel
Till a woman came into his life a daughter of a soil
A bride that he could stand beside and ease his daily toil

And he called his kingdom Jason's Farm
The land grew rich and green for king Jason and his queen
And the wind blew sweet each night time as they lay in each others arms
And all things good grew on Jason's Farm

When the summer sun had finally gone and the harvest time was near
Jason's pretty Mary whispered magic in his ear
Then Jason's laughter filled the land and his soul began to sing
And he boasted of a son his wife would bear him in the spring

And all things good grew on Jason's Farm
The land beneath the skies turned as green as Mary's eyes
And he felt the child grow strong in Mary's womb against his palm
And all things good grew on Jason's Farm

Now the Lord gives and he takes away and to all men this is true
And most of us accept it and we learn to live it through
God gave a child to Jason an extension of his life
But in doin' so He traded the child for Jason's wife

The crops are rotting in the fields the land left unattended
And somewhere Jason roams the earth his wounded heart unmended
And the house is slowly falling down and the dust of Jason's yard
A monument to a man who shunned his child and cursed his God

And nothing grows no more on Jason's Farm
The land once rich and green is dead and dry like Jason's dream
And the wind that once blew sweet through Mary's hand is strangely calm

And nothing grows no more on Jason's Farm